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THE *Atlantic*



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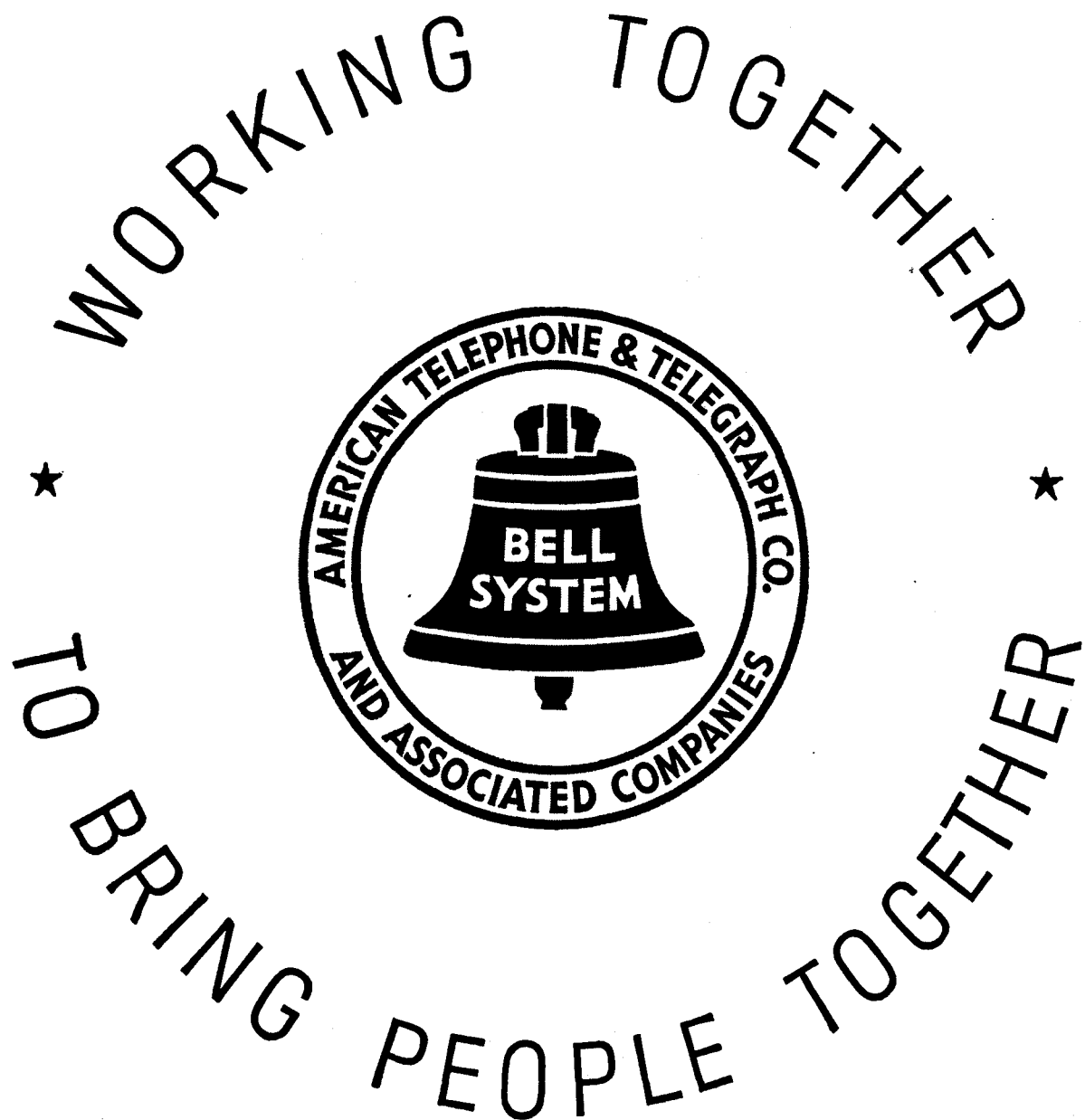
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, November, 1956, Vol. 198, No. 5. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright 1956, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

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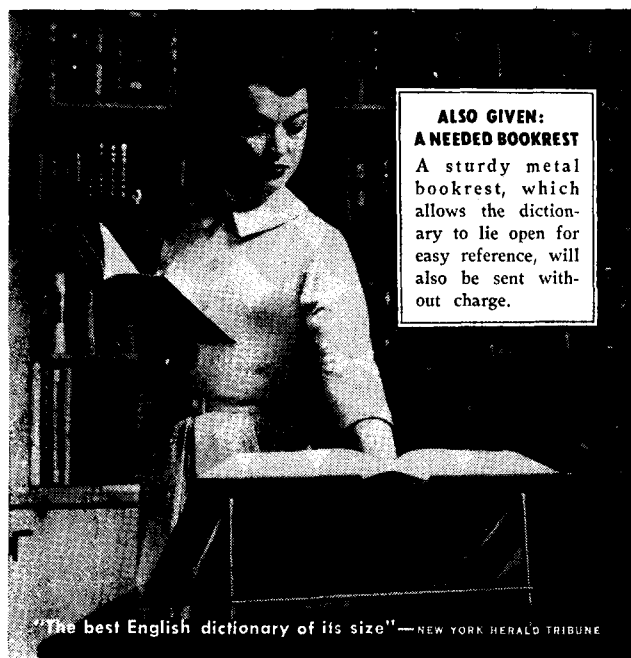
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

THE year 1956 may produce a result unique in American political history — the election of a President of one party and of a Congress in the control of the other party. Since the advent of the direct election of Senators in 1913, three Presidents have lost party control of both Senate and House at mid-term: Wilson in 1918, Truman in 1946, Eisenhower in 1954. Yet, despite the loose American party ties, the pulling power of the man who won the White House has always been enough in presidential election years to give his party a majority in Congress. (The partial exception was the disputed Hayes election of 1876 when his party won the Senate but not the House. But that is the only exception since Lincoln's day, when the current two-party system came into being.)

Election cycles, of course, reflect the changing attitude of the voters toward what they expect of their federal government. Since the end of World War I there have been two clear cycles, but a third — embracing the period in which we now live — has yet to emerge.

The twelve years of Republican rule under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover reflected the general desire for "normalcy" despite the many unresolved problems of that period. When they exploded into the Great Depression, the voters turned to the Democrats and began the 20-year cycle of Roosevelt and Truman. That cycle was prolonged by World War II, and its final years were marked by apathy.

Each of these cycles tended to run down, like a watch spring, as time went on. A glance at the division of the Senate over the years beginning with the 1920 election will demonstrate this. Harding's victory that year brought 59 Republicans and only

37 Democrats to the Senate. In the succeeding years the GOP Senate total slipped from that 59 to 51, 56, 49, 56, and 48. In the 20 years of Democratic White House occupancy, the Senate figures for the Democratic Party totaled 60, 69, 76, 69, 66, 58, 56, 45, 54, 49, with 49 necessary to control in a body of 96 unless the Vice President breaks a 48-48 tie.

Historically, Presidents running for re-election do less well than they did when they first sought office. The single exception in our history was the Roosevelt landslide over Landon in 1936, a victory which produced the most lopsided Congress in American history: a Senate of 76 Democrats to only 16 Republicans and four others, and a House of a massive 331 Democrats to a bare 89 Republicans and 13 others, plus two vacancies. The New Deal was then flowing at high tide, of course, and the normal decline from initial victory did not set in until the following election.

The 1956 campaign

The 1956 campaign gives every evidence of being in the traditional mold; the Eisenhower Crusade enthusiasm of 1952 has not been duplicated in 1956, and Eisenhower's party lost in the usual fashion in the mid-term election in 1954. Hence by every evidence of the cyclical trends of our political life, Eisenhower can be expected to lose GOP seats in Congress this year even though he wins a second term in the White House. But he does not have the usual congressional seats to spare.

The spectacular run of Democratic victories at the city, county, state, and congressional levels in 1953, 1954, 1955, and so far in 1956, including the September vote in Maine, is certainly hard evidence

What was his philosophy?

"**B**EETHOVEN never failed to say Yes to life," wrote Howard Taubman, music critic of *The New York Times*, "and the *Ninth Symphony* is his most glorious affirmation. He had walked through the dark valley of despair from the time in his early thirties when he knew that he, of all people, a musician, was beginning to lose his hearing. He had put his agony into words in 1802, when he wrote a testament... in which he spoke of suicide and said farewell to his relatives and friends. But the deepest source of his nature had been a will to live and a determination to 'seize fate by the throat,' and from that source came his music."

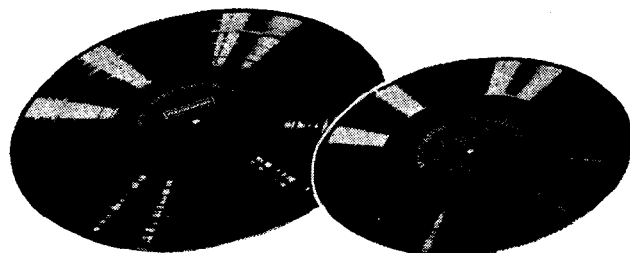
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ment, most interestingly, he unmistakably rejects all other philosophies. No matter how much one is stirred emotionally by this great music, plainly Beethoven's message is lost without basic guidance such as this.

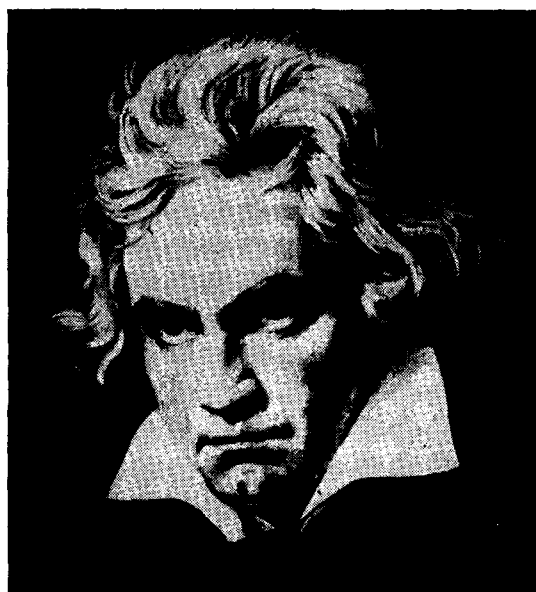
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



that the Democratic Party, as a party, is the more popular with the voters. It is this fact which Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager, the astute political expert James A. Finnegan, has been drumming into the ears of party workers across the nation in order to destroy what he terms the Eisenhower "invincibility myth."

An uncertain electorate

The victories are recorded fact; the reason is arguable. The Democrats contend that the voters have found that Democrats in office give them the kind of government services which they demand; that Republican incumbents have been turned out of office because the voters found they failed to provide that kind of governmental service. It is the Democratic contention this year that a whole new crop of problems is now facing the electorate, from how to get more schools to how to get a foreign policy fit for a nuclear world. A Democratic victory of major proportions on November 6 would demonstrate this thesis to be correct.

But it also may be argued that in the years since the end of World War II the national election returns demonstrate only an uncertain electorate. The division of the Senate seats after the biennial elections of 1946-54 has given the majority party (three times the Democrats, twice the Republicans) a total of only 51, 54, 49, 48, and 48, which is about as close to a dead heat as it is possible to come. The House division has not been so close, but it has been infinitely closer than in the heyday of Coolidge or of Roosevelt. The result, since World War II, has been the rule of Congress by a conservative coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats, whether the President was Democratic (Truman) or Republican (Eisenhower).

Ike's New Republicanism

The GOP slogan this year, "Peace and Prosperity," is essentially a standpat cry despite the effort to add "progress" to it and despite President Eisenhower's attempts to give it dynamism. The Republicans running for Congress count on the President's popularity to carry them into office; the President, frustrated by his own party when he came into office, at first considered forming a third party, then abandoned the idea in favor of remaking his own party. The result has been the theme of New Republicanism by the President and the pledges of faith to the New Republicanism by many whose record belies their conversion.

Political parties, like all forms of life, must adjust to changing environments or die. That the Re-

publicans, after 20 years out of the White House, have changed is indisputable — there has not been a single New Deal-Fair Deal law repealed on the home front, and the Roosevelt-Truman internationalist foreign policies have been carried forward in principle, at least. But Dwight D. Eisenhower himself has far more than any other man been responsible for getting his party to make the adjustment. Perhaps as good an argument as any for another term for Eisenhower is that he needs eight years to complete the conversion and make it stick after he leaves the White House.

But how does a President go about remaking his party? FDR once tried a purge of anti-New Dealers with almost disastrous results. Eisenhower, a far less aggressive politician, has leaned over backwards to avoid taking sides in GOP primaries. His failure to give Senator Wiley a hand in the Wisconsin primary certainly dismayed many Eisenhower followers. But he has encouraged men in whom he believes to seek seats in Congress, especially in the Senate. Among them this year are Cooper and Morton in Kentucky, Langlie in Washington, Thornton in Colorado, all men who could be expected to swell the ranks of Eisenhower Republicans in Washington if elected. McKay in Oregon at least approaches this category, and he was certainly urged to run for the Senate.

Yet in 1956 as in 1952 the President faces the unhappy fact that to get a GOP Congress he must help elect or re-elect men who have little belief in the New Republicanism — Welker in Idaho, Dirksen in Illinois, Capehart in Indiana, Butler in Maryland, Bender in Ohio, and former Senator Revercomb in West Virginia. A Republican sweep this year would mean a Senate GOP majority for the old-line GOP, though some of the group would doubtless go along with President Eisenhower on some issues.

The young Democrats

On the other hand the Democrats, if they are to win control of the Senate next year, must re-elect men with little or no belief in Stevenson's New America — Thurmond and Johnston in South Carolina, Bible in Nevada — and they must elect others with similar beliefs — Mahoney in Maryland and Lausche in Ohio. Yet the Democrats also have begun to produce a whole new crop of faces, men with only a history book acquaintance with the New Deal simply because of their youth. These are from the new generation of Democrats brought forth by the political victories on the lower rungs of government, and if they can win this year they would form,



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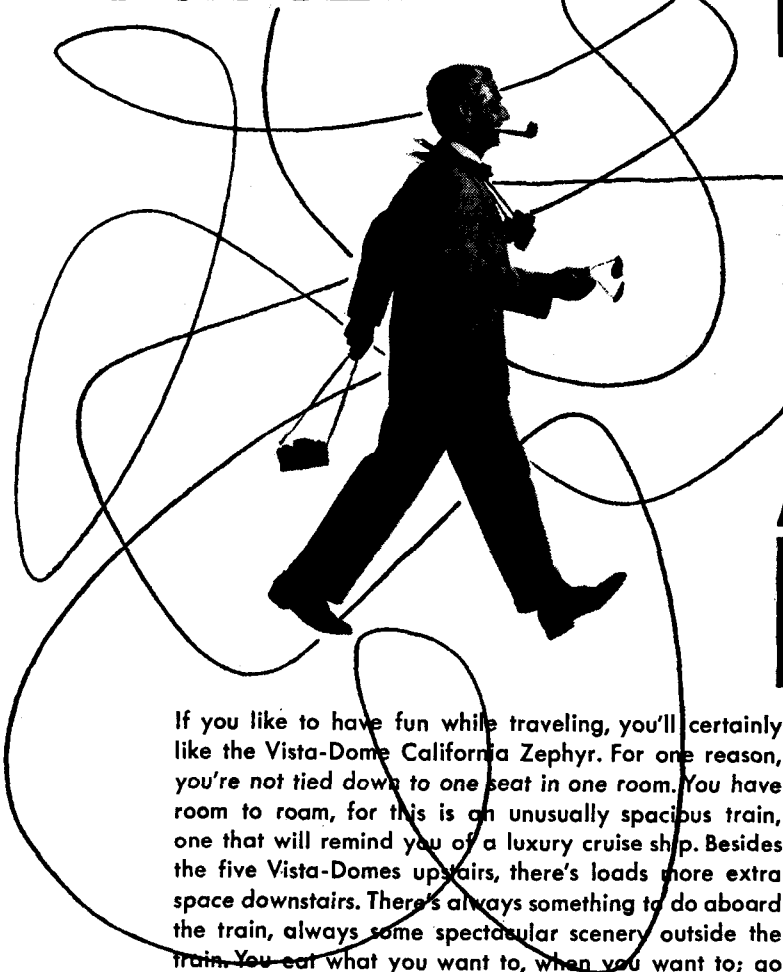


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with the holdover liberals like Wagner of New York and Clark of Pennsylvania, the nucleus of Stevenson's New America. Among them are 32-year-old Church of Idaho, 40-year-old Richards of California, and 41-year-old Stengel of Illinois.

It is evident from these facts about the Senate races this fall (and the House contests produce a similar picture) that neither Stevenson nor Eisenhower will reach the White House with a solid backing in Congress of men who think as he does. Coalition government, in fact if not in name, will again be the probability through an alliance of the Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats.

How many will vote?

This year, as in 1952, there has been a major get-out-the-vote campaign. A good many harsh words are said here and abroad every four years about the slothfulness of Americans who fail to exercise the franchise. Unhappy comparisons are made with the percentage of eligibles who vote in other lands. Usually, these comparisons do not take into account (a) the vast movement of Americans across state lines and within states, moves which legally deprive them of the right to vote until they have settled down a while in their new homes; (b) the lack of spirited two-party contests generally in the South and in some sections of the North, which foreordains which party will get the state's electoral votes for President and its seats in Congress. To these two groups should be added a third: the disenfranchised voters with legal residence in the District of Columbia.

In presidential election years since the introduction of women's suffrage there has been a curve of total votes cast which was consistent from 1920 through 1940. The war year 1944 saw a smaller vote than in 1940, but this may be explained by the fact that millions of men of voting age were in military service and millions of civilians had shifted residence to take war jobs. The 1948 total was barely larger than that of 1944 and can only be explained by a "plague on both of your houses" attitude in the Truman-Dewey campaign toward both candidates on the part of millions of persons.

In 1952 the voting total shot up to an all-time high of 61.5 million, with

Eisenhower's lead over Stevenson of 6.6 million approaching but not reaching the vote margins of Harding in 1920, Hoover in 1928, and Roosevelt in 1932 and 1936. Roosevelt's margin of 10.8 million in 1936 was the largest in our history.

Mood of the Capital

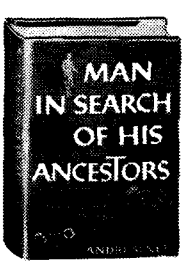
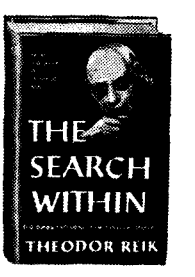
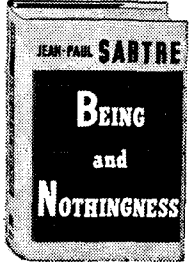
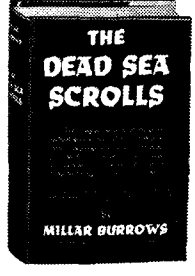
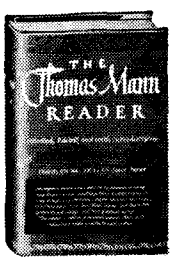
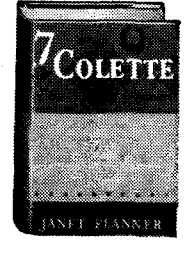
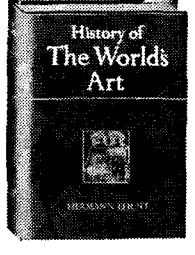
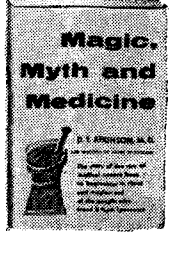
At one point in the Suez crisis, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was asked whether American policy on Suez had been affected by the fact that this was an election year and that the Administration naturally wants to stress its peace policy. In rather fervent tones he told the press:—

"I can say this with all sincerity and honesty; I am not conscious that the slightest political motivation has entered into our thinking on this matter whatsoever. And, as far as I can judge, we would have taken precisely the same action we have taken if this issue had arisen a year ago, two years ago, or three years ago."

Those who have followed the Suez crisis through the torturous months since Egypt nationalized the old canal company are generally willing to accept Dulles's statement. There has, however, been a strong feeling in Washington that the British, especially, have tried to play upon the GOP peace theme to bring the United States closer to the Anglo-French will. Yet the degree of success probably has been due less to American politics than to Dulles's belief that the Atlantic Alliance is the rock of our foreign policy and must not be sacrificed.

But if politics has been absent from the Suez issue it certainly has slowed up the Administration on other fronts, after the custom of most presidential election years, regardless of party. New risks are put off, new policies get further study and restudy, lower level bureaucrats are more cautious lest they imperil the party in power by some avoidable step.

Hence the outcome on November 6 will come as a relief to Washington, regardless of who wins. If it is to be another term for Eisenhower, then affairs now in a state of suspended animation will come alive again. If it is to be Stevenson, the lapse will inevitably be longer until the new Administration is sworn in, takes a look around, and decides how to proceed.

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Canada

AMERICAN tourists who flooded into Canada last summer might have concluded from the uproar in Canadian newspapers and on its radios that "American" had suddenly become a dirty word. From the bitterness of the language, another logical assumption would have been that an army of Texas freebooters had invaded the Canadian mint, while other pillaging Americans were conspiring to seize the natural wealth of the country for immediate shipment to Wall Street.

The occasion for all this was the debate in the Canadian Parliament over the Trans-Canada Pipeline which will move 500 million cubic feet of natural gas daily from the rich reservoirs of Alberta into Ontario and Quebec. Never before in Canadian history, not even during the conscription debates of 1916 or 1945, has such turbulence been seen on the floor of the House of Commons. For days on end, rebellious Conservative and Socialist opposition members created endless bedlam. Even when the bill to authorize a loan of \$80 million to Trans-Canada was finally passed, tempers did not subside. Instead the opposition took the unheard-of step of demanding the dismissal of the speaker for violation of the rules of the House.

At the height of the frenzy, only the Liberal government's overwhelming majority enabled it to ride out the storm. Nor was the attack on the government confined to Parliament. Liberal newspapers across the country joined in denouncing the government for using public money to bail out American promoters of the big gas pipeline.

To the Conservative and Socialist opposition, the handling of the Trans-Canada Pipeline represented everything that was wrong with the Liberal Party policy. The Conservatives in particular have been disturbed at the flow of American investment capital into Canada. This inflow has swept control of much of Canada's productive industry into American hands. It has created an external debt of \$10 billion to investors in the United States. It is a debt, moreover, which is represented mainly by equity investments rather than loans. This vast increase in American ownership of Canadian equities has taken place under Liberal administration.

It has been particularly prominent in new resources development, in oil, gas, iron ore, and asbestos, where American control is almost complete.

Trans-Canada became the symbolic repository of all the evils the Conservatives saw in the Liberal policy. Like Poe's raven, it confronted the Conservatives wherever they turned. First it had assured the country that the route through northern Ontario was feasible. Then it reneged, said it had to export gas to the United States to be able to raise money. Then it had to have approval in Washington. Then it got into a row with American gas companies. Then it had to have government assistance. Then it needed more assistance.

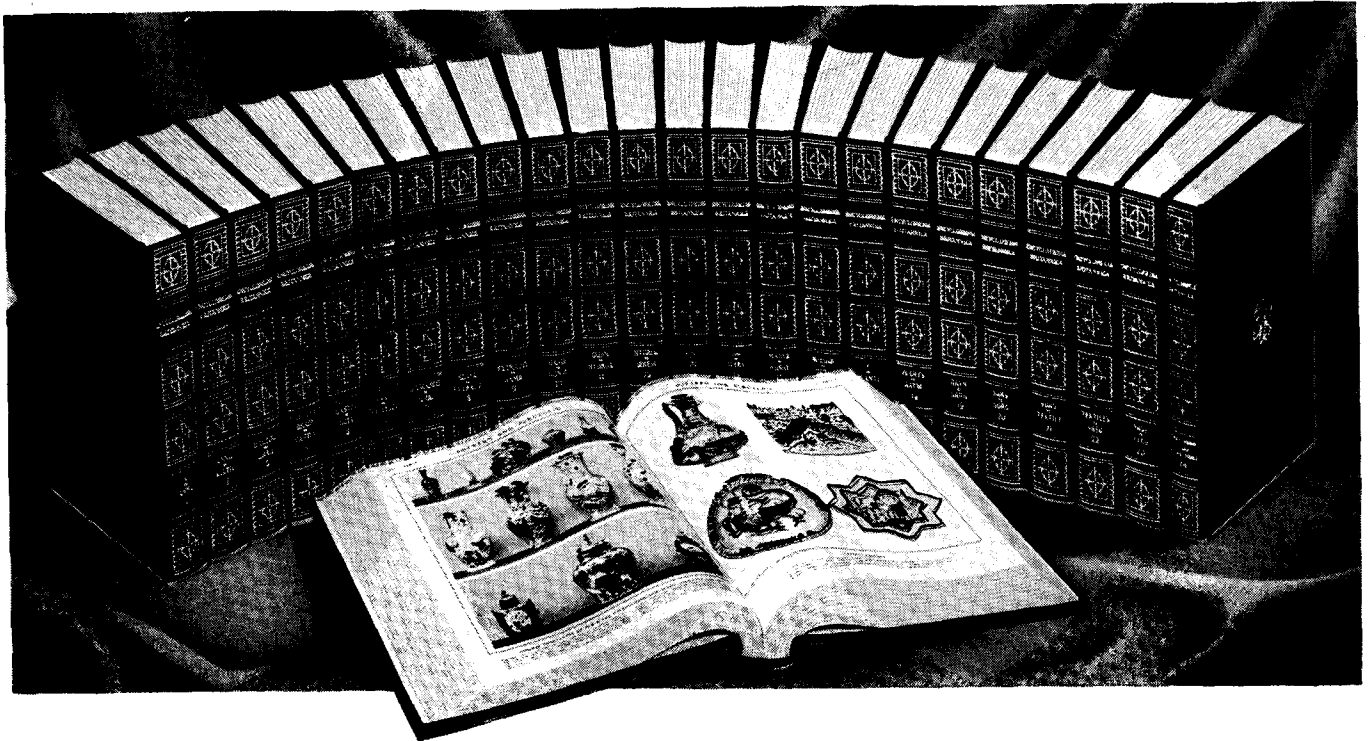
A transplanted Texan summarized the public relations mess Trans-Canada got into: "Trans-Canada is the worst snake-bitten pipeline project in the history of gas or oil pipelining!"

Financing Canada's boom

The Liberals hold that Canada's present expansion cannot be financed in Canada. It has not yet generated sufficient capital. So it has to import capital or slow down its development. The Liberals regard the importation of American capital and know-how as a boon to the Canadian economy. To the Liberals, Trans-Canada was the example of how the Liberal government actively encouraged the development of the country by creating a favorable capital investment climate. Here was a partnership between Canadians and Americans for the development of huge projects which were consistent with the national policies of Sir John A. Macdonald! Here was another big dream like the St. Lawrence Seaway, being realized under Liberal leadership!

Obviously, when such an issue was joined, there could be no compromise. And for the Conservatives the Trans-Canada argument was the crucial one which they had to win. If they were to end the Liberals' twenty years of unbroken reign in Ottawa, they had to have an issue that would rouse the Canadian people. They faced an almost impossible task. Never before had the country enjoyed such a long run of unbroken prosperity. Areas previously lost in a sort of economic backwash were being

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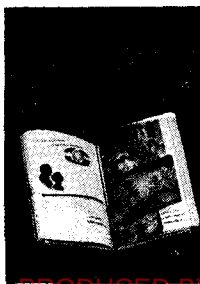
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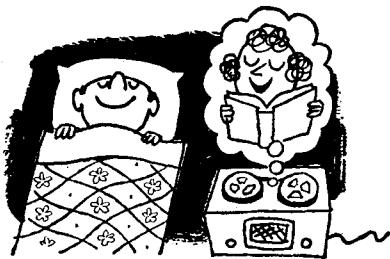
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industrialized. Newfoundland, which once depended on fish for its livelihood, had a \$50 million mining project in the works. The other maritime provinces can point to similar industrial expansion.

The north shore of the St. Lawrence River in Quebec has sprung to life in a score of places as the development of vast iron ore reserves in the hinterland has created an atmosphere of expansion. Even without its commitments for power development on the new St. Lawrence waterway, Quebec Hydro is planning a \$200 million power expansion to meet skyrocketing industrial needs.

The Seaway contracts themselves reached \$150 million this summer. In Ontario and Quebec private contracts awarded touched record levels this year. So busy were all the contractors, indeed, that the Canadian government had to go looking for people to bid on its big jobs. Its advertisements for bids were being consistently ignored.

For the nation as a whole, national income broke all records; industrial contracts awarded hit the \$2 billion mark by August 1, a whopping 24 per cent above last year; engineering contracts were 47 per cent over 1955.

By midsummer Canadian financial authorities were seriously disturbed because the boom was getting out of hand. Greater demands were being made for capital than could be supplied. Interest rates were raised and a ceiling was put on mortgage loans for housing construction. Nobody paid the storm warnings too much attention. In Alberta and British Columbia alone, the oil and gas pipelines had more orders in hand, dollar-wise, than it had cost to build, equip, and operate Canada's first transcontinental railway seventy years ago. And more projects were in the works.

Living beyond its means

That the people of Canada were making a real gain in living standards was indicated by index figures on employment, wages, and cost of living. In August, 1956, the cost of living was a bare 2 per cent above the same month last year, while wages were up double that margin.

On the farm front, things were not so good. In its program of giving

away its farm surplus, the United States had moved in on many of Canada's cash customers. Only by vigorous selling action did the Canadian Wheat Board manage to keep Canadian wheat moving abroad. As another big crop was being harvested on the western prairie this fall, the elevators were full of wheat from last year and some from the year before.

Despite the surplus, however, there is not too much concern among farmers. They have become accustomed to delivering their crop a few bushels per acre at a time instead of getting rid of the whole crop at once. Twenty years ago such surplus would have caused ruinous prices. With the Wheat Board being the sole buyer and seller of wheat, prices have been held in the vicinity of \$1.25 for top grades on the farm. Under Canadian farming methods this is a reasonably profitable level.

Canadians, in 1956, were far too busy and prosperous to listen to the Cassandra in Ottawa pointing to the flaws in the economy. Someday, the opposition shouted, there would have to be a reckoning because the nation was living far beyond its means. The trade deficit with the United States was running at the record rate of \$1.5 billion a year. Only a flow of American capital into Canada enabled it to survive. Canada was permitting its natural resources, its oil, base metals, iron ore, to pass into American hands to pay for its day-to-day needs.

"Canadians first"

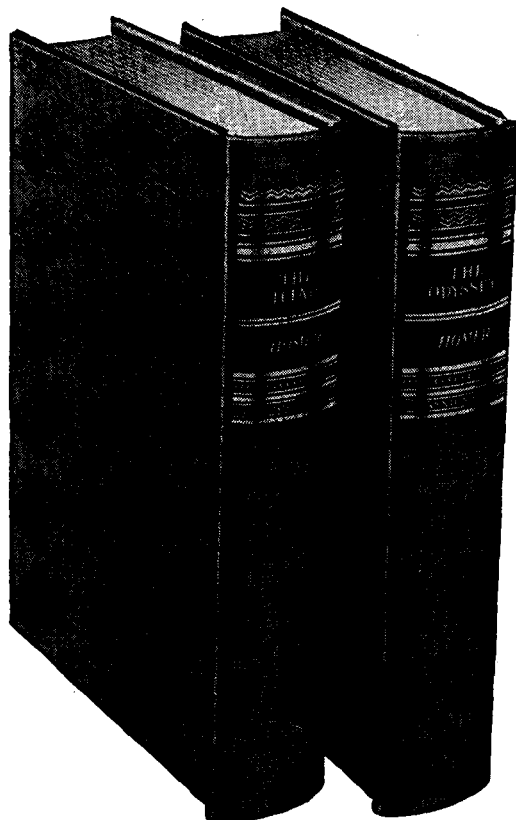
So the heart and core of the Conservatives' attack has been the advocacy of a "Canadians first" economic policy. "Let's own our own iron ore," they say, "and finance it and process it in Canada and manufacture it in Canada and consume it in Canada. Let's stop paying American manufacturers for doing something we can do ourselves." It would be idle to say that such a platform does not have a wide general appeal for Canadians when they can find time to worry about such things. It was to ride with this tide that the Conservatives attacked Trans-Canada Pipeline. They could not have seized upon a better instrument.

Trans-Canada was a promotional dream of Clint Murchison, the Texas oil promoter. Some five years ago he sold the Canadian government, and

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particularly the Hon. C. D. Howe, on the idea of building a \$300 million, 34-inch natural gas pipeline from Alberta through the wilds of northern Ontario to Ontario and Quebec. It would reverse the westward course of empire taken by the transcontinental Canadian railway builders.

Many months passed before the Alberta government agreed to permit gas to be exported. Then a group of Canadians asked for the right to build a line from Alberta to Winnipeg and thence south into Minnesota to Minneapolis and possibly Chicago. Whether the northern route was feasible or not was endlessly debated. So was the question of exporting gas to the U.S. Ultimately the government sponsored the union of the Canadian and the Texas promotions in Trans-Canada. It was headed by Nathan A. Tanner, a former Alberta resources minister whose bumbling of the project's public relations created much of the difficulty it was to encounter.

Trans-Canada, hybrid pipeline

Months passed to years as Trans-Canada tried first to arrange contracts for the purchase of gas and then to contract for the sale of gas. Without such contracts it could not borrow money with which to build the line. And without a line it could not get any contracts. Eventually it got into the gas business in the east by bringing natural gas to Toronto from the Tennessee natural gas line into New York State. Last winter Tennessee Gas negotiated a contract with Trans-Canada to take 200 million cubic feet of gas a day at the Manitoba-Minnesota boundary for sale in Chicago. It also bought into Trans-Canada and became a voice in its management.

Meanwhile the entry of Tennessee into the picture aroused the united opposition of all its American competitors to importation of Canadian gas, just when it became certain that Trans-Canada could not finance the building of the leg through northern Ontario. The project became a matter of national dignity.

"Are the people of Ontario and Quebec to be denied the use of Canadian gas because of a squabble between American gas companies in the Chicago area?"; "Must Canada wait for Federal Power Commission per-

mission in Washington before it can have a gas line?" were questions for bitter debate. The Canadian and Ontario governments finally got together last winter and agreed to lend Trans-Canada \$125 million to build the 600-mile link through northern Ontario.

Parliamentary struggle

A long and bitter struggle then ensued in Parliament. The opposition pleaded with the government to dump Trans-Canada and to build the whole line itself if Trans-Canada could not fulfill its promises. The fact that Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario, a Conservative and a former protégé of the Hon. George Drew, federal leader of the Conservative Party, joined the Liberal deal helped to take some of the sting out of the Conservative opposition during this debate.

And in early spring it appeared that Trans-Canada was at last going to get into business. When Trans-Canada's fortunes were at their lowest point, Canadian Gulf Oil and Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Company agreed that each would put up \$3 million and become a one-sixth partner in the project. Not only are these companies superbly managed in Canada; they own vast gas reserves which they promptly committed to Trans-Canada. The prestige they brought to the project was almost as important as their money and their gas. With this backing the company was able to place firm orders for pipe and call for construction bids.

Parliamentary approval of the building of the northern Ontario link was scarcely obtained, however, before Trans-Canada was back on Mr. Howe's doorstep. American opposition to gas imports, in Washington, so disturbed its New York bankers that they refused to finance the line. Efforts by Mr. Howe and Trans-Canada to finance it in Canada failed. If Trans-Canada collapsed now, the prestige of the Liberal government would be tarnished beyond repair.

Inside the Liberal Party, patience with Trans-Canada had worn through to the bone. The popular choice then was to get rid of Trans-Canada once and for all and proceed with the project under public ownership as the opposition advocated. But Trans-Canada was the adopted child of the Hon. C. D. Howe, whose courage balances his stubbornness. At first his

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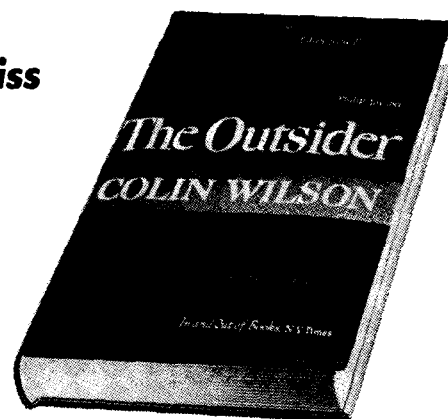
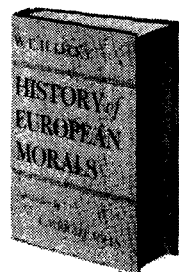
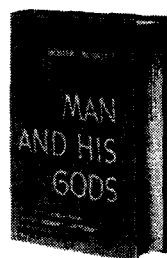
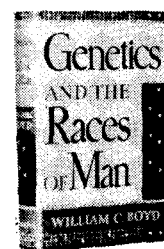
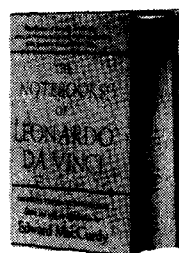
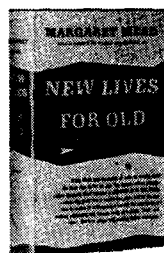
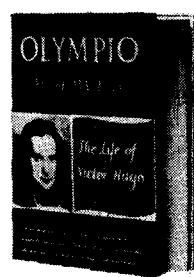
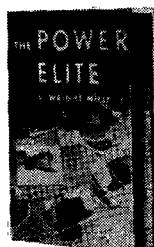
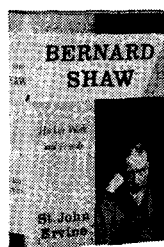
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proposal to ask Parliament to advance Trans-Canada \$80 million, to enable it to get started this year, stunned his incredulous colleagues in the cabinet. Eventually he carried both his colleagues and his party, and the bill to lend Trans-Canada \$80 million was introduced in Parliament.

There ensued two weeks of bitter debate which most Canadians wish to forget. If the Liberals were ruthlessly dictatorial in forcing the measure through the House, the tactics of the opposition damaged the dignity of Parliament and brought the democratic process into contempt.

Eager sellers

In Canada today, it is the fashion to deplore the extent to which Americans have assumed ownership of Canadian resources and industry. What the rabid nationalists ignore is the fact that title to these properties was obtained by purchase from Canadians who were eager sellers.

A classic example was the recent swallowing by Gulf Oil of a large Canadian refining and marketing company, British American Oil. Gulf boosted its ownership of B.A. common stock from 20 per cent to 60 per cent by trading its Canadian and gas reserves for British American common shares. But so concerned was Gulf for Canadian susceptibilities that, by a masterly excursion into fiscal double talk, it announced that the British American Oil Company had bought Canadian Gulf!

Will the Liberal government reap the whirlwind when it goes to the polls next summer? There is reason for doubt. As the big pipeline is being laid, the whole national attitude toward it is changing. So eager are distributors to sign up for its gas that it now has firm commitments for all the gas it can move to eastern Canada. After being held up for years because of inability to get sales in the United States, it has discovered that it no longer needs the American market.

This is what promoter Clint Murchison in the beginning said would happen. As soon as the gas starts moving through the pipe, the turmoil that surrounded the conception and birth of the project will probably be forgotten. But the questions raised by the Conservatives in connection with resources ownership will not.



Photograph by Tom Hollyman

Puerto Rico — civilized 100 years before the Pilgrims landed

HERE in Puerto Rico, sharing the benign sunshine, are a lovely old church and a lovely young girl.

The church is San Jose; it was built in 1523. Step inside its cool, vaulted nave and you feel at once the splendor of that old world culture which flourished here a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It's hard to believe you are scarcely a stone's throw from the

bustling downtown section of modern San Juan—the center of a remarkable renaissance.

Under the impetus of Puerto Rico's renowned Operation Bootstrap, more than four hundred new factories have opened up. There are luxurious new hotels, ultra-modern schools, magnificent super-highways and thriving universities. Slums are vanishing. All over the

island there is an infectious atmosphere of buoyancy and confidence.

Not to forget our pretty girl. She is María Luisa Fernández Martínez—or "Taty" to her friends. She is a pianist of talent and a Kappa Phi at her college. Could we ask for a better symbol of all that is vital about Puerto Rico today?

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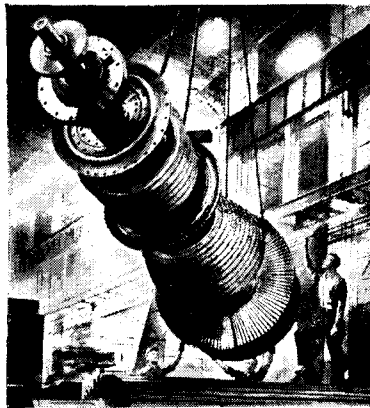
America's own Lord Calvert. We recommend, therefore, that you add Lord Calvert whiskey to your liquor cabinet, alongside its equals.

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SIX WAYS GENERAL ELECTRIC HELPS CREATE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR OTHERS



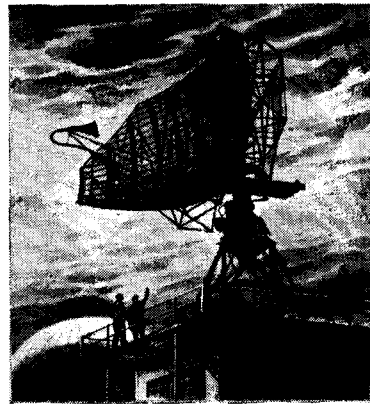
By creating new products: For example, food-waste disposers, first manufactured by General Electric, are now also being made by eleven other companies, and are a source of new business to many thousands of local retailers.



By helping keep the cost of electricity low through development of better equipment for producing and using it. The ever-increasing enjoyment of this "household bargain," electricity, creates business opportunities in every community.



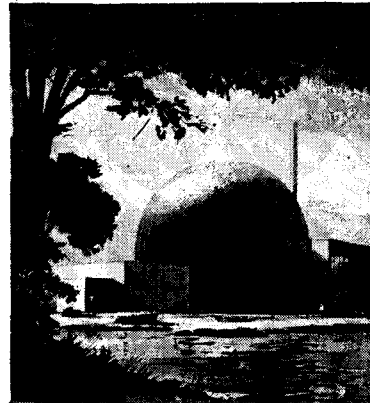
By working closely with dealers to help increase their business and payrolls. Marketing counsel, factory service training, advertising support and consumer credit arrangements are all available to these independent businessmen.



By breaking down the big jobs: Complex defense projects, for example, are beyond the scope of small businesses but, through sub-contracting, they get jobs they can handle when a large company takes the over-all risks and responsibility.



By buying locally, where possible, and thus stimulating commercial activity in the 112 communities where General Electric has plants. Each \$1,000 of purchases and payrolls generates about \$5,000 more in business within the community.



By pioneering in new fields that can open up new industries with future business opportunities for many companies large and small. General Electric's current pioneering investment in developing atomic electricity is a good example.

How progress

Today Americans are putting electricity to work to a degree unmatched anywhere in the world: every decade for the past 75 years, they have doubled the amount they use, and they are now doubling it every eight years.

The electrical industry is therefore one of the fastest growing in the nation because, essentially, it provides products and services many people want, in the way they want them, and



400,000 local, independent dealers and other retailers: They have more business opportunities today than ever before in selling and servicing the many new and improved products from General Electric.

It General Electric benefits other businesses

because electric power is at the very heart of the American economy and national security.

As a part of the industry, General Electric has shared in this growth and, we believe, contributed to it in many ways. And so have hundreds of thousands of other businesses, both large and small.

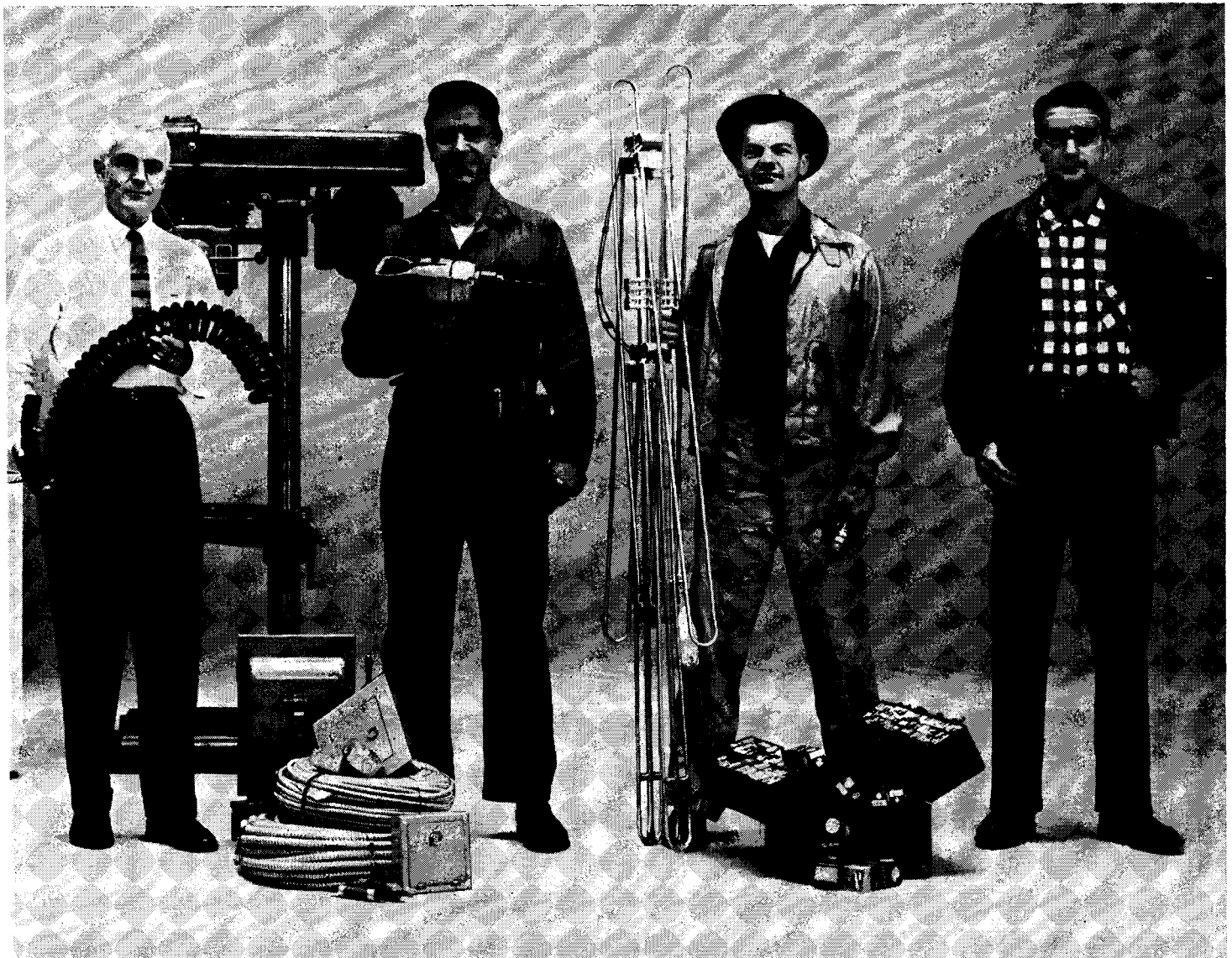
In the process of serving customers, providing jobs and trying to earn a

return for its owners, General Electric now depends on the skills and enterprise of nearly a half million of these businesses — dealers, suppliers, contractors, service men and others. They, in turn, get from us day-to-day business and opportunities for growth that they might not otherwise have.

In their relationship with us, these businesses expect more than the chance to make a reasonable profit. They want

to be recognized as independent, with the right to operate their own businesses according to their own ideas. We know they want from us, as we want from them, lasting friendly associations based on helpful service, courtesy, integrity.

On these pages are some of the ways we at General Electric are trying to live up to our responsibilities in relationships with other businesses.



12,000 suppliers — 90% of them small businesses: These firms, 12,000 more than in 1950, get almost half General Electric's income in exchange for skills and supplies.

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centrates on joining together the Federal Republic and the Communist puppet state. Can at least this be done? And if so, when and how?

Everybody wants reunification

Every German political party makes the demand for reunification one of its main platform planks. The United States is prodding the Soviet Union; the Kremlin maintains that Russia would like to see Germany unified. In reality the Soviet leaders know that if they permit reunification of their puppet with the thriving Federal Republic, they will lose that puppet overnight. In the Federal Republic the Communists are practically nonexistent; in a free election for the 18 million people in the so-called People's Republic after a merger, the Communists would get 10 per cent of the votes at the most.

Russia has nothing to gain from reunification except perhaps a final peace settlement in which the Soviet Union and Poland would receive the deed, so to speak, to the provinces in the East. But are the Germans — people and politicians — willing to pay that price?

Today the public suggestion to abandon the Eastern territories would bring a violent outcry of fury. No politician is willing to make such a suggestion. Privately, though, realistic politicians and ordinary citizens will tell you that Soviet Russia and Poland would yield to force only; and no one in Germany wants to use force, the Germans admit with resignation.

Today there are about 8 million people in the Federal German Republic who have emigrated since the end of World War II, some from the East, some from Czechoslovakia and other Communist countries. There is still a certain amount of sentimental feeling for their former homesteads in all of them. But the middle-aged refugees have found new homes and better business opportunities than they ever had. The youngest barely remember the old country; they were too young when they left in 1945. Most of these people will admit that they would not go back to the Eastern provinces even if they could. West Germany is their home.

The oldest refugees still hope to recover what they lost, and many of

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them have not been able to take root in the West. They are quite belligerent about restoration of the 1939 borders. But ten or twenty years from now the older generation will have died and with it the real opposition to relinquishing the Eastern provinces. It is conceivable that by then the Soviet Union and Poland will secure the deed and in return drop their opposition to the reunification of the Federal Republic, the so-called People's Republic, and the two parts of Berlin. Until then the present shadowboxing is likely to continue.

The United States blames the failure exclusively on the Kremlin. The Soviets say they would be for reunification if Germany did not rearm or did not belong to NATO. But Moscow would be quick to look for some other excuse if those two conditions were accepted. Chancellor Adenauer and his supporters, the Kremlin knows, are dead set against those conditions. But if the 1957 election brings a victory to the Social Democrats, Dr. Adenauer will be replaced by another government leader. In that case, Moscow may well be faced with the necessity of either agreeing to German unification or looking for a new way of saying "No."

Election apathy

The forthcoming German election has been casting its shadow on the political scene for a long time. There is actually no issue to stir up excitement in the electorate.

The economy is booming; reconstruction is racing along; Germany has regained her sovereignty and world markets. Nevertheless it is true that, despite the so-called economic miracle which impresses even the most casual visitor, there is not what one would call high prosperity. In fact, living standards are still somewhat below those of Great Britain and France. Some people are doing exceedingly well, but not the masses, and especially not the elderly, the disabled, or the retired. Prices are in general about the same as in the United States, while salaries for a 48-hour week are about one third of the wages for the comparable 40-hour week in America.

Even so, the Social Democrats realize that promises of better wages and living standards do not get many votes in Germany today. The bulk of

German employees and workers would like shorter working hours not in order to have more leisure but in order to take a part-time job and make a little more money on the side. It would please them, but it is not a burning issue.

The only issues

There are only two issues which really produce any interest: one is membership in NATO, and the other is German rearmament. Both are tied to the question of reunification. On all three issues (reunification, NATO, and rearmament) the Social Democrats have had the jump on Chancellor Adenauer for years. The Chancellor is a sincere believer in international coöperation, and he has held that he could get from the West, especially from the United States, the necessary financial, political, and military support to rebuild the young republic. Being a lifelong conservative, he has also naturally leaned toward the conservative views of Washington. So he has joined NATO, and has bent every effort to develop a German army of 500,000 according to the wishes of the United States.

The Social Democrats, on the other hand, have felt no obligation to fall in with American suggestions. They have vehemently opposed joining NATO and rearmament, not only because they are leery of any army but also because they are first and foremost interested in reunification.

Manpower shortage

There are also economic angles to the opposition to rearmament, at least on the scale desired in Washington and promoted by Dr. Adenauer. Germany has practically no manpower reservoir. There are about 500,000 unemployed, more or less the hard core of the unemployable — people who are too old to change their jobs, white-collar workers with little skill, or partly disabled people.

Rearmament — according to Dr. Adenauer's plans — would require not only an army of 500,000 but also a newly created armament industry. In other words, it would make tremendous demands on German manpower — demands that could be met only by drawing people away from present jobs. Employers in general worry lest rearmament produce fierce competition for employees and therefore cause rising wages. Employees



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are afraid that rearmament would mean fewer consumers' goods, and the workers today are primarily interested in replenishing what they lost during the war and improving their living standards.

For almost a decade now, there has been a strange paradox in Germany. Dr. Adenauer as leader of the conservative, supposedly nationalist parties in his coalition government has been plugging international coöperation, Western European unity, NATO, concessions to American guidance, continued payments for the Allied troops stationed in Germany under the NATO agreement. The Social Democrats, on the other hand, traditionally the party of international coöperation, have adopted a strictly patriotic, nationalist line. They demand reunification above all.

The largest coalition partner of Dr. Adenauer, the right-of-center Free Democratic Party, has split, and only 13 deputies in Parliament (Bundestag) stayed with the coalition, while 31 declared themselves neutral. They are opposed to everything the Social Democrats stand for economically. But when it comes to independence they will vote with the Social Democrats and against the Chancellor.

The decline of Adenauer

This is the mood of the public; this is where votes can be won. Over the past few years and since the last Federal election, in 1953, Dr. Adenauer has lost a lot of ground. Such big and powerful states as Rhine-Westphalia, Bavaria, Hesse, as well as the district of Bremen, are now run by Social Democrats; Wuerttemberg-Baden has a coalition of the Social Democrats and Dr. Adenauer's party, the Christian Democrats. In recent months, the so-called Radford Plan of cutting down on the number of American troops in Europe knocked out another prop of Adenauer's regime. His opponents spread the word that the United States has more or less gently let him down.

Dr. Adenauer was never beloved by a majority; he had the respect of many and he had much prestige abroad, and therefore he was accepted during the years of reconstruction. Now he is over eighty, more irritable and more stubborn than ever. Next year's election may cost Dr. Adenauer heavily in votes.



Ceylon

WHEREVER one goes in Ceylon, one sees bhikkus — Buddhist monks — striding along the roadside in bright yellow-orange robes, carrying black umbrellas to protect their shaven heads from the sun. For 2500 years they have studied, meditated, and instructed the people. Recently they began to play an active role in national affairs, and in last April's election they helped to mobilize nationalist feeling against the government of Sir John Kotelawala. As a result, Mr. Bandaranaike, the leader of a socialist coalition, formed a new government.

The 1956 election was a delayed reaction to more than 400 years of European rule. The Portuguese realized the value of this rich tropical island which controls the sea route around India. They occupied the southwest coast opposite India in 1505 and remained there until the Dutch threw them out in the seventeenth century. The British took over in the next century and extended their control over the entire island in 1815.

Many Ceylonese learned foreign ways. In fact Ceylon's westernized English-speaking upper and middle classes are probably proportionately the largest in Asia. Nearly 10 per cent of the population became Christians and many of the rest went to mission schools. Everyone aspiring to a clerk's job or a minor government post learned English; for the ambitious, Oxford and the Inns of Court were the road to success.

In 1948 Ceylon became an independent dominion within the Commonwealth. The Western-educated and largely Western-oriented elite took over from the British, and the United National Party, which represented the political influence of this elite, remained in power until this year.

Divided nationalism

Opposition leaders — who were also educated along Western lines — turned to nationalist issues. Nationalism is tricky in Ceylon. Out of a total population of 8.5 million, almost 6 million are Sinhalese, an Aryan people which came to Ceylon in 543 B.C. There are also 2 million Tamils from South India and half a million Moslems. The Sinhalese are almost all Buddhists and the Tamils are Hindus.

Half the Tamils were brought over to work on the plantations and are not considered Ceylonese citizens. Fortunately life in Ceylon has been quiet and peaceful, and the communities have not clashed. But some political parties have long advocated that Sinhalese replace English as the official language of administration. During the past two years the Tamils have agitated for parity between Tamil and Sinhalese, and at the same time demands for "Sinhalese only" have grown stronger.

A Buddhist commission reported in February that Buddhism had been discriminated against under the British and was still at a disadvantage even in independent Ceylon; it called for the restoration of Buddhism to its rightful place.

Buddhist monks campaign

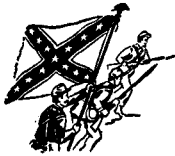
Sir John Kotelawala and his advisers decided to make the most of the language issue while they could. They changed to a policy of Sinhalese only and went to the polls. Influential Buddhists asked for a delay; they felt that an election would intrude upon the celebration of the 2500th anniversary of Buddha's enlightenment.

Their request, however, was rejected. The bhikkus fasted for a day and, for the first time in modern Ceylon, went into politics. Large numbers of monks went from village to village condemning Sir John's government, and leaflets described him as an enemy of Buddhism. The election became a contest between Westernism and the ideal of Sinhalization.

The bhikkus were, however, not united. There are three major sects in Ceylon, and the Buddhist clergy is not an organized hierarchy under central discipline. The bhikkus who campaigned were mostly younger men; many of the older and more conservative monks disapproved the involvement of bhikkus in worldly affairs. But this came late in the campaign and had little effect.

The socialist manifesto

Mr. Bandaranaike had formed a pre-election coalition called the Mahajana Eksath Peramuna, or MEP. His own moderate socialist Sri Lanka Freedom Party joined with a number of indepen-



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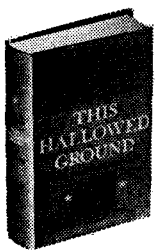
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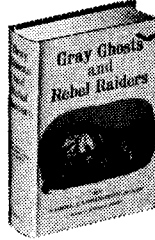
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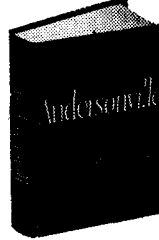
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dents and a Marxist party to defeat Sir John. The socialist manifesto supported the report of the Buddhist commission of inquiry, called for nationalization of tea estates and other important enterprises, and promised pensions and unemployment benefits. It also advocated a neutralist foreign policy and the removal of British bases.

No-contest agreements were made between the MEP and other parties, including the Communists. Together, the opposition parties attacked the government on several points. Rice is the staple food of Ceylon, and a government subsidy had kept prices down. But the United National Party raised the price and dropped a popular program of free lunches for school children. Sir John and his party had lost contact with the people; there were many charges of corruption and inefficiency. Their switch on the language issue had been too late and was too obviously opportunistic.

The MEP won principally because it had the support of the leaders of rural Sinhalese opinion: the school-teachers who know no English, the traditional Ayur-Vedic physicians, and of course the bhikkus. It also appealed to the many thousands of graduates of Sinhalese senior schools who could not find suitable work. To all these people, adoption of Sinhalese was the symbol of restored opportunities and recovered rights.

Change brings opposition

A language bill was introduced declaring Sinhalese to be the one official language but allowing present arrangements to remain in force until 1960, or even longer if necessary. But the Tamils were worried. They feared that they could no longer educate their children in their own language; they claimed that their culture would be destroyed. Tamils in government service feared for their jobs, inasmuch as few of them know Sinhalese.

In June, while the language bill was being debated, the Tamils held a demonstration of nonviolent resistance near the House of Parliament in Colombo. Clashes with Sinhalese took place and two days of rioting began. Tamil shops were looted, and there were a number of casualties.

In Gal Oya, a government irrigation scheme, it was rumored that a

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Tamil army was on the march. Fighting broke out between Tamils and Sinhalese, and more than a hundred people were killed before the army ended the disturbances.

The Prime Minister reiterated that Sinhalization would proceed slowly; he reassured the Tamils that their language would still be used for educational and cultural purposes. In early August he proposed to meet them halfway. The Tamils, who live mostly in northern Ceylon, want a state of their own under a federal government. Mr. Bandaranaike rejected this, and suggested instead a decentralization of administration, with regional councils to direct local public services. But the danger of further violence remains.

A tea-based economy

Under British rule Ceylon became a perfect example of a colonial economy. Industry is negligible, domestic food production no longer meets the country's needs, and the economy depends upon the export of rubber, coconut products, and especially tea. If the London price of tea is high, Ceylon flourishes and government revenues are adequate; if not, the whole economy suffers. Most of the tea and rubber is grown on large estates cultivated by hired laborers, and many of the largest estates are owned by Europeans.

The island's economy is very vulnerable, but Ceylon is one of Asia's most prosperous nations. There is little hunger and little of the absolute poverty that is so common in India. The population is not now excessive, and much unused land could still be cultivated.

But trouble is on the way. Rubber growing is inefficient, India and Kenya will be increasingly dangerous competitors in the tea market, and fewer coconuts are grown each year. Domestic food production will barely keep pace with population increase, and if exports drop too far, Ceylon will not be able to pay for the rice it must import from abroad.

The Ceylonese realize that they must grow more food and diversify their economy. Former governments began irrigation, power, and agricultural schemes which will be continued and expanded. This will require capital, and Ceylon has little to spare.

Catholics Thank God There *IS* a Purgatory

You may not agree with this age-old Catholic belief.

You may contend, as many do, that Purgatory is not mentioned in the Bible. You may have heard that it is nothing more than a cunning fable, designed by the Catholic priesthood to frighten and deceive the faithful. You may have been told that the Apostles and the early Christians did not believe in Purgatory.

It is true, of course, that the Bible does not mention the word Purgatory, any more than it does numerous other words and terms commonly accepted by all Christians. But it *does* clearly indicate that there is such a place of satisfaction for sin and the temporal punishment due to it after death but before the general judgment.

"Fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," wrote St. Paul (1 Corinthians 3: 13-15) ... and even though his work shall be "burned," the man himself "shall be saved, yet so as by fire." Paul himself observed the custom of praying for the dead: "The Lord grant unto him (Onesiphorus) to find mercy of the Lord in that day" (2 Timothy 1:18). The "fires" that try a man's work are certainly not to be found on earth or in heaven, and the fires of hell do not save. Would Paul have prayed for Onesiphorus, then dead, if he believed the soul of his departed co-worker was beyond help?

Millions of people departed this life with no serious sins on their souls, and we know (Prov. 24:16) that even the just man has his small failings. God would not deny them heaven, nor would He condemn them to everlasting punishment. Therefore, as nothing defiled can enter heaven (Rev. 21:27) there must be a place where these lesser sins can be cleansed.

But proof as to Purgatory is not limited to the Bible. The fathers and doctors of the Church speak repeatedly of the

practice of the first Christians of praying for the dead. Tertullian, second century, admonished "the faithful wife to pray for the soul of her deceased husband." The fourth century historian Eusebius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephrem, St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom all spoke of the efficacy of prayers for the departed souls. The latter, in fact, said such supplication was "ordained by the Apostles."

All the liturgies of the Church are replete with appeals for God's mercy upon the souls of the departed. Inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs of the first Christian era voice similar prayers. It would not be necessary to plead for those in heaven—futile to pray for those in hell. So there must be a place in between, which Catholics call Purgatory.

And for Catholics, death would be a much more frightening prospect if there were no Purgatory, for all who go there may be tried "as by fire," but all are assuredly saved. If you would like to know more about the doctrine of Purgatory, write today for free pamphlet. It will be mailed in plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-14.

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Earlier experiments with government-operated industries failed and were closed down, but the new government hopes to try again on a bigger scale. Individuals, including foreigners, will be encouraged to invest, although the government may wish a voice in management.

Faced with these needs, and realizing that nationalization of estates would probably reduce production for export, the government is moving cautiously. As one minister put it, "We will nationalize ultimately, but ultimately is a long time."

The middle road

Foreign capital may not find Ceylon attractive as long as nationalization is the declared objective. The new government says it will not discriminate against either dollars or rubles; it already receives United States and Colombo Plan grants, and has been making inquiries in Moscow and Peiping. Mr. Bandaranaike emphasizes that he is not leaning toward Moscow but simply following a free policy of noncommitment to power blocs. At least one leader of the Buddhist political movement in Ceylon considers political neutralism simply a practical application of the doctrine of the middle road.

The Prime Minister made a tentative agreement with the British, who, after Ceylon's independence, continued to occupy a naval base at Trincomalee and an air base north of Colombo. The British will leave, but Ceylon will maintain the bases — and perhaps permit the British to use them if necessary.

The new government also intends that Ceylon shall become a republic within the Commonwealth, but this step will not be taken for the present. Another problem is more pressing: Ceylon and India must agree upon the future of the million Tamils in Ceylon who are not Ceylonese citizens. Ceylon would like to be able to send them back to India, but India does not want to be committed to accept them.

Mr. Bandaranaike's moderation has given the opposition an opportunity to claim that the MEP is forgetting its promises, and caution may be unpopular with part of his own coalition. One Trotskyite party, with fourteen seats, is the main opposition

party. It doesn't get along with the Communists, who have only three seats, but both parties favor parity between Tamils and Sinhalese. Another Trotskyite group declared for Sinhalese only and won five seats as a member of the MEP coalition. It will undoubtedly press for a more extreme policy.

The Prime Minister's own party has 38 seats, and its leaders expect that their allies can be kept in line. Now that the United National Party has been so completely defeated, the next election is likely to be a contest between democratic and revolutionary socialism.

Other pressure will come from the villagers: rural schoolteachers will want higher pay, traditional physicians will want facilities and grants, and everyone will want welfare services. These demands cannot be met inexpensively, and if the government moves too slowly because funds are short, it will find itself in political trouble.

Buddhist renaissance?

What will the bhikkus want? The politically active Buddhists do not yet have a complete program. In feudal times the clergy had lands and privileges, control over education, and a strong voice at court. They would like to recover their old position, but most realize that times have changed. Much of their program is negative; they feel that Christianity has had special privileges and they want Buddhism to have at least an equal chance.

State grants have been given to Christian schools, and the Buddhists want all state-aided schools nationalized. They want state support for Buddhist activities and the observance of certain Buddhist rules — such as prohibition — by government leaders. But Buddhism is tolerant, and only extremists ask that it become the state religion.

A religious revival and a new nationalism have brought Ceylon a government which has much wider popular support than the last, and which may be able to lead Ceylon toward a stronger economy and a renaissance of Buddhist and Sinhalese culture. But Ceylon may yet suffer for it if nationalist feelings again lead to violence.

ATLANTIC *Reporter*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Desegregation

With the following statement by Herbert Ravenel Sass the *Atlantic* concludes the discussion between Mr. Sass and Oscar Handlin contained in the articles in this issue on desegregation: "Mixed Schools and Mixed Blood" and "Where Equality Leads."

That 30-odd million white Southerners, rational in all other ways, are, as Professor Handlin thinks, irrational on the one subject of race is surely unlikely, and all the more so because their views are based upon long experience, not theory. By many in the North, the Deep South is considered barbarous, but Virginia and North Carolina have been esteemed as enlightened. Both those states have just enacted new and drastic laws to prevent mixed schools. Is it seriously contended that the people of Virginia and North Carolina are irrational?

Professor Handlin's statement that Southerners' views of race are false is a sweeping assertion. Many scientists affirm the reality of racial differences. Latterly, however, they have found it hard to get a hearing. Speaking of this censorship, Dr. Carleton S. Coon, University of Pennsylvania, outstanding physical anthropologist, said in 1951, "This tendency has been carried so far that it is difficult to have a truly scientific, objective book on race published or reviewed"; and in 1954, "Basing their ideas on the concept of the brotherhood of man, certain writers, who are mostly social anthropologists, consider it immoral to study race, and produce book after book exposing

it as a 'myth.' Their argument is that because the study of race once gave ammunition to racial fascists who misused it, we should pretend that races do not exist."

Professor Handlin's assertion that desegregation would actually check amalgamation flies in the face of reality. The whole theory and practice of school integration necessarily rests upon the premise that there is no real difference between our two races except skin color. Successfully integrated schools would turn out successive generations in whom, because they are imbued with this philosophy, the instinct of race preference would have been suppressed. One need look no farther than Brazil to see that where this happens racial amalgamation ultimately ensues.

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS
Charleston, S.C.

Correction

SIR:

On returning from a brief vacation, I took a final look at my article for the October issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* ("I Shall Vote for Eisenhower"), and discovered two mathematical errors in the text.

In the second paragraph of Section 2 of my article, the figure "1.6 per cent" should read "2 per cent." In the fifth paragraph of that section, third sentence, the clause, "almost doubled in number of dollars," should read "increased by almost half in number of dollars"; and the related clause later in the same sentence, "twice as many dollars," should read "half again as many dollars."

ROBERT CUTLER
Boston, Mass.

"The Crisis in Teaching"

SIR:

Cheers for Oscar Handlin's excellent article, "The Crisis in Teaching" (September *Atlantic*). Teachers' salaries have begun to rise; but while this has induced many excellent teachers to re-enter the classroom now that their children have grown up, it has just as certainly caused numbers of "skin-of-the-teeth" high school graduates to apply for admission to teachers colleges. Having spent some years at unskilled labor and blind-alley occupations, they now look to teaching as a means of upgrading themselves in income.

Pity the poor director of admissions. On the one side is the unqualified applicant with little or no demonstrated academic interest. He shouldn't be admitted. But into the other ear pour the pleas of school administrators for more teachers — almost any kind of teachers. Should he gamble that some of them *might* be satisfactory?

CHARLES A. BELDEN, *Principal*
Oneonta High School
Oneonta, N.Y.

SIR:

How true Mr. Handlin's statement is, that "graduates of the highest caliber are ever less likely to select teaching as their career." I believe their failure to pursue this stimulating profession can be attributed to the fact that school systems prefer the mediocre teacher.

This preference is shown in the standards of certification that require often eighteen hours of "education courses." These courses on vague educational aims, classroom methods

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of decorating bulletin boards, filling in teachers' registers, operating movie projects, and elementary group psychology are courses to which poor students flock. The high-caliber students will not sacrifice the time to them that could be devoted to history, literature, science, philosophy, art, and music. Yet, without these education courses, the superior graduates who wish to teach must do so with a substandard certificate at a substandard salary.

The better graduates are certainly not discouraged by the dullness of the occupation, and not entirely by the low salaries. They are repelled by requirements that insult their intelligence. A change in requirements for certification could relieve the teacher shortage by making more graduates eligible to teach, and more high-caliber graduates willing to teach.

MOLLY I. MICHIE
Winston-Salem, N.C.

SIR:

I deplore equally with Professor Handlin the low esteem into which the teaching estate has fallen, but attribute it not so much to the small compensation as to the class of men and women we prepare for public school teaching. Truly it is no honor to be a teacher today.

If we will not select the best minds, and subsidize their training purely and simply *for teaching*, we have every reason to fear that in almost every field of endeavor we shall be surpassed as a nation by those who will make such selection and give such training. As Professor Handlin stresses, we get few except mediocre minds to put up with the stifling seniority rules and the petty politics. How can we hope for the "new attitude" he desires, when the best minds refuse to inch their way through the mazes of the certification mills to put themselves into the strait jacket of "innocuous conformity"? Let's put back content into the teachers college courses and take out some of the "methods" courses.

DOROTHY K. SCOTT
Seattle, Wash.

SIR:

Low salaries and low social prestige are principally what keep college students away from teaching as a career. But I am convinced there is another very important deterrent.

As a college instructor, I have discussed teaching with many students.

Their constant refrain is: When are schools of education going to stop giving us course after course on "methods" and allow us to learn more about subject matter? I strongly suspect that large numbers of students (probably the most perceptive) will be not attracted to teaching until certification is earned through a course of study properly balanced between methodology and subject matter.

ROBERT G. MEADE, JR.
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Conn.

SIR:

One classroom teacher of my acquaintance declares: "I'm not a teacher, I'm a prize fighter." The doings of young hoodlums have made many teachers decide to find another means of earning a living. No Ivy League ivory tower college professor has the faintest idea what teaching in a public school is like. I like many things about the *Atlantic*, but an article by a Harvard professor on public schools just naturally irritates me. I've taught in the black and tan district and know the facts of life. Mr. Handlin obviously has never come near them.

FRANCES PARTRIDGE
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

As a member of a rural school board in New England I offer a suggestion based upon Professor Handlin's discussion of the teacher shortage. The crisis may well be one in which the ills of the macrocosm are closely akin to the ills of the microcosm, and the community of which I write is certainly a microcosm.

We have just gone through the travail of selling bonds (interest at 2.35 per cent) and building an enlarged school plant. We practiced every reasonable economy. We rehabilitated and expanded existing buildings, and in contrast to many wealthy communities that are spending from \$3000 to \$4000 per pupil on new school space, we have spent at barely one tenth that rate. We still must cope with rising teachers' salaries.

Our financial imbroglio suggests that there may be something basically wrong with the way we raise money for local government.

We are in part a farming area. With the aid of the Vermont Tax Department, data were soon brought

to light which disclosed that our farm group, though paying 25 per cent of the entire local property tax, received but one twentieth of the town's money income.

The majority of our earners are not farmers but work in various trades and small businesses, and are persons of moderate means. I undertook to compare their total tax payments (local, state, and federal) with the total tax payments of our farm group. For every dollar of tax which he pays, the farmer averages \$2 in gross income, whereas the non-farmer averages about \$5.

This result suggests that whenever additional tax revenue is to be raised for local purposes from local sources, it ought to come from non-farmers and from other than a property tax. Perhaps the answer is a single income tax—a single pie from which the local government would take the first slice, the state government the second, with the federal receiving the remainder. Surely, the local units of government deserve the right to employ a tax which is productive, elastic, and above all fair.

ROBERT W. KING
Hartland Four Corners, Vt.

Chicago's Airports

SIR:

Chicago has almost completed a fine new airport to serve the customer better and to reduce the number of nervous breakdowns in the Midway tower.

Mr. Morton's indictment (Accent on Living, September *Atlantic*) was quite fair except for his allusion to United Airlines. Their personnel have always been charming and accommodating. Perhaps the bulletin board marker didn't know where Mr. Morton's flight was either.

Experienced Midway users repair to a passable bar restaurant a half block away where the waitress tells you when the flight is ready.

I suspect that Mr. Morton is a railroad passenger at heart.

MRS. JOHN LONERGAN
Albion, Mich.

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Mr. Justice Holmes, John Adams, and Sir Edward Coke — to the study of these three giants in law CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN has devoted no less than fifteen years. The sequence is important, for each of the three built upon the edifice of his predecessor; and for this reason perhaps Sir Edward Coke, who suppressed the conspiracies against Queen Elizabeth and fought for the Commons against James I and Charles I — perhaps he is the mightiest of the trio in that he laid the foundations of our Bill of Rights. The following excerpt is the first of three, powerful and charged with character, which the Atlantic will draw from Mrs. Bowen's forthcoming book, The Lion and the Throne. They are highlights in a volume which in its entirety runs to 200,000 words.

THE LION AND THE THRONE

The Queen's Attorney

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

SIR EDWARD COKE — Lord Coke, his contemporaries called him — was the great Queen Elizabeth's Attorney General and was Chief Justice under James, first Stuart King of England. The volumes that Coke wrote — his *Reports* and his *Institutes*, the first of which is the *Commentary upon Littleton* — remained for nearly three centuries the backlog of legal studies in England and America. Such a career is looked on as quiet, philosophic. Coke's life was no more retired than a buccaneer's. He was a handsome country gentleman who married — in succession — two beautiful young wives endowed with land, estate, and the pound sterling. Coke was above all a fighter, a born advocate who loved to feel the courtroom floor beneath his feet. Raucous, witty, ruthless, he made puns on the prisoners' names, cracked broad jokes in Latin, and at the trials of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Gunpowder plotters, lashed out in bitter, shocking invective. Coke's life covers a long span; with him the Middle Ages end and today begins.

Coke is English law personified. Perhaps no Englishman, unless it is Winston Churchill, has embodied so many aspects of government. From Elizabeth's Attorney General to James's Chief

Justice is a natural transition. But from state prosecutor to wholehearted Commons man, defender of free speech and parliamentary privilege, is almost a transmutation. Coke never set foot on American soil. Yet no United States citizen can read his story without a sense of immediate recognition. As judge and leader of the Commons, Coke risked his life for the very principles we take for granted: a prisoner's right to public trial and the writ of habeas corpus, a man's right not to be jailed without cause shown, his right against self-crimination in a court of law. When Coke was seventy, James I imprisoned him for these same championships, locked him in the Tower of London until it appeared more politic to free him than to keep him in. In these parliamentary struggles of King and Commons, these Westminster courtroom battles over procedure, jurisdiction, "right reason and the common law," constitutional government found its way to birth. When the time came we changed the face of this English constitution; amid the sound of guns we repudiated what we hated, adapted what we liked. Yet the heritage endured.

Coke was prime champion (in 1628) of the great Petition of Right which served as model

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for our Revolutionary forefathers. Through Coke we see the Commons gather strength, begin to cast their votes as they wish, not as they are told, devise that potent instrument — familiar in our halls of Congress — the committee of the whole. There beside the Thames, knights, citizens, and burgesses battled, not for themselves alone but for states as yet unformed: Pennsylvania, Virginia, Iowa, California. . . .

1

THE tide runs in from the North Sea, flowing westward toward London, past Tilbury and Gravesend, past Greenwich palace and the docks of Deptford, where high-pooped ships, scarred from long voyages, crowd in for repairs. Against the city wall to the northward, the Tower rises; the river laps at its ramparts, swells and pushes through the long teeth of Traitors' Gate. On London Bridge a hundred windowpanes reflect the light, while, far below, the tide boils through the arches. Even a Queen's barge must wait till ebb to shoot the Bridge, and men have been drowned for their impatience. The high, clumsy foreign carracks cannot pass at all; they circle and shift on the Tower side or lie at anchor, waiting to unload their cargoes. But the royal swans sail through in flocks, arching their wings as if they owned the river. Where the Bridge touches Southwark banks, a massive gateway is crowned with towers, round, crenelated. Here, in times of danger and rebellion, traitors' heads are set out on long poles for the populace to see.

Past Whitehall and Scotland Yard the Abbey comes in sight, the tower of Saint Margaret's, and the busy cluster of roof and turret, gable, shop, dwelling house, and tavern which make up the city of Westminster. It is more town than city, actually, grouped close about the ancient Palace of Westminster, which houses the government and the law courts and which is itself a vast huddle of buildings, grown, through the centuries, any which way at the water's edge. Chambers and chapels and courts are all of them connected by passageway, inner court, or cellar to that central structure which towers over them and which is the original reason for their existence — Westminster Great Hall. It is the biggest hall in England and the oldest. The Conqueror's son put it up to show what a powerful, rich king he was. It measures two hundred and fifty feet in length and seventy feet across, with a ceiling so high it can scarcely be seen in the dimness. Winter and summer it was so cold that when men entered they put on their hats and coats instead of taking them off.

In this place of gloom and echo, the law courts meet in term time as they have met since the thirteenth century. So filled and taken up is this old Hall with courts that its name has become a

synonym for law. If a man is in trouble, people say that "Westminster Hall" will absolve him or "Westminster Hall" will prove his guilt. Anyone may come in and watch these legal shows. In term time the Hall is a moving, jostling, noisy throng — jailers with their prisoners, attorneys, barristers, and clients, solicitors hanging in the shadows looking for business, vendors of books, of paper, ink, and food, the general public, and an eternal army of law clerks carrying rolls of parchment to and from the cellar (known locally as Hell), where the legal records are kept.

To Edward Coke, however, the old Hall signified, from end to end, not hell but heaven. Here in these chambers and corridors and in the great hall of justice, Edward Coke, barrister, Recorder of London, Speaker of her Majesty's House of Commons, lived his daily life and had his being.

In April of 1594, Coke was named Attorney General by Queen Elizabeth, winning the place over the bitter rivalry of his colleague in the Commons and the courts, Francis Bacon. The Queen sent for Coke. As he entered the crowded presence chamber, spectators saw a handsome man, tall, big-boned, inclined to spareness. His face was oval and a trifle long; between mustache and pointed short beard the lower lip showed full and red. Dark hair, cut even with the ears, had as yet no trace of gray but had begun to recede at the temples, accentuating the height of forehead. Coke's eyebrows were heavy and smooth, his complexion somewhat swarthy; at forty-two, there were few lines to his face. His eyes, large, dark, and brilliant, bore the watchful look of a man ambitious and self-contained. Whether dressed for palace or law court, Coke was always well turned out in handsome gown or doublet, quilted sleeves, a wide, high ruff, meticulously starched and fluted. "The jewel of his mind," wrote a contemporary, "was put into a fair case, a beautiful body with a comely countenance, delighting in good clothes, well worn."

There is a little story about this meeting at the palace between Elizabeth and her new Attorney; Coke gives it in his *Third Institute*: "And I well remember when the lord treasurer Burghley told Queen Elizabeth, Madame, here is your attorney generale (I being sent for) *qui pro Domina Regina sequitur* [who prosecutes for his mistress the Queen], she said she would have the forme of the records altered, for it should be *attornatus generalis qui pro domina VERITATE sequitur* [who prosecutes for his mistress the truth]."

No less characteristic was the message Coke received from his onetime Master of Trinity College, John Whitgift, now Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England. From his palace at Lambeth, hearing of Coke's promotion, Whitgift sent a Greek Testament. His old pupil, he wrote, "had now studied common law enough; let him hereafter study the law of God."

It was serene and hortatory, but the Archbishop chose an unpropitious moment. Religion had been made into a crime, the laws of man subverted the laws of God. For twelve years, Coke was to act as Attorney General, first for Queen Elizabeth, then for King James I. For twelve years, to track down "papist traitors" would be his especial charge — not a pretty business nor one which endears. But Attorney Generals do not choose their cases. The Queen's prosecutor has but one client, exigent, demanding, without mercy and without soul — that great, expedient corporation, the State.

2

THE King of Spain, Elizabeth told a French ambassador blandly, had fifteen times attempted her life. Should a sixteenth attempt be successful, anarchy would ensue and English papists combine with France and Spain to put a Catholic on the throne of England. It was no idle fear. Within the decade, a Prince of Orange and a King of France had met death by assassination. The faith of princes was scarcely less uncertain than their lives. Henry of Navarre had changed his religion in order to be King of France. ("Paris is worth a Mass," he said.)

In the minds of young Jesuit missionaries, a holy ambition flared. "There is," wrote Henry Walpole in 1591, "a great hope and inclination to the Catholic faith of late in England, in court, camp and country." The champion of champions still lived on. Philip of Spain, once Mary Tudor's husband, sat now in his black velvet wheelchair in the Escorial, tormented with stone, gout, asthma, and hurling anathema at his sister-in-law Isabella (Elizabeth) of England. *Scorpio*, the British cipher called him.

His mind undimmed, his plans forever shifting as his armadas ranged the seas, Philip, at sixty-seven, had by no means put away ambition toward the English crown he had come so near to wearing; his daughter, the Infanta, by blood assuredly had claim. From the Rising in the North of 1569, when Coke had been a student at Cambridge, down through the Babington plot that sent Mary Stuart to the block and the Lopez affair that was soon to astonish London, every attempt on Elizabeth's life could be traced to Catholicism and Spain. Decade by decade and bitterness on bitterness the thing had piled up until heaven itself — let alone the Queen's Attorney — would have been troubled to disentangle right from wrong.

Men confused piety with deceit, the celebration of the Mass with secret poisonings. In the Parliament House itself a traitor had been caught: Dr. Parry, a Kentish Burgess who confessed a plan to pistol the Queen as she rode in the fields by Greenwich. Then there was the young Warwickshire

gentleman who informed his friends that he was going to London to kill the Queen and "set her head on a pole because she is a serpent and a viper," and who set off cheerfully and quite alone on his mission and ended, of course, in the Tower. The danger was real, the plots existed. Because a man is crazy (or dedicated) does not mean his pistol will shoot crooked. London went in throngs to see these poor wretches executed, shouted "Death to traitors!" and watched the terrible sentence carried through — the hanging, the cutting down alive, the castrating and disemboweling. At every scaffold, future martyrs were born. Young Henry Walpole of Norfolk, standing close during the quartering of Father Campion, was spattered with blood and swore then and there to dedicate his life to the Catholic cause.

Elizabeth hated this butchery of priests, and there were those at her Council Table who questioned its efficacy. Spain boasted that Inquisition methods were successful and had wiped out the Lutheran heresy within her borders. In England, severity seemed to have perverse effect and the Catholic faithful to multiply under the rod. Lord Burghley preferred that priests be hanged only, and "the manner of drawing and quartering be forborne." Errors of "zeal rather than of malice" should be gently dealt with. Sir Thomas Smith also disapproved the rigor of the new penal laws; violence was not the way to advance religion.

But cruelty, once accepted as a policy, cannot easily be dispensed with, nor can penalties be readily mitigated after the public has grown used to seeing them enforced. Parents took their children to executions. The dying men made long, passionate speeches to the Crown, and if a prisoner "repented" and vowed he "died in Christ," it was considered edifying. In such a climate, men did not stop to distinguish criminal from saint. Every suspect was a would-be assassin, even those gentle missionaries, the Fathers Campion and Southwell, who on the scaffold had protested that they wished no harm to Queen or country but desired only to further the cause of true religion.

No sooner was Coke named Attorney General than a pamphlet appeared in London, entitled *A Conference about the next succession to the Crown of England*, and nominating the Infanta of Spain. The very boldness of the maneuver was shocking, and the author had dedicated it to the Queen's favorite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, pointing suspicion where it might be most effectual. The pamphlet was signed *R. Doleman*, pen name for the cleverest, strongest Jesuit of them all, Robert Parsons of Somerset, living somewhere on the Continent, in close touch with Spain and Rome, believed to be the brains behind all Catholic attempts on England — a man "whose doublings and turnings are such as would trouble a right good hound to trace him." From his secret presses

rolled a stream of *Discourses, Treatises on the English Persecution, Response to Elizabeth . . .* persuasive, dangerous, appearing anywhere and everywhere, even on the pews of Saint Mary's Church at Oxford when the parishioners came to Sunday service. A skilled politician, Parsons knew the cause could not succeed unless the home ground was well prepared. Spain was deceived if she thought "to get the upper hand in England without having a party *within the realm*." Nor would such a party form itself — that too, said Parsons, was "a great illusion." It must be shaped and instigated from without; from without must come money and men to hold it together.

To prevent the creation of such a party was the Attorney General's especial business. Ownership of Parsons' *Conference on the Succession* was declared high treason; Coke searched out copies where he could. London was gripped with a kind of panic, though the Queen, as usual, seemed less affected than most. Refusing, she said, "to mistrust the love of her subjects," she made herself easy of access and rode the streets lightly guarded, horrifying her escorts by singling out humble persons in the throng and giving them her hand to kiss. To count heads was useless; for the Attorney General it was enough to know that a foreign power had agents in England's midst and they must be hunted down. For the first fifteen months, Coke acted alone, as both Attorney and Solicitor General; the Queen had yet to appoint a second-in-command. But he had powerful backing in William Cecil, Lord Burghley, whose men were at his call; informers and pursuivants are never hard to come by when the purse is open. Essex also employed his private spies, with the Bacon brothers, Anthony and Francis, acting as interrogators of suspects or translators of captured foreign cipher.

3

TO READ the *State Papers Domestic* one would think government in the 1590s had been busy at little else. Coke's name appears again and again, as signature to depositions of witnesses, in letters to Burghley about penalties to be imposed, or certifying the confessions of suspects to be examined in the Tower, the Gate House, the Marshalsea, the Clink. An official nomenclature had developed for kinds and degrees of recusants. The "schismatics" were Catholics by conviction who attended Protestant church to escape ruinous fines for nonattendance; the "old Mary priests" were Fathers left over from Queen Mary Tudor's day, tolerated because they kept quiet and did not proselytize. Elderly and easygoing, these Mary priests disliked the vigorous young Jesuit missionaries, with their Continental education and arrogant ways. Jesuits, besides, were apt to be gentlemen born, extraordinarily attractive in person, ac-

complished courtiers in conversation and address — Father Gerard and the four Walpole brothers of Norfolk could talk falconry with any peer's son, wear a sword as casually as Raleigh and ride as gracefully as Essex. Many were brilliant scholars who had left Oxford or Cambridge because they would not take the Oath of Supremacy necessary to a University degree. It was said they were making converts by the score, and not poor converts either, but rich ones who in their country manors could shelter these young Fathers and contribute bountifully to the cause.

It was a most painful dissension in the body politic. Neighbor spied on neighbor, men hunted recusants for prize money as they would have hunted owls or wolves. Catholics were the conservatives of the time, upholders of the past and of "the old religion," landholders of inherited title whose servants shared their ancient loyalties. In the confiscation of recusant property lay a mine of enrichment for officialdom. The temptation was strong. At one sitting of the Hampshire Assizes, four hundred recusants were brought in; at a sitting in Lancashire, six hundred. Jails overflowed, local Justices of the Peace were at their wits' end. The Bishop of Winchester petitioned that among the lustier offenders two hundred be sent into Flanders "to labor for the army."

Dishonest officials — the Justice Shallows and their henchmen — made the most of it where they could, pocketing fines, forging passports for recusants to come and go. In the Star Chamber, Coke informed against "one Enster, a minister, for forging six passports and against Egles, the Clerk of a Justice of the Peace, for forging 73; which was confessed by them. They were sentenced to be whoppe in Wiltshire and fined each £5 and imprisonment." The government tried hard to stop all such traffick-ing. In the Star Chamber, Coke brought information against five Lancashiremen who had gone into papist-catching as a business, counterfeiting warrants under the Lord Admiral's seal and reaping a harvest of "papists, seminaries, *agnes dei* and crucifixes, receiving money and thus having collected divers sums and deceived the Queen's people." Wearing on their breasts the Queen's Arms like pursuivants, the five, under the leadership of one Johnson, had terrified a priest into "confessing" that he had burned a child in an oven — after which Johnson pocketed five pounds to keep quiet about it. The men even forged warrants for their own maintenance in the town of Lancaster. When a plucky mayor refused to give them lodging, Johnson, in the law French of the reporter, "done luy blowe del eare."

The judges made short work of the case. Four of the culprits were sentenced to stand on the pillory "and lose their ears if they have any," be branded on the forehead with the letter F, "for Fraymaker or Fighter," and perpetual service in the galleys.

The fifth man had an easier sentence, "inasmuch as he wrote the forged names through fear of a stab from Johnson." Lord Burghley, as sentence was being pronounced, interrupted with a grimly practical suggestion. "Inasmuch," he said, "as such burnings in the ears and hands die out in a short time, the prisoners should be scarified on the balls of the cheeks with the letter F by a surgeon, and some powder put there to color it, so that it should never vanish."

"But the others," the report ends, "made no reply to this."

Not all traitors bore the Roman stigma. Coke was at times concerned with recusants of another color. "Puritan" was a word used indiscriminately in the 1590s for nonconformists, whether Presbyterians, Brownists, Barrowists, Enthusiasts, Antinomians, Anabaptists, or Norfolk's imported Family of Love. And though these were not "Spaniards" but mere rioting Englishmen, they were dangerous enough. Any one of them seemed equipped (like Lord Cromwell's two Puritans at North Elmham Parish) to mount a pulpit without license or official preparation and preach violently against the Episcopal Establishment. Country people flocked to hear them, flocked also to those meetings called "prophesyings," where revelation twisted itself readily into temporal forecast and discussion concerning the most acceptable Protestant successor to the Crown.

There seemed no end to self-styled prophets. One William Hackett — possessed, he said, by the soul of John the Baptist — ran through London with his followers, crying "Repent, England, repent!" — which might have been overlooked had not Hackett stuck bodkins through the Queen's picture and insisted she must be "unthroned." In prison, Hackett "confessed" and revealed the names of his associates, all of whom, at their examination, refused to remove their hats because they were "of higher dignity" than the Bishops and the Lord Keeper who sat to question them.

Nor were Martin Marprelate's libels (1588) forgotten. It had taken the government five years to discover the presses and round up conspirators enough to make a show and example. The chief instigator turned out to be a Welshman named John Penry, who possessed the infernal talent of being funny in print on religious subjects. Puritans still quoted his pieces. Archbishop Whitgift hated the sight of Penry and those ardent dissenters, Barrow and Greenwood. Separately or together the three were interrogated, commencing with the High Commission, the supreme ecclesiastical disciplinary court which tried heresy cases without a jury. Whitgift presided. When, he asked, had Barrow last been to church?

"That," said Barrow, "is nothing to you."

"Of what occupation are you?" asked the Archbishop.

"A Christian," Barrow said.

"So are we all," said Whitgift.

"I deny that!" Barrow retorted. He would not, Barrow added, answer truthfully any questions concerning religion, nor would he swear an oath or give bond. "The Lord knoweth," he told the Archbishop, "I am ignorant. I have no learning to boast of. But this I know, that *you* are void of all true learning and godliness" — after which he called the Archbishop a monster, resembling the beast from Revelation "with horns like a lamb that spoke like a dragon, which compelled people on earth to worship the image of the beast or be killed."

It was courageous, considering the circumstances. But it sounded mad. These Independents had drifted into a jargon all their own, violent, colorful, borrowed largely from Revelation and Jeremiah — and extremely irritating to those outside the fraternity. It was too much for Whitgift, who cried out from the bench, "Away with him! Clap him up close, close! I will make him tell another tale yet. I have not done with him!"

The men gave their judges no chance, they seemed to ask for martyrdom. They had none of the Jesuit finesse and certainly none of the Jesuit learning which so roused Coke's curiosity later on. The High Commission let Barrow and Greenwood go for the moment, then rearraigned them under the statute of 23 *Elizabeth* (1581) making it a felony to "devise and write, print or set forth any manner of book, rhyme, ballad, letter, or writing containing any false, seditious, or slanderous matters to the defamation of the Queen's Majesty, or to the encouraging, stirring or moving of any insurrection or rebellion." Tried again at the Sessions Hall (Old Bailey) with a jury, Barrow and Greenwood swore they had no "malicious intent." They were found guilty and executed at Tyburn. John Penry too had his trial at common law in the court of Queen's Bench. He was convicted of treason, then taken across the river into Surrey and hanged, to the satisfaction of the orthodox.

4

DR. RODERIGO LOPEZ was the Queen's physician. He had lived in England for years, owned a handsome house in Holborn not far from Coke's, was a member of the College of Physicians, and was consulted by most of the nobility. Some said the Doctor owed less to expertness and learning than to his sympathetic manner and an "ability to make great account of himself." It was told around town that Lord Burghley had ordered him to return a fee after failing to cure a servant's "swelled shin-bone." But such slanders are part of every fashionable practice; Lopez was content with his position. Francis Bacon described him as "very observant," of a "pleasing and applicable behaviour."

He was accused of conspiring to murder Eliza-

beth, "stir up a rebellion and a war within the realm and overthrow the commonwealth." It was Essex who found him out. The young Earl, in his running rivalry with the Cecils, looked continually for means to enlarge his foreign intelligence so as to surpass Burghley's. But while Burghley used his spies to maintain the peace (and said so), Essex, whose hope of glory lay in arms, not treaties, desired open war with Spain and to this end produced, when he could, proof of Spanish perfidy. Each captured suspect fed the Essex fire, at once heating popular hatred toward the enemy and lighting up the Earl's own patriotic efforts. Actually, Dr. Lopez dipped his fingers somewhere in the Spanish pie; he confessed to accepting a jewel from Philip II — which he promptly gave to Elizabeth — and said he had "listened" to a bribe of fifty thousand crowns. Yet it is extremely doubtful if Lopez ever plotted harm to the Queen. He might have lived out his life quite peacefully had it not occurred to Essex that so accomplished a linguist, with friends all over Europe, would be a perfect instrument for foreign correspondence. Essex made an offer; Lopez not only refused but, to the Earl's vast annoyance, told the Queen about it. Essex next intercepted some suspicious-looking letters, on the strength of which he obtained from Privy Council permission to search the Doctor's papers. Robert Cecil went with him. They found nothing. The Queen, angry, told Essex that he was "a rash and temerarious youth to enter into a matter against the poor man which he could not prove." The Earl retired to his rooms and sulked for forty-eight hours, then emerged and laid his nose again to the scent. "I will make this conspiracy as clear as the noonday," he said.

In a week's time, Dr. Lopez was in the Tower and with him half a dozen Spanish and Irish suspects. From now on, accounts conflict and every tale is different. Yet from the moment these men entered prison, the world accepted their guilt. (In times of civil danger any foreign victim serves the purpose.) Coke, Essex, the Privy Council went down-river to interrogate the conspirators. For one suspect, the State Papers have six succeeding examinations by Coke, witnessed by the Tower Lieutenant or members of Privy Council. Known as "preparing for the trial," this was regular procedure — formal interrogation and answer, written out, signed, witnessed, then repeated later to see if the answers matched. Inevitably, contradictions cropped up as new conspirators were caught. Men swore and forswore, confessed and "retracted." The English common law forbade torture — a fact of which English legal writers, including Coke, were very proud. "There is no law to warrant tortures in this land," he wrote in the *Third Institute*, "nor can they be justified by any prescription being so lately brought in." Quoting Chief Justice For-

tescue, Virgil, Luke and John, torture, Coke concluded, is against Magna Charta, *Capitulum 39*. "And accordingly all the said ancient authors are against any paine or torment to be put or inflicted upon the prisoner before attainder, nor after attainder, but according to the judgement. And there is no one opinion in our books, or judicial record (that we have seen and remember), for the maintenance of tortures or torments."

Elizabeth's famous Secretary, Sir Thomas Smith, had gone even further, declaring torture to be contrary to the very nature of Englishmen. "Torment or question, which is used by order of the civill lawe and custome of other countries, to put a malefactor to excessive paine, to make him confesse of him selfe, or of his felowes or complices, is not used in England, it is taken for servile. The nature of our nation is free, stout, haulte, prodigall of life and blood; but contumelie, beatings, servitude, and servile torment and punishment it will not abide."

Considering the high tone taken, and considering Edward Coke's persistent care for legal precision in writing, it is extraordinary that neither man saw fit to mention the frequent torture of suspects that took place during their respective tenures of office. It was true that in England torture was not used as penalty after conviction but only before trial, to induce confession; true also that warrants of torture came never from the common-law judges but from the Queen or Privy Council — in short, from that mystic authority known as the *prerogative*, where all blame could rest. Coke said repeatedly that in England the prerogative was limited by common law. (Under two Stuart kings, he was to risk his life to prove it.) Yet in Elizabeth's day, no common-law judge seems to have questioned the royal warrant. Coke, Bacon, Burghley, Robert Cecil — every man in government, when so commanded, signed the Queen's warrant for torture. "Obstinate fellows," who before trial would not talk, were put to the manacles, the rack, or an instrument known as Skevinton's Irons. Some were shut into the cell-box called *Little Ease* or in the Tower hole below high-water mark, referred to officially as "the low dungeon with the rats."

5

THE distinction between law and the prerogative, accepted without question before the Stuarts' time (1603), would be obliterated only by revolution. But if judges and attorney generals found justification, Tower prisoners could take small comfort in nice juristic lines between law and prerogative; the rack was no more endurable because the Queen and not her judges had ordered it. The truth is that government, unless prevented by the people at large, in all times and climes employs such methods as it finds convenient. "Cruel and unusual punishments," once used, will be used again, and by a kind

of tacit conspiracy accepted. Elizabeth's warrants for torture, far from being destroyed as shameful, were filed methodically with other records and remain to tell the truth. Nor was the rack used solely for traitors and prisoners of state; particularly heinous robberies or murders were "solved" by evidence so obtained. Strong men who could look on the scaffold without flinching broke down under torture. Henry Walpole, racked by Topcliffe until he could not write, gave the names of his friends and declared himself ready to change his religion and conform. (It did not save his life.) Yet men under duress stood up valiantly for their rights; more than one prisoner is reported as demanding "to see the warrant for my racking."

Dr. Roderigo Lopez was not tortured, nor, probably, were his accomplices, though Louis Tinoco, a bragging, impudent liar, was "shown the manacles." Experienced examiners knew that to some minds a glimpse of the rack could be as efficacious as the first turn of the screw. "The brake," people called it with a kind of rough jocosity, "the Duke of Exeter's daughter." Yet a populace which went to public executions as to a circus hated this Tower torturing. The government took care to repudiate, at public trial, any accusation of its employment. Richard Topcliffe, the notorious Tower questioner, was especially loathed. His name had become a by-word — *Topcliffian customs* — by which he felt himself aggrieved, "for only doing my duty," he said plaintively.

Lopez's trial was held in the Guildhall before a special commission, headed by the Earl of Essex. Coke conducted the prosecution. Perhaps the clearest story rests in his own *Heads of the indictment*. Set down briefly for his convenience, the notes lack that professional courtroom oratory, at once brutal and self-righteous, which in treason cases disfigured speeches from bench as from bar. There are eight headings, each carefully dated and purporting to give the main facts of guilt — a jewel accepted from the King of Spain, "1 Oct. 1591"; conferences with Andrada, de Gama, and Tinoco, "for poisoning the Queen"; a repeated statement by Lopez that "when he had performed the same, he would go to Antwerp and thence to Constantinople, where he would dwell."

Little in the written evidence or indeed in this performance at the Guildhall would today convict a man of capital crime — unless public feeling demanded it. Lopez was a foreigner and, according to Francis Bacon, a converted Jew. By the time he reached the courtroom he had no chance, the thing was decided. "Perjured and murdering traitor!" Coke exclaimed. "Worse than Judas himself!" Robert Cecil, writing late that same afternoon to Windebank, Clerk of the Signet, remarked with satisfaction that "a most substantial jury have found the doctor guilty in the highest degree of all treasons and judgement has been passed against

him with the applause of the world. Though the villain said he had belied himself only to save himself from racking, which the Lord knows is most untrue."

For three months, the Queen left Lopez's death warrant unsigned, possibly from compassion, for she had liked the old Doctor, but more likely, persuaded that he might reveal further guilty names. Early in June, 1594, the Queen signed Lopez's death warrant. With his confederates, the Doctor was dragged up Holborn Hill and out the long road to Tyburn. A great crowd followed. From the scaffold, Lopez cried out that he had only meant "to deceive the Spaniard and wipe him of his money."

Elizabeth refused to deprive the Doctor's family of his property by the usual attain of blood that was part of a traitor's penalty. The affair created infinite talk. It was said the Queen continued to wear at her belt the jewel Lopez gave her. Marlowe, Dekker, Middleton, referred to the Doctor in their plays, Shakespeare is thought to have used him in his studies of Shylock.

Yet on the calendar of the Queen's Attorney General, Lopez was one among many. A month after the Doctor's execution, three more conspirators were caught — English gentlemen, by name Yorke, Williams, and Young, who had been living in Brussels with the Catholic exiles and confessed a plan to "kill the Queen and raise rebellion in Wales." Once again it was Essex who brought information and conducted much of the pretrial questioning. The prisoners accused each other of wildly dramatic crimes. Williams had taken eighteen hundred pounds' worth of plate from Winchester Cathedral and coined it into money at chambers in Gray's Inn. Young was "cunning in poisoning." Yorke had called Lord Burghley a bloodsucker and sworn to "lay a coal of fire upon the stairs in a privy place and put poison upon it, so that as many as came up the stairs would fall down dead." They were fools who tried to kill the Queen, Yorke added, for "she was always mewed up in her chamber." Better "to kill the Lord Treasurer's horse, for he would take it so grievously if the old jade were dead that he would die too." (Everyone knew about Burghley's old horse, of which he was so proud.) In the end, all three swore on the Sacrament, in Coke's presence, that they had been sent from Brussels to kill both the Queen and Burghley. All three were executed at Tyburn.

6

FANTASTIC as the accusations seem, and the "proofs," it is to be noted that these single traitors, these ineffectual would-be assassins, were considered, every one, as part of a larger plan. Their orders came from abroad, from France, Spain, the Low Countries. Williams and Yorke testified there was in Brussels a Council of State for England,

composed of well-known exiled English gentlemen — Williams gave their names — which met every morning to debate on plans for the “Catholization of England.” Suspects confessed they had “listened to Robert Parsons the Jesuit expound the doctrine that it was laudable and permissible to kill a heretic prince.” Some came with plans to fire the Queen’s ships, or confessed they “adhered to the King of Spain, robbed and spoiled divers English ships at sea.” “John Annias,” runs one of Coke’s examinations, “undertook the burning of the Queen’s ships, had a pension from Spain; L—— undertook to kill Her Majesty. . . . The others are obstinate and seducing priests and Jesuits, and have long remained in Spain.”

The fact of their willing exile raised indignation. Could a true Englishman prefer to live in enemy country, let alone use enemy country as a base from which to attack his native land? “Who sent you?” It was the first, most frequent question. The stones of Newgate gave it back, and the Tower bastions. *Who sent you?* Every Catholic exile used, of necessity, an alias, forged passports to come and go. “One John Patrick, an alleged Englishman.” The words were scornful, suggestive of perjury. There is an injured note to some of the reports — “how these men plot to kill our Queen, whereas our Queen has never been privy to any practice against the King of Spain’s life.” *Our Queen*, meanwhile, was busy putting out her own pirate ships, which did extremely well; the *Swiftsure*, the *Crane*, the *Malescourge*, slipping past enemy beacons, running under the walls and guns of Spain and returning laden with gold which bore no English imprint. An order to Sir John Hawkins for “a voyage to the southward” names six ships — ending, significantly enough, with the *Foresight* — “for which her Majesty is to have a third part of any booty taken from her enemies.”

A war-and-no-war, men called it, grumbling. On shore the Spaniard-hunt was expensive, time-consuming. After a notorious case like the Lopez conspiracy, whole nests of suspects were netted. The seaport watches were strengthened, directives sent out *For the apprehension of suspicious persons coming into England from beyond sea*. Special officers saw to it that no one landed until examined as to why he came. “If the cause does not appear clear,” runs the order, “they are to be committed to prison or kept on board until their examinations have been sent to the [Privy] Council. Every Irishman shall present himself to the Lord Mayor to be examined how he lives and why he remains in England. No one who has served for the King of Spain is to be allowed to come into the realm. If any one has done so without leave, he is to be attached, imprisoned, and punished as an enemy, and whoever detects any such person shall have a good reward, and not be made known to the offender.”

In 1596, Spain captured Calais from the French,

which meant the enemy was entrenched within twenty-two miles of the English coast. War-and-no-war, the chase went on. The accounts, laconic, unadorned, have a quality of fantasy, picaresque, incredible — “Thomas Hygate, seminary priest, broke from Wisbeach Castle, rode with his man waiting on him, a hawk on his fist and a lackey running by him. . . . Brewster, a priest, was hid in a chimney. . . . Topcliffe came near to taking one Pixter, a priest, took his girdle, hangers [holding-loops on a sword-belt] rapier and cloak but he made his escape and went beyond sea. . . . In Mrs. Rigsby’s house in Old Street behind Golden Lane there is a vault under the stairs going up to a chamber where two or three may be hid, and a place on top of the stairs where they can take up the boards to go down to the vault. . . . In Wolfes, in a little gallery, there is a place for an altar and other massing stuff. . . . at Mapledurham there is a vault under a table with a grate of iron for a light into the garden and has rosemary growing against the grate.”

Hawk on fist and lackey running; rosemary growing against the grate “as by a cellar window.” These things were true, they happened and gave their color to the times. Edward Coke, by virtue of his office, was marked by them as the huntsman is marked by his cry. When danger threatens, the pack runs together: Coke, Burghley, Popham, Anderson, Francis Bacon, John Whitgift, Egerton. Attorney, judge, bishop, Lord Keeper, their nose was to the scent. “. . . found guilty of all treasons,” wrote Robert Cecil, “with the applause of all the world.”

7

COKE examined dozens, perhaps scores, of Catholic suspects. One of the most celebrated was John Gerard the Jesuit, son of a Derbyshire gentleman who had been imprisoned for trying to rescue Mary Stuart. When Coke encountered him, he was a tall, strong, swarthy man of thirty-three, with dark hair, square-cut beard, and a formidable reputation with the authorities. Already he had escaped from three English prisons and seemed to pass back and forth across the Channel at pleasure, to the vast embarrassment of port officials. Suave, knowledgeable, he had a kind of naïve snobbishness. His very humility was arrogant, and he was perfectly honest except when he came up against Protestants. Money poured into his pockets for the cause. “They gave without my asking and looked on it as a favour when I accepted,” he wrote often. (Actually, he was to die in his bed at a ripe age, “unworthy,” he said, “the crown of martyrdom.”)

On a spring day of 1597 — April 14 — Coke, with William Waad, Clerk of the Privy Council, and Solicitor General Thomas Fleming, went down to the Tower to question Father Gerard.

Fleming had been appointed late in '95. He was slow and reliable, the perfect second-in-command. Coke liked him and said he had a "sociable, plausible nature and disposition."

The three lawyers were prepared to meet a skillful antagonist, a scholar from Oxford, Rheims, and Rome who could match anyone's Latin or logic. Gerard had been too much for Topcliffe, when that gentleman put to him the dreaded "bloody question," devised by Burghley: "Should the Pope send an army to England, for whom would you fight, Rome or England, the Pope or the Queen?"

"I am a loyal Catholic," the Jesuit had replied. "And I am a loyal subject of the Queen. If this were to happen — and I do not think it at all likely — I would behave as a loyal Catholic and a loyal subject."

Topcliffe, at this, had lost his temper, unbuckled his sword and flung it threateningly on the table. Gerard merely looked at it in distaste and was led, loaded with irons, back to his cell. The old Dean of Westminster, Dr. Goodman, had been equally routed on undertaking to prove, by the best Cambridge logic, that Gerard was a heretic. The Jesuit had trapped the Dean into a syllogism, then turned it back on him, explaining blandly that the Dean's logic was false, because it "descended from the general to the particular and contained four terms."

What could be done with such a man? The story leaked out, with other tales about Gerard. How, when first captured, he had argued religion through the night with the Bishop of London's chaplain, and had all but converted him. How, in Marshalsea prison, Gerard contrived secretly to celebrate Mass for the other Catholic prisoners. How he got out on bail, escaped to France, and, returning, made his way through Norfolk by pretending to be a gentleman out looking for a lost hawk. ("Did you not hear his bell tinkle?" Gerard asked.) He could play at dice and cards and did not hesitate to do so when disguise seemed necessary. Under his cloak and courtier's dress he carried a gilt dagger and rapier, and under that a hair shirt, badge of the Jesuit.

Sir Richard Berkeley, Lieutenant of the Tower, lived in a little house within the walls. Here the examiners waited — Coke, Fleming, Bacon, Berkeley, and William Waad. Led from the Salt Tower uphill and across the Yard, Gerard entered the room wearing his priest's robe. Coke, seated behind a table, was, as always, methodical. His questions, written out in legal form, asked nothing about religion or creed and were confined to matters political. Gerard denied everything. If he had corresponded with Jesuits abroad, the letters were concerned, he said, only with the financial assistance of Catholics living on the Continent. Where, he was asked, did the man live in England who received and forwarded these letters?

"I do not know," said Gerard, "and if I did, I could not and would not tell you."

Coke next inquired the whereabouts of Father Henry Garnett, a famous Catholic missionary who bore, in the Jesuit order, the title Superior of the English Province. "You say," Coke began, "you have no wish to obstruct the government. Tell us, then, where Father Garnett is. He is an enemy of the state and you are bound to report on all such men."

Father Garnett was no enemy, Gerard replied. On the contrary, given opportunity, he would lay down his life for Queen and country. "But I do not know where he lives. And if I did, I could not and would not tell you."

It was a form of answer well known to the examiners — the famous Jesuit *equivocation*. Taught at Rome as a justified doctrine and device, it effectively blocked examination. Sir Richard Berkeley produced a warrant for Gerard's torture, which the prisoner promptly asked to see, "to make sure it was properly made out and signed."

It was. His jailers led Gerard away. For three days the examiners waited in the Lieutenant's house, sending from time to time to know if the prisoner had answered the questions. He had not. On the third morning, Waad went to the torture chamber, told Gerard he came straight from the Queen and Sir Robert Cecil, both of whom had sworn on their honor that Father Henry Garnett was a danger to the state and must be delivered up. Gerard merely shook his head. He was taken back to his cell.

Four weeks later, when he had recovered from the torture, he was again led to the Lieutenant's house and confronted by the same men, with the exception of Bacon. By some means, Gerard had had a letter from Father Garnett, telling him to expect immediate trial and execution — "a gift which cannot," Gerard wrote later, "be had for mere willing or striving and which my great unworthiness prevented." He seemed calm, indifferent, wholly prepared, and as usual answered readily, up to a point.

"Yes," he replied to the Attorney General's question; he had "endeavored to seduce people from the faith approved by English law, over to the Pope's allegiance." No, he had not plotted against the government.

This, Coke retorted, was a paradox; it was impossible. "How could a man try to convert England and yet keep out of politics?" And what means had Gerard used to achieve his purpose? "Name the Catholics you know," Coke said shortly. "Do you know X, and Y?"

"I do not," Gerard replied. "And if I did, I could not mention their names."

Such equivocation, Coke interrupted angrily, not only countenanced lying but undermined all social intercourse between men. He had met it before, in Father Southwell's trial, a "most wicked

and horrible doctrine" which would barbarously supplant all justice and make perjury lawful.

Gerard disagreed. Equivocation, he said, differed from lying. Intent was not to deceive but simply to withhold truth which the questioned party was in no way bound to reveal. "What," asked Gerard, "would this board of examiners do if attacked by thieves who asked where their money was hidden?" In England, he went on, it was the custom of the accused to answer "Not guilty," until witnesses were produced against him, or a verdict returned by the jury. No one condemned such practices as lying. Nevertheless, Gerard added, a witness examined concerning temporal matters had no right to use equivocation or to deny crime "if he be guilty and lawfully interrogated."

On Coke's asking what the prisoner considered lawful interrogation, Gerard said he meant interrogation concerning "action in some way harmful to the State." Had not our Lord himself used equivocation when he told his Apostles he was not going up to Jerusalem for the feast, knowing all the time that he intended to go? And again, when he told the Twelve that none knew the Day of Judgment, not even the Son of Man? Here Waad broke in and the six men were suddenly involved in theological argument, an exercise seemingly irresistible to Elizabethans, at which a Jesuit could outdistance anybody except another Jesuit. Gerard was pleasantly sure he had won. "My examiners," he wrote, "had practically no answer to make. But the Attorney General wrote down every word and said he would use it against me before very long when I came up for trial."

8

THE Attorney General did indeed write down every word. Next day he sent it to Burghley, with a note pointing out the hopelessness of such examinations. Against the Jesuitical equivocation no weapon existed. "What desperate and damnable doctrine this is," Coke exclaimed, "that taketh away the use of an oath that God hath appointed to be a mean to decide controversies!" A horrible abuse of the oath, Coke said, twisted thus to a man's self-justification. "Strange opinion of these boy priests and devilish good Fathers!" He had, Coke went on, asked Gerard to write out his extraordinary defense of equivocation. Such "damnable and blasphemous heresies" should not be laid at a man's door without his consent and signature. "But he denied [refused] the same, not because it is untrue but because he would not publish it. Then being requested to subscribe [sign] the same, he denied the same also."

It was like putting on trial a fish, a bird, a sala-

mander. A man no sooner had his finger on something than it slipped away, flew off, and was gone. To the legal mind, even perjury is hardly more baffling than silence. A silent defendant can be neither saved nor damned; he has set himself outside the law's protection. The court is blocked, the wheels stop. *Fidelis testis*: the truthful witness stands at the heart of legal procedure. Not without reason (Coke would have said) did the common law punish a man who refused to be tried. In the Star Chamber, silence was taken for confession of guilt.

At the outset of Gerard's examination, Coke had told him the questions would follow the phrasing and form to be used in the actual prosecution. The Jesuit's answers made it plain not only that death was to him a matter indifferent and martyrdom a glory, but that he intended to make the trial into a farce. *I did and I did not. . . . I do not know, and if I did I would not tell you.* Devious, un-English performance, smelling of Spain, Rome, of a dark subtlety nourished beyond the Alps! Coke's transcript of this Tower examination, enclosed in his letter to Burghley, found its way to Oxford and was the subject of a lecture by the Master of University College. "What nattily sophisticated men are these Jesuits!" said the Master. "They do their best, with shocking evasion, to bury the truth in a cloud of darkness."

Only a cloud of darkness could save them. Puritans also, fleeing before Pilate, had their shifts and stratagems. Among the Queen's College Manuscripts is a nonconformist paper entitled "Forms for Answering Interrogatories," devised for use under the oath *ex officio* — "How to answer some facts and deny the rest . . . 'I did not to my memory do. . . . I do not know that I did or said any such thing. . . . I am upon oath and not you, and I pray you to forbear. Leave me to my conscience.'"

Leave me to my conscience: it is the eternal invocation of men taken prisoner for their religion. Yet courts, Coke would have said, cannot decide by conscience; to do so would expose the accused to the caprice of every judge upon the bench. In times of national strife the hearts of judges are no less hot than the hearts of those they sit to judge. Law, form, due procedure; these are the only hope of men standing in the dock. England had as yet no rules of evidence. Anything was accepted — hearsay, opinion, garbled recitation of gossip two years old. And on the presentation of evidence the prisoner's fate depends; what is allowed, what overruled. "Strike it from the record!" No prisoner of Coke's day heard these words in his defense. Three centuries must pass before the law — and custom — evolved them, and the public could demand the protection therefrom accorded. The law changes slowly; Coke worked within the existing frame.

In the December Atlantic, we shall publish Mrs. Bowen's exciting account of the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh for treason.



This is the first of two articles dealing with the most inflammatory domestic issue now before the country. HERBERT RAVENEL SASS, author and long-time contributor to the Atlantic, presents the fundamental case for the white South. A native of Charleston, South Carolina, an independent, and an Episcopalian, Mr. Sass is imbued with a tradition which he believes is based on unchanging truth. His argument goes to the very heart of the controversy: Would integrated schools lead to mixed blood?

MIXED SCHOOLS AND MIXED BLOOD

by HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

1

WHAT may well be the most important physical fact in the story of the United States is one which is seldom emphasized in our history books. It is the fact that throughout the three and a half centuries of our existence we have kept our several races biologically distinct and separate. Though we have encouraged the mixing of many different strains in what has been called the American "melting pot," we have confined this mixing to the white peoples of European ancestry, excluding from our "melting pot" all other races. The result is that the United States today is overwhelmingly a pure white nation, with a smaller but considerable Negro population in which there is some white blood, and a much smaller American Indian population.

The fact that the United States is overwhelmingly pure white is not only important; it is also the most distinctive fact about this country when considered in relation to the rest of the New World. Except Canada, Argentina, and Uruguay, none of the approximately twenty-five other countries of this hemisphere has kept its races pure. Instead (though each contains some pure-blooded individuals) all these countries are products of an amalgamation of races — American Indian and white or American Indian, Negro, and white. In general the pure-blooded white nations have outstripped the far more numerous American mixed-blood nations in most of the achievements which constitute progress as commonly defined.

These facts are well known. But now there lurks in ambush, as it were, another fact: we have suddenly begun to move toward abandonment of our 350-year-old system of keeping our races pure and are preparing to adopt instead a method of racial amalgamation similar to that which has created the mixed-blood nations of this hemisphere; except that the amalgamation being prepared for this country

is not Indian and white but Negro and white. It is the deep conviction of nearly all white Southerners in the states which have large Negro populations that the mingling or integration of white and Negro children in the South's primary schools would open the gates to miscegenation and widespread racial amalgamation.

This belief is at the heart of our race problem, and until it is realized that this is the South's basic and compelling motive, there can be no understanding of the South's attitude.

It must be realized too that the Negroes of the U.S.A. are today by far the most fortunate members of their race to be found anywhere on earth. Instead of being the hapless victim of unprecedented oppression, it is nearer the truth that the Negro in the United States is by and large the product of friendliness and helpfulness unequalled in any comparable instance in all history. Nowhere else in the world, at any time of which there is record, has a helpless, backward people of another color been so swiftly uplifted and so greatly benefited by a dominant race.

What America, including the South, has done for the Negro is the truth which should be trumpeted abroad in rebuttal of the Communist propaganda. In failing to utilize this truth we have deliberately put aside a powerful affirmative weapon of enormous potential value to the free world and have allowed ourselves to be thrown on the defensive and placed in an attitude of apologizing for our conduct in a matter where actually our record is one of which we can be very proud.

We have permitted the subject of race relations in the United States to be used not as it should be used, as a weapon for America, but as a weapon for the narrow designs of the new aggressive Negro leadership in the United States. It cannot be so used without damage to this country, and

that damage is beyond computation. Instead of winning for America the plaudits and trust of the colored peoples of Asia and Africa in recognition of what we have done for our colored people, our pro-Negro propagandists have seen to it that the United States appears as an international Simon Legree — or rather a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde with the South in the villainous role.

2

THE South has had a bad time with words. Nearly a century ago the word slavery, even more than the thing itself, did the South irreparable damage. In a strange but real way the misused word democracy has injured the South; its most distinctive — and surely its greatest — period has been called undemocratic, meaning illiberal and reactionary, because it resisted the onward sweep of a centralizing governmental trend alien to our federal republic and destructive of the very “cornerstone of liberty,” local self-government. Today the word segregation and, perhaps even more harmful, the word prejudice blacken the South’s character before the world and make doubly difficult our effort to preserve not merely our own way of life but certain basic principles upon which our country was founded.

Words are of such transcendent importance today that the South should long ago have protested against these two. They are now too firmly imbedded in the dialectic of our race problem to be got rid of. But that very fact renders all the more necessary a careful scrutiny of them. Let us first consider the word segregation.

Segregation is sometimes carelessly listed as a synonym of separation, but it is not a true synonym and the difference between the two words is important.

Segregation, from the Latin *segregatus* (set apart from the flock), implies isolation; separation carries no such implication. Segregation is what we have done to the American Indian — whose grievous wrongs few reformers and still fewer politicians ever bother their heads about. By use of force and against his will we have segregated him, isolated him, on certain small reservations which had and still have somewhat the character of concentration camps.

The South has not done that to the Negro. On the contrary, it has shared its countryside and its cities with him in amity and understanding, not perfect by any means, and careful of established folk custom, but far exceeding in human friendliness anything of the kind to be found in the North. Not segregation of the Negro race as the Indian is segregated on his reservations — and as the Negro is segregated in the urban Harlems of the North — but simply *separation* of the white and Negro races in certain phases of activity is what

the South has always had and feels that it must somehow preserve even though the time-honored, successful, and completely moral “separate but equal” principle no longer has legal sanction.

Until the Supreme Court decision forbidding compulsory racial separation in the public schools, the South was moving steadily toward abandonment or relaxation of the compulsory separation rule in several important fields. This is no longer true. Progress in racial relations has been stopped short by the ill-advised insistence of the Northern-directed Negro leadership upon the one concession which above all the white South will not and cannot make — public school integration.

Another word which is doing grave damage to the South today is prejudice, meaning race prejudice — a causeless hostility often amounting to hatred which white Southerners are alleged to feel in regard to the Negro. Here again the South, forgetful of the lessons of its past, has failed to challenge effectively an inaccurate and injurious word. Not prejudice but preference is the word that truth requires.

Between prejudice and preference there is vast difference. Prejudice is a preconceived unfavorable judgment or feeling without sound basis. Preference is a natural reaction to facts and conditions observed or experienced, and through the action of heredity generation after generation it becomes instinctive. Like separateness, it exists throughout the animal kingdom. Though the difference between two races of an animal species may be so slight that only a specialist can differentiate between them, the individuals of one race prefer as a rule to associate with other individuals of that race.

One can cite numerous examples among birds and mammals. In the human species the history of our own country provides the most striking example of race preference. The white men and women, chiefly of British, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian stocks, who colonized and occupied what is now the United States were strongly imbued with race preference. They did not follow the example of the Spanish and Portuguese (in whom for historical reasons the instinct of race preference was much weaker) who in colonizing South and Central America amalgamated with the Indians found in possession of the land and in some cases with the Negroes brought over as slaves. Instead, the founders of the future United States maintained their practice of non-amalgamation rigorously, with only slight racial blendings along the fringes of each group.

Hence it is nonsense to say that racial discrimination, the necessary consequence of race preference, is “un-American.” Actually it is perhaps the most distinctively American thing there is, the reason why the American people — meaning the people of the United States — are what they are. Today

when racial discrimination of any kind or degree is instantly denounced as both sinful and stupid, few stop to reflect that this nation is built solidly upon it.

The truth is, of course, that there are many different kinds and degrees of racial discrimination. Some of them are bad — outdated relics of an earlier time when conditions were unlike those of today, and these should be, and were being, abolished until the unprecedented decree of the Supreme Court in the school cases halted all progress. But not all kinds of racial discrimination are evil — unless we are prepared to affirm that our forefathers blundered in “keeping the breed pure.”

Thus it is clear that discrimination too is a misused word as commonly employed in the realm of racial relations. It does not necessarily imply either stupidity or sin. It is not a synonym for injustice, and it is very far from being, as many seem to think, a synonym for hatred. The Southern white man has always exercised discrimination in regard to the Negro but — except for a tiny and untypical minority of the white population — he has never hated the Negro. I have lived a fairly long life in a part of the South — the South Carolina Lowcountry — where there are many thousands of Negroes, and since early boyhood I have known many of them well, in some cases for years, in town and country. I know how I feel about them and how the white people of this old plantation region, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the large landowner and the white mechanic, feel about them.

I am sure that among white Carolinians there is, as yet, almost no hatred of the Negro, nor is there anything that can accurately be called race prejudice. What does exist, strongly and ineradicably, is race preference. In other words, we white Southerners prefer our own race and wish to keep it as it is.

This preference should not and in fact cannot be eliminated. It is much bigger than we are, a far greater thing than our racial dilemma. It is — and here is another basic fact of great significance — an essential element in Nature's huge and complex mechanism. It is one of the reasons why evolution, ever diversifying, ever discriminating, ever separating race from race, species from species, has been able to operate in an ascending course so that what began aeons ago as something resembling an amoeba has now become Man. In preferring its own race and in striving to prevent the destruction of that race by amalgamation with another race, the white South is not flouting Nature but is in harmony with her.

3

IF THE Negro also prefers his own race and wishes to preserve its identity, then he is misrepresented

by his new aggressive leadership which, whether or not this is its deliberate aim, is moving toward a totally different result. Let us see why that is so.

The crux of the race problem in the South, as I have said, is the nearly universal belief of the Southern white people that only by maintaining a certain degree of separateness of the races can the racial integrity of the white South be safeguarded. Unfortunately the opinion has prevailed outside the South that only a few Southerners hold this conviction — a handful of demagogic politicians and their most ignorant followers — and that “enlightened” white Southerners recognize the alleged danger of racial amalgamation as a trumped-up thing having no real substance.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Because the aggressive Northern-Negro leadership continues to drive onward, the white South (except perhaps that part which is now more Western than Southern and in which Negroes are few) is today as united in its conviction that its racial integrity must be protected as it was when the same conviction drove its people — the slaveholder and the non-slaveholder, the high and the low, the educated and the ignorant — to defend the outworn institution of Negro slavery because there seemed to be no other way to preserve the social and political control needed to prevent the Africanization of the South by a combination of fanatical Northern reformers and millions of enfranchised Negroes. The South escaped that fate because after a decade of disastrous experiment the intelligent people of the victorious North realized that the racial program of their social crusaders was unsound, or at least impracticable, and gave up trying to enforce it.

Now in a surging revival of that “Reconstruction” crusade — a revival which is part dedicated idealism, part understandable racial ambition, part political expediency national and international — the same social program is again to be imposed upon the South. There are new conditions which help powerfully to promote it: the Hitlerite excesses in the name of race which have brought all race distinctions into popular disrepute; the notion that the white man, by divesting himself of race consciousness, may appease the peoples of Asia and Africa and wean them away from Communism.

In addition, a fantastic perversion of scientific authority has been publicized in support of the new crusade. Though everywhere else in Nature (as well as in all our plant breeding and animal breeding) race and heredity are recognized as of primary importance, we are told that in the human species race is of no importance and racial differences are due not to heredity but to environment. Science has proved, so we are told, that all races are equal and, in essentials, identical.

Science has most certainly not proved that all

racess are equal, much less identical; and, as the courageous geneticist, Dr. W. C. George of the University of North Carolina, has recently pointed out, there is overwhelming likelihood that the biological consequences of white and Negro integration in the South would be harmful. It would not be long before these biological consequences became visible. But there is good hope that we shall never see them, because any attempt to force a program of racial integration upon the South would be met with stubborn, determined, and universal opposition, probably taking the form of passive resistance of a hundred kinds. Though secession is not conceivable, persistence in an attempt to compel the South to mingle its white and Negro children in its public schools would split the United States in two as disastrously as in the sixties and perhaps with an even more lamentable aftermath of bitterness.

For the elementary public school is the most critical of those areas of activity where the South must and will at all costs maintain separateness of the races. The South must do this because, although it is a nearly universal instinct, race preference is not active in the very young. Race preference (which the propagandists miscall race prejudice or hate) is one of those instincts which develop gradually as the mind develops and which, if taken in hand early enough, can be prevented from developing at all.

Hence if the small children of the two races in approximately equal numbers — as would be the case in a great many of the South's schools — were brought together intimately and constantly and grew up in close association in integrated schools under teachers necessarily committed to the gospel of racial integration, there would be many in whom race preference would not develop. This would not be, as superficial thinkers might suppose, a good thing, the happy solution of the race problem in America. It might be a solution of a sort, but not one that the American people would desire. It would inevitably result, beginning with the least desirable elements of both races, in a great increase of racial amalgamation, the very process which throughout our history we have most sternly rejected. For although to most persons today the idea of mixed mating is disagreeable or even repugnant, this would not be true of the new generations brought up in mixed schools with the desirability of racial integration as a basic premise. Among those new generations mixed matings would become commonplace, and a greatly enlarged mixed-blood population would result.

That is the compelling reason, though by no means the only reason, why the South will resist, with all its resources of mind and body, the mixing of the races in its public schools. It is a reason which, when its validity is generally recognized,

will quickly enlist millions of non-Southerners in support of the South's position. The people of the North and West do not favor the transformation of the United States into a nation composed in considerable part of mixed bloods any more than the people of the South do. Northern support of school integration in the South is due to the failure to realize its inevitable biological effect in regions of large Negro population. If Northerners did realize this, their enthusiasm for mixed schools in the South would evaporate at once.

4

THERE are other cogent reasons for the white South's stand: the urgent necessity of restoring the Constitution and our federal form of government before they are permanently destroyed by the Court's usurpation of power; the equally urgent necessity of re-establishing law and precedent instead of sociological and psychological theory as the basis of the Court's decisions; the terrible damage which racial integration would do to the South's whole educational system, black as well as white. These and other aspects have been fully and effectively explored and need not be touched upon here.

But the underlying and compelling reason for the South's refusal to operate mixed schools — its belief that mixed schools will result in ultimate racial amalgamation — has been held virtually taboo and if mentioned in the North is not examined at all but is summarily dismissed as not worthy of consideration. The amalgamation "bogey," it is said, is not really believed by intelligent Southerners but is a smoke screen used to hide the South's real motives, which are variously described, ranging from plain sadism to a shrewd determination to deprive the Negro of education so that he can never displace the Southern white man. Besides, it is confidently alleged, the Negro does not wish to destroy the identity of his race by merging it with the white race.

Both those statements are incorrect. As already pointed out, the fear that mixed schools in the South would open the way to racial amalgamation is not a bogey or a smoke screen or a pretense of any kind but the basic animating motive of the white South in resisting the drive of the N.A.A.C.P. and its supporters. The second statement is as erroneous as the first. The Negro leaders do want racial amalgamation; they not only want the right to amalgamate through legal intermarriage but they want that right to be exercised widely and frequently.

It is only natural and human that they should feel this way. The truth is that these ambitious, intelligent, often amalgamated, and often genuinely dedicated Negro men and women feel about this matter exactly as white men and women would

feel if they were similarly constituted and circumstanced — fusion of the two races would solve the Negro's problem at once. How much of the Negro rank and file consciously seeks amalgamation is a question; to the Southern Negro in particular the thought of intermarriage is still new and strange. As for the Northern leaders of the movement, some of them make no bones about it, and when they do evade the question they do so only for reasons of strategy.

But actually it does not matter much whether or not intermarriage is the admitted aim of the N.A.A.C.P. strategists. To suppose that, proclaiming the virtual identity of the races, we can promote all other degrees of race mixing but stop short of interracial mating is — if I may use an overworked but vivid simile — like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel in the expectation of stopping three fourths of the way down. The South is now the great bulwark against intermarriage. A very few years of thoroughly integrated schools would produce large numbers of indoctrinated young Southerners free from all “prejudice” against mixed matings.

It is because there the adolescent and “unprejudiced” mind can be reached that the integrationists have chosen the Southern schools as their primary target; and it is precisely because the adolescent and therefore defenseless mind would there be exposed to brain-washing which it would not know how to refute that the white South will not operate integrated public schools. If the South fails to defend its young children who are not yet capable of defending themselves, if it permits their wholesale impregnation by a propaganda persuasive and by them unanswerable, the salutary instinct of race preference which keeps the races separate, as in Nature, will be destroyed before it develops and the barriers against racial amalgamation will go down.

This is the new and ominous fact which, as was said at the beginning of this article, lurks in ambush, concealed like a viper in the school integration crusade. Success of that crusade would mean that after three and a half centuries of magnificent achievement under a system of racial separateness and purity, we would tacitly abandon that system and instead would begin the creation of a mixed American race by the fusion of the two races which, as H. G. Wells expressed it, are at opposite extremes of the human species.

Many well-meaning persons have suddenly dis-

covered that the tenets of the Christian religion and the professions of our democratic faith compel us to accept the risks of this hybridization. No one who will face up to the biological facts and really think the problem through can believe any such thing or see the partial suicide of the white race in America (and of the Negro race also) as anything other than a crime against both religion and civilization.

I have tried to show here the basic and compelling reason why the Southern people, who know the facts of life in the South better than any doctrinaire sociologist viewing the scene from his ivory tower, see no possible course save to stand firm in their resistance to school integration no matter what may be the consequences of their resistance. When a people believes that something even dearer than its life is threatened, there isn't much use in pointing out its duty to obey the law which threatens it, especially when it is almost unanimously of the opinion that the law is a perversion. And the South has ample precedent for resistance. In a much firmer sense the Prohibition Amendment was the law of the land, and the North even more than the South made a mockery of it. So too was the federal fugitive slave act the law of the land, yet many Northern states nullified and openly violated it.

Moreover, fortifying the South for its ordeal is the conviction that it is defending something far greater than itself: that integrity of race and that pride of race which all great peoples have — the Chinese, the Japanese, the Arabs, the Jews, for instance — and without which no people is worth its salt. There is good hope that before too long this will begin to be recognized outside the South. The current pseudoscientific buncombe about racial identity is at last being questioned openly. It will be exploded completely with the ending of the leftist-liberal taboo which has practically sealed the lips of geneticists able and willing to discuss racial realities, and our Lysenko-like excursion in the realm of race will come to an end. Then it will be seen that the South, in maintaining the actuality and the great significance of racial differences, has not been “racist” in any evil sense but has been the defender of something permanently important to the whole American people; and that the Supreme Court, in launching the Negro on an offensive which cannot and should not succeed, has dealt a terrible blow to his advancement and his happiness.



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WHERE EQUALITY LEADS

by OSCAR HANDLIN

1

THE public debate on desegregation has dealt largely with the shadow of the issue rather than with its substance. Not states' rights or federalism or the control of education, but some other, gnawing fear — rarely expressed — lies behind the violence of the protest against the Supreme Court's decision. The dread lest desegregation open the way to a contaminating race mixture is the fundamental anxiety that troubles many white Southerners; it is the nightmare that drives men to disregard the law in Tennessee and Texas and Alabama.

It is fruitless to argue details with the victim in the grip of a nightmare. He will not be convinced that his views of race are false, or that his understanding of his own history is faulty. The images that rouse his anxiety, illusory though they be, have their own reality and will not disappear through the simple demonstration of their irrationality. It may help, however, to expose the nightmare for what it is: a figment of the mind needlessly frightened of the future.

The haunting specter of racial amalgamation corresponds to nothing in the world of actuality. It is rather the product of three profound misconceptions. The men frightened by it mistake the meaning of the Supreme Court's decision of 1954. They misjudge the probable consequences of desegregation on both whites and blacks. And, most important, their conjectures as to what results will follow upon more intimate contact between Negroes and other Americans in the schools run counter to all the available evidence.

The significance of the Court's decision will become clear only when it is viewed in the light of the history of segregation since the end of the Civil War. Conscious of the complexity of the problem of emancipation, the men who carried through the Reconstruction programs were anxious not only to free the slave but also to safeguard his

future civic rights. That was the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment, which made the Negroes citizens and which forbade the states to abridge their privileges and immunities or to deny them the equal protection of the law. To prevent any discrimination on the ground of race or previous condition of servitude, Congress enacted a series of civil rights acts, designed to guarantee that equality. As a result, there was a slow but perceptible improvement in the status of the Negro in the first two decades after the peace. That was true in education as in other matters.

Only in the 1880s did segregation emerge as a defined pattern of social behavior. Segregation was not directed simply at the schools; it aimed to create a mode of life that would establish the distinct inferiority of the Negro by setting him apart in every important activity — in the school as elsewhere.

In the face of the new departure the courts were cautious. The mandate of the Fourteenth Amendment was clear, but the supporters of segregation argued that they had no intention of negating it. It was possible, they insisted, to provide separate but equal facilities in education as in transportation and in the other spheres where the two races had contact. In 1896, in the famous case of *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the Supreme Court accepted that contention, assuming that the privileges guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment would still be assured under a segregated regime. The decision affirmed the right of the Negroes to equality, but it accepted the argument that equality could be attained through separateness.

When the Supreme Court reviewed this issue in 1954, it had almost sixty years of experience on the basis of which to test the validity of that argument. Its unanimous decision was that the pattern of separate treatment, as it had developed, had not brought equality of treatment to the

Negro. This was a question of fact and not of law. No serious observer of the Southern scene has denied that the educational facilities supplied to the black citizens of the Southern states were markedly inferior to those of the whites. Indeed, in many vital respects the Negro's relative situation had actually deteriorated since 1896. Those who had affirmed the compatibility of segregation and equality had not in those decades of opportunity made it work.

The Court was therefore compelled to review the findings of *Plessy v. Ferguson*. If separateness did not bring the equality guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment, then the laws establishing the segregated system were unconstitutional, for they fixed the Negro in an inferior place and thus deprived him of the rights guaranteed by the Amendment.

But that was all the Court said. Its findings were purely negative. It did not go on to any positive injunction laying down a line of action to be followed. Instead, it left the various states free gradually to develop a variety of adjustments that would meet the clear constitutional obligation to provide equal treatment for all citizens regardless of race.

Whether the Southern states are to proceed in good conscience to do so is the only question now at issue. Were it considered with entire good will by all Southerners as it is by the majority, a variety of conceivable answers might emerge. For the Supreme Court by no means affirmed, as the extremists sometimes imply, that total, immediate integration was the only acceptable alternative. Men freed of violence and of the emotional hatreds of the past ought to be able to develop a number of different solutions to a problem that varies widely from place to place.

The Court did not hold thus that only a single unified school system would meet the requirements of equal treatment. It did not, for instance, intend to limit or bar private schools, or forms of separation that are purely voluntary. Catholics who choose to attend parochial schools are still free to do so; and any groups of whites or Negroes who wish to withdraw to educational systems of their own are not depriving themselves or others of constitutional rights, so long as that withdrawal is purely voluntary.

By the same token, the Court did not rule against selection genuinely based on criteria other than race. It will still be possible to send boys to one school, girls to another, to set apart students specially interested in music or science, and to single out the retarded for special treatment. Indeed, the Court's decision insisted only that the element of racial compulsion be removed, and it left a considerable range of alternatives available to those who wish to adapt themselves to the conditions it created. In the years to come, good

sense and tolerance will undoubtedly encourage the majority of Americans to explore these alternatives. The results will vary widely according to the local conditions of each community.

2

DESEGREGATION therefore does not necessarily involve the emergence of a single, all-inclusive, integrated type of school, unless the students and their parents choose to have it do so. The question then arises: what will the parents choose?

On this point, many opponents of desegregation fall into an ingenious contradiction. They are prone to argue that the Southern Negro is content with the situation as it is; only the outside agitator seeks a change. Yet they are violently hostile to the suggestion that the colored man be given freedom of choice, for in their innermost hearts they fear he would demand to be taken into the white school. They thus maintain that the Negro desires no change but would change if he could!

They are wrong on both counts. The truth is that the Negro's attitude is not abstract, but a concomitant of the surrounding circumstances. He is totally committed neither to segregation nor to integration. He prefers one or the other as it forms a favorable part of his whole life.

Any parent — white or black — who confronts the choice of a school for his child thinks not in terms of slogans or even of general principles. He thinks rather in terms of very concrete considerations. Which institution will best equip the boy or girl for a desirable career? Where will he be most likely to be happy, to find friends, to acquire an understanding of himself and of his culture? The ultimate answers will vary greatly, for they depend not upon theory, but upon the background of the parents and their situation in the communities in which they live.

Under conditions of genuine equality, Negroes have thus shown the inclination to continue to attend schools preponderantly made up of members of their own race. In 1949, for instance, an Indiana state law prohibited the segregation which theretofore prevailed in some schools, including those of the city of Evansville. The result was not the mass rush to the white schools that some Hoosiers had anticipated. The overwhelming majority of Evansville Negroes — over 90 per cent — continued to attend their own schools. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the colored people of Clinton, Tennessee, or Clay, Kentucky, who braved obloquy, boycott, and the danger of violence to do so, preferred to send their children to integrated schools.

Integration is not an end in itself but a means to an end. Black parents, like white, hope that education will give their boys and girls the best possible preparation for life. They resent the compulsion to attend Negro schools, unequal to the white,

that will forever burden their children with handicaps and label them indelibly with the stigma of inferiority. They will not resent schools that are genuinely equal and that bear no imputation of inferiority, no matter what their racial composition. Indeed, under some circumstances, they may actually find their children more comfortable in such schools with those who share a common cultural and social background.

There will necessarily be substantial regional and communal differences in adjustment. In the great metropolitan cities, residential and housing patterns already separate the population along ethnic, social, and economic, as well as racial, lines. The schools which draw their students from the homogeneous neighborhoods in which they are situated reflect the composition of the area as a matter of course. Classes in Bronzeville and Harlem are predominantly Negro, just as those in East Boston are Italian and those in Hamtramck are Polish. Only in rare instances are such schools likely to contain a completely mixed and heterogeneous student body. In smaller cities there is less scope for such adjustments. The elementary schools may reflect neighborhood differences. But if there is only one high school in town it will have to accommodate all the students eligible to attend it.

The greatest problem will no doubt exist in rural regions which enjoy a minimum of flexibility. There the segregated school has been least convenient and most expensive; and there it most often produced the types of inferiority that the Supreme Court condemned. It may be that no solution other than integration in the general school system will do justice to the dozen Negro families of Clinton, Tennessee. But the fact that integration is sought there does not mean it will be sought everywhere.

The experience of the colleges has been instructive in this regard. Desegregation began sooner in higher than in elementary education. Yet it has not produced a hegira from the Negro to the white institutions. The Universities of Texas and of North Carolina now admit colored students, but relatively few choose to attend in preference to their own excellent colleges. The consciousness that they are free to choose destroys the imputation of inferiority.

3

THE fact is that there are no grounds for the belief that a mass intermingling of the races would everywhere immediately follow the end of compulsory segregation. On the contrary, all the available evidence sustains the belief that genuine equality and freedom of choice within the latitude of the Court's decision would permit a variety of experiments that could cope with the problem and creatively resolve it.

The inability to act rationally in these matters is grounded in the fear that the new school contacts between blacks and whites will produce a higher degree of racial mixture than in the past. This is the crux of the matter.

Yet there is not a shred of evidence to support the contention that desegregation will hasten amalgamation. There are good grounds for expecting rather that widened equality may retard the trend in that direction.

The assertion that the white race in the United States has maintained its purity through three centuries of history flies completely in the face of the facts. Let us beg the question of whether it is even possible to speak of a pure race; and let us assume that the "whites" are one race and the "blacks" another. Still it is demonstrable that the "blood" of the one group has long since been crossed with that of the other. In the nature of the case, the number of Negroes who have passed into the white group is not ascertainable; estimates range as high as 30,000 a year. Whatever the number, the trend has been substantial since the eighteenth century; and those who have "passed," with their progeny, must form a considerable element of the total population.

The evidence of white strains among the Negroes is more visible. Almost 3,000,000 Americans are mulattoes; and many more, whose skin color is darker, have nevertheless some degree of mixed paternity. Careful studies have shown that between 70 and 90 per cent of the Negroes of the United States have at least one known white ancestor; the number without some such strain in their heritage must be small indeed. Racial intermixture was begun when the slaves were first brought into this country in the North and in the South; it was not prevented by the existence of slavery; nor has the persistence of segregation slowed it down.

The apparent difference between the United States and South America is primarily one of definition and attitude. In the United States, a man is a Negro, whatever his color, if he has any known Negro ancestor. In Brazil, and elsewhere in Latin America, color is determined by the preponderant strain. Thus in the United States a man with one Negro great-grandparent would be colored; in Brazil he would be white. In the United States his marriage to a white would be an intermarriage and would earn the opprobrium of the prejudiced; in Brazil it would not. Otherwise, the difference shrinks to one of degree.

In any case, intermarriage has been a negligible factor in causing race mixture. The law forbids it in many parts of the country; and where it is legal the number of unions so consummated is small. In Northern cities, where such marriages are most likely to occur, they form only between 3 and 5 per cent of those in which Negroes are involved. Expressed in terms of the percentage of white

marriages, they would make but an infinitesimal fraction. It is not thus that the blood strains have in the past been crossed.

Furthermore, all of our data indicate that the growth of equality between the races does not increase the rate of intermarriage. There are communities in Ontario, in northern Michigan, and in western Massachusetts where whites have lived side by side with Negroes for more than a hundred years. No segregation there has kept apart the children of the two races. Yet the two groups have nevertheless maintained their identity and separateness. Wherever statistics measure the rate of intermarriage, they deny rather than confirm the fear that equality stimulates intermarriage. In Boston, for instance, the percentage has fallen steadily since 1900 as the position of the Negroes has improved.

This is exactly what might be anticipated in view of the character of American marriage and of the factors that generally influence the choice of partners in it. Concealed in the Southern view is the curious assumption that, given freedom of choice, men and women would tend to select mates of the opposite race, for this, clearly, is a purely voluntary matter; mere propinquity forces no one into love. All the evidence points in the opposite direction. Marriages are usually formed among individuals of common cultural, social, and religious backgrounds — even where race does not intrude. Take a large city high school, where boys and girls of diverse antecedents mix without distinction of race, creed, or national origins. Ten years after graduation, the former students will have sorted themselves out in marriages with the partners closest to themselves in color, religion, and antecedents. This, after all, is a process by which the family is extended across the generations; and those who enter upon it have in mind not only their own emotions but also the feelings of their parents and relatives as well as of the children who will come of it. In the absence of compelling forces to the contrary, opportunity and inclination will alike lead to marriage within some existing group.

All the scholarly investigations of the intermarriages which have actually occurred confirm this conclusion. Such marriages are most likely to involve the lower social classes and individuals whose own family ties are weak. Generally it is the black man who marries a white woman whose status is inferior to his own. (Many such unions were effected by servicemen abroad.) The white man who takes a black wife is likely to be foreign-born, detached from any group of his own, and without binding social ties. Significantly a large percentage of those who enter upon such unions are divorced or widowed, people whose earlier attempts at marriage had failed.

It is important in this connection to remember that the upper social groups among the Negroes

have always frowned upon interracial marriages, precisely because these groups, although closest to the whites, were prosperous and stable in their own family life. Frederick Douglass thus lost a good deal of his popularity when he took a white wife; and W. E. B. DuBois, in *Dusk of Dawn*, describes his own mixed emotions as he gave up courting a colored girl because she looked quite white and he feared the inference that he was marrying outside the race.

Does it not follow then that segregation, which established the inferiority of the Negro and prevents him from attaining a stable personal and family life, actually magnifies the incentive to seek the escape of intermarriage? On the other hand, any measure, like desegregation, which widens opportunities and increases the scope of equality also increases the stability of Negro family life, heightens self-respect, and thus indirectly diminishes the incentives toward intermarriage.

4

IT is not surprising, therefore, to find a subtle change in the attitudes of Negroes with the improvement of their status in the past thirty years. There was a time when colored people were so depressed by the sense of their own inferiority that they accepted unquestioningly all the white man's standards. Their own habits and tastes, like their blackness, were inherently degrading; and success and happiness went to those who could most closely model themselves upon the dominant race. There was a premium upon "marrying light" even though within the group, because that most closely approximated the standards of the whites.

With the Negro's achievement of some degree of stability and the restoration of his self-confidence, there has been a significant change, even since Gunnar Myrdal noticed it in 1944. Rejecting the notion of his own inferiority, the Negro has ceased to take the white as the determining model. He has come to value the standards and tastes of his own group and often actually to take pride in his color. Not a few are unwilling to "pass" even though their pigmentation is pale enough to permit them to do so. The girl who holds the cake of soap in the *Ebony* advertisement is black; and she is pretty to those who see her because she is black. The era of the hair straightener is coming to an end. The notion that Negroes are eager to marry whites is a delusion born of the white's own vanity and of his ignorance of the real sentiments of his fellow Americans of another color.

The experience of schools in which segregation has come to an end amply confirms these judgments. The circumstances vary widely according to the conditions and traditions of the communities in which the adjustment occurs. In the Southern colleges, Negroes, once admitted, have generally

enjoyed a minimum of social contact with white students. Elsewhere the relationship between the races has extended beyond the classroom to the formal social activities conducted under school auspices. But even when the boy and girl of different colors dance together at the senior prom, they do not think of dating. They hesitate, as does the Methodist with the Catholic, because courtship and marriage involve an altogether different order of considerations.

The obsession with the unreal dangers of intermarriage has unfortunately obscured the true source of race mixture in the past and in the present. The white ancestors of the mulattoes and of the Negroes of varying degrees of lightness of skin were not married to blacks. These are the progeny of relationships outside wedlock; and miscegenation, not intermarriage, has, in the United States, been the mode of infusing the black with the white strain in our society. Furthermore, miscegenation under these terms was the direct product of the inferiority of Negro women. Whatever has tended to increase that inferiority has increased the rate of miscegenation. Whatever diminishes it lowers the rate. In that sense, segregation actually is indirectly more conducive to the mixture of races than is desegregation.

Through much of the nineteenth century, white men who kept black concubines suffered no loss of social esteem thereby. Until the Civil War, the women were their property, and no control limited the treatment accorded them. In most of the Southern states miscegenation was no crime, although intermarriage was.

Concubinage began to decline after the Civil War. It hardly exists now. It was extirpated by the liberation of the Negroes, which removed their women from the absolute power of the masters.

Less formal sexual relations between white men and black women, however, were long thereafter tolerated in many parts of the South. They were facilitated by the disorganization of Negro family life and by the simple brute fact that blacks were incapable of protecting their daughters and sisters against the aggressions of those who had once been their masters. The law and the mores were alike acquiescent. There are authentic, if scarcely credi-

ble, instances of respectable white businessmen who warned off the Negro preacher who wished to strengthen the morals of the women in his flock.

Insofar as that can be measured, the incidence of interracial sexual intercourse seems also to have declined perceptibly in the last forty years. It has fallen off precisely because the Negro now sees the prospect of leading a decent family life and because he himself has grown in self-respect and in the power to resist. The transformation in the general conception of what the law and the practices of society owe him is the most important element in that change.

If we strengthen the trend toward equality of opportunity and of rights, then we strengthen also the elements of cohesion and order in the Negro's own life. If we weaken that trend and perpetuate his inferiority, then we weaken also the fabric of his family life and leave him a loose, helpless, and potentially disorderly element in our society. Desegregation, which opens doors to full participation in citizenship, will have the former effect. Segregation, our experience has shown us, will have the latter.

In the perspective of centuries, amalgamation may or may not be desirable. The question is unreal and irrelevant. Our problem is immediate; and in the perspective of the next few decades the creation of a school system that segregates none of our children against their will and offers all of them equal treatment can only help us all.

Our democratic society has an abundance of room for a plurality of social types and social groups. If we can but free ourselves of the habit of thinking in terms of the absolutes of total conformity and amalgamation on the one hand and of total separateness and segregation on the other, we shall find our institutions flexible enough to accommodate a variety of solutions among which individuals will be able to make their own personal choices. It was the virtue of the Supreme Court to have understood that, and in its decision to have laid a foundation for constructive development in the future. And it is the insistence upon thinking of the nightmare of amalgamation as the only alternative to segregation that is most likely to perpetuate the tensions that all Americans should dread.

Mr. Sass's reply to Mr. Handlin's argument will be found in Atlantic Repartee, page 31 of this issue.



Naturalist and hunter, movie producer and businessman, W. DOUGLAS BURDEN, who makes his home in Vermont, has had from an early age "a strong taste for the wild places of the world and an equally strong distaste for crowds and pavements." He is the founder of Marineland and a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History. From his expedition to the Island of Komodo in the Dutch East Indies, he returned with live specimens of dragon lizards and material for his book, Dragon Lizard of Komodo. He is a conservationist in the best sense, and in his hunting and observation of wild life he has well remembered the lessons taught him when very young by Archie Miller, the great Indian hunter of Quebec.

THE STILL HUNTER

by W. DOUGLAS BURDEN

1

IT WAS the 12th of November. The day was moderately sunny with a slight breeze out of the south and the temperature about 36 degrees. I started out with a strong sense of excitement and a longing to melt into the forest and become a part of it. That is the feeling a forest lover always has when going alone into the woods. But any realization of it requires a transformation from civilized conditioning that does not come easily. It takes plenty of time to develop a sense of harmony with the wilderness. At first, my steps were awkward and hurried, my eyes didn't seem to focus well on distant objects, and I felt very much the noisy and jarring intruder I actually was.

For a while, I sat on a log and listened to the wild shrieking of the everlasting blue jay. Then a wandering band of twittering chickadees came flitting all around in a most sociable way. Gradually, the soothing feel of the Adirondack woods and all the familiar sounds and smells began to quiet an excess of enthusiasm so that imperceptibly there was an increased awareness of everything around me, and I felt at last that in spirit, at least, I was beginning to blend with my surroundings.

It was an area I had not visited since childhood — the marshy district northeast of Flatfish pond in the heart of Whitney Park. The country was typical of the Adirondack Mountains — alternating spruce swamps and high ridges, having a dominant northeast-southwest trend. In the ten thousand years since the icecap receded, the sandy soil developed a growth of truly magnificent white pine. Except along the lake shores, these monsters of the past have now been lumbered off, and forest

regeneration consists mostly of spruce in the lowland and young beech on the hardwood ridges. Since beech buds are undesirable as deer food, it is natural, with such a large deer population, that this species should be selectively favored in young stands.

A really big buck was known to make his home in this section, so I kept my little .30-.30 Winchester in the crook of my left arm and constantly at the ready. However, hard crunchy snow made it impossible to travel quietly except on the slopes facing the sun where the snow had melted off, so I headed across the swamp in search of a more favorable exposure.

In the course of a large circle, only three does were disturbed, and all three heard me before I saw them, so difficult was it to travel silently. Finally at dusk, after three hours of slow motion through the woods, I found myself climbing the hardwood ridge toward the old telephone line to Craig's camp. It was then that things began to happen.

First of all, I caught a glimpse of a deer moving ahead of me. It was a buck. He had not seen me and was only slightly suspicious. I followed him with extreme care and found him hiding behind the roots of a big blowdown. Only his head was visible, projecting from behind the upturned roots. With my field glasses I counted the points — four on each side. I waited to see what he would do. Evidently curiosity consumed him, for he soon strode out in full view less than fifty yards away. Since it was rapidly getting dark, I was anxious to have him move out of the way without alerting the whole forest, and this I accomplished by making some low whistling noises until he became suffi-

ciently wary to ease quietly on up into the hardwood.

After he had gone, I circled on down an old lumber road toward the marshy bottom. I did not see a spikehorn that was standing in the road at the other side of a little rolling rise until, with a sharp whistle, he bounded off.

It was obvious, from these two encounters plus the innumerable signs, that I had come into a pocket of game and that deer were now very much on the move. Accordingly, I proceeded with great caution, stopping after every two steps to see what news the forest had to tell.

At this point, the surface of the old lumber road changed to sand. The sand had thawed and was so moist and soft as to make walking without a sound possible. I had just arrived noiselessly at a point in this sandy bottomland where four old lumber roads meet when I heard a twig snap in the spruce thicket toward Little Flatfish. Immediately I moved beyond a white boulder that stood in the middle of the road and crouched behind it. A moment later, an eight-point buck emerged from the spruce thicket and came right down the road toward me. I let him advance to within fifteen feet of me, when, I made a loud "psst." He halted abruptly, a fine animal in superb condition, sleek and fat, his dark winter coat unmarred by any signs of fighting. Obviously, he could not make me out, still as I was, and although he reacted with a violent quiver all through his body each time I repeated the sound, I made it at least a half-dozen times at varying intervals before he finally decided to retire. This he did by forking up the very branch I had come down.

Here again there is a little rolling rise, and as he proudly walked from view with no sign of haste, I stood up from behind my rock to watch him. As I did so I saw, about a hundred yards away, in the dwindling light, another, larger buck advancing in my direction. As the two bucks neared each other, the new arrival curled his neck down in a threatening manner as if he were about to charge, whereupon the eight-pointer left the road with a quick bound and disappeared into the heavy spruce thicket.

The big fellow continued to advance toward me. Again I sank down behind the rock and let him come up until he too was but a few feet away. Once again I made a loud "psst," and he too stopped with the same resulting noticeable quiver that flashed through his body. He was a magnificent ten-pointer with a very black muzzle and head. He kept reaching his nose out trying to sniff me, as if daring himself to advance further. It must have been a full three minutes — and only after repeated "psst" noises on my part — before he slowly turned and, with that stiff-legged and rather embarrassed and caught-out look, quartered off up the same road the first buck had come

down. His departure was no faster than his arrival.

Darkness was now well down and I headed home.

2

NOVEMBER 13th. The big buck had been seen by George Cary in the esker country (a glacial formation of low sand hills). George said he was really big, a twelve-pointer surely. So Sonny Whitney with his usual generosity suggested that I have a go at him.

The day was still and mild with scarcely a sign of a breeze. I started early, and after I had gone for about half a mile down the old lumber road that leads into the heart of this country, it became increasingly and unpleasantly obvious that I was a target for all eyes. The lumber road was open and exposed, and no matter how carefully I advanced, I felt that I stood out like a sore thumb. Instead of being in the forest looking out, I seemed to be outside trying to look in. Therefore, to correct this situation, I picked the first good-looking deer runway and plunged into the woods to my left, moving at approximately right angles to my course until a good travel runway led off in the right direction.

The runway was overgrown with young saplings from two to three feet high, all cropped off at the top. These shoots were so stiff and snapped back so violently against my knee-high sealskin boots that in order to move quietly it was necessary to lean over and hold them off with my hand. As a result, progress for a while was very slow.

I had proceeded tediously in this way for about an eighth of a mile when the runway merged into another long-disused lumber road, which was covered with snow. A little further on, another branch road came in at a sharp angle from the right. The character of the forest had now changed. On all sides it consisted of dense young spruce from twenty to thirty feet high. Through this tangle it would have been impossible to move quietly, so there was no choice but to stay in the road.

For a very long time I stood and listened, hoping to get some clue as to whether it would be advisable to take the right fork or the left. Finally, patience was rewarded. About one hundred yards away, directly ahead in the thick spruce, a twig was broken by a large animal. Then another twig snapped a little further to the right, and still another. I knew now that I was close to a large herd of deer and that in all probability the big buck was with them. Luck was with me. The game had been located. It now remained to contrive a successful stalk. But my position was difficult. A lot of problems had to be overcome, and for the moment I could not determine how best to deal with them.

From the sounds I had heard, it was my impres-

sion that the deer were quartering away from me. This meant that if I was ever to catch sight of them, I would have to move ahead myself.

I attempted an advance down the noisy snow-covered road. A lot of grass was sticking up through the snow and I tried bending it over with my foot to see if this wouldn't muffle the inevitable crunch of each step. It helped, but not too much. When you are trying so hard to move silently and yet cannot fail to make a noise, it is exasperating. I had proceeded in this way a few steps at a time to a point just short of where the roads forked, when suddenly two grouse that I had neither seen nor heard thundered off in the direction of the deer, their wings clicking against the brush as they dove through the heavy spruce cover. I damned those grouse, thinking to myself "That does it — what chance have I now!"

In face of this adversity, my only hope was to wait it out. Fortunately, the temperature was so balmy it was possible to stand absolutely still in perfect comfort.

In such a situation, time is hard to judge, but my guess is that at least twenty minutes elapsed before the deer started to move again. When they did move, I stayed right where I was for quite a while, not wishing to run the risk of alerting them again too quickly. However, when the slight sounds of their movement indicated they were getting too far ahead, I was again forced to advance myself. I moved now by a special technique — a couple of quick tiptoe steps and then a long pause, followed by another couple of quick steps and another long pause. As I turned a corner into the right-hand fork, there, to my dismay, directly ahead was a red squirrel sitting on a stump, eating nuts. He had been eating so quietly I had not heard him. At sight of me, he promptly let loose a most vociferous scolding — thereby telling the forest a second time that an intruder had moved in. This was too much.

Straight ahead on the right-hand edge of the road was a very large white birch growing right up next to the thick spruce. Beyond this tree and to the left of it an open, heavily lumbered sand hill could partly be seen. If I stepped out around the birch, I would come into full view of any animal on that hillside; and although all the sounds of game had come from the heavy spruce thicket on my left, it was possible that one or more deer well ahead of the others might already have reached the open ground. So I leaned over as far as I could without actually taking a step and tried to look around the left-hand side of the tree. For a long time I examined the hillside carefully. There were many blowdowns with the great jagged circle of roots in the air; there were quite a few small young spruce; there was the usual low, brown brush and patches of snow; but for the most part the hillside lay bare. Not a thing was to be seen.

Finally, after the most intense scrutiny, I looked back at the ground and picked out two good spots for my next two steps. Then I took them as if walking on eggs, and looked up again.

And lo and behold, there HE was — about eighty yards away, well up on the hill, and staring straight at me, head on. Unmistakably, it was the big buck. The fine rack of horns offered convincing evidence he was a twelve-pointer. Somehow, his whole expression and the extreme concentration of his gaze telegraphed the information that I had not a moment to lose. No sooner had I seen him than I started to raise my rifle, but my rifle was not yet halfway to my shoulder when he dug out of there like an explosion. In two jumps he was out of sight.

As soon as the big buck crashed away, the forest started to break loose on all sides. How many deer went out of that spruce thicket I don't know. There must have been seven or eight of them at least. In the midst of the noise, I ran ahead to where the thicket ended. I could now see well up to the left, and there was a spikehorn, still standing and evidently frightfully curious to know what the fuss was all about. Then I climbed up to where the big buck had stood, sat on a log, and looked back to appraise the wonderful view he had had of me when I stepped out from behind that birch tree. While I was sitting there contemplating my failure, the two grouse that had flushed from the spruce thicket emerged from the deer cover and walked along a log.

After a while, I started on the trail of the buck, wondering how far he had gone. His big jumps could be seen plainly, even on the hard ground. At the end of another quarter of a mile, where the high sand esker terminates and breaks down into a little valley, some particularly loud pecking on a tree attracted my attention, and then I saw one of the great pileated woodpeckers, the famous "cock of the woods." Promptly on sight of me he started screeching and, with brilliant red crest erect, flew off hollering to the whole forest. At the same time, several blue jays started screaming, and in the midst of this din came the sudden heavy crashings of the big buck as he bolted away. Evidently he had stopped to see if he was being followed. It seemed that morning as if the whole forest were conspiring against me. Further pursuit was now hopeless, so I headed back for camp.

3

NOVEMBER 14th was the last day. It was warm, overcast, and absolutely still. Not the slightest rustle stirred the dry leaves on the beech trees. All traces of snow had disappeared and it was quiet underfoot. With no wind to carry scent, one direction was as good as another. However, the first thing to be learned was whether the deer were in the swamps or up on high ground. So I left the main

lumber road and headed down an old skidway toward a big black-spruce marsh. Some grass had grown up along the skidway, and since it was still wet at this early hour, one could move in almost complete silence.

Nevertheless, it took about ten minutes to cover the first hundred yards. Fifty yards further on, near the bottom of the skidway, and on either side, was a steep bank about eight feet high. From behind the bank on the right came a very slight sound. It was made by a moving animal. I crouched down and waited. It was a long wait. Finally, a small doe stepped out from behind the bank and looked straight at me without seeing me. Slowly she worked her way across the skidway till she disappeared behind the bank to the left.

After making certain she was not followed by a buck, I continued to move forward very slowly. Almost immediately a very small invisible twig in the grass broke under my weight. The sound seemed so slight it could not carry twenty yards. So I did not pause. At the next step, it happened again. Immediately the doe bounded from behind the bank and raced into the black spruce. She was so alarmed she did not stop to satisfy her curiosity. At three hundred yards she reappeared, still leaping away. How was it that so slight a sound had caused such fear? It was as if wolves were about.

Investigation proved the swamp to be empty, so I sought higher land. For several hours nothing was seen.

Toward midmorning I was beginning to tire of caution. A small travel runway led up a slope. Near the top of the slope a spruce blowdown crossed the runway. It was too high to swing a leg over without scraping the bark. However, since it was not yet possible to see down the far side of the ridge, I forced myself to be careful. Setting the rifle to one side and using both hands to hoist each leg in turn clear of the rough bark, it was possible to cross the obstacle without a sound. Then I stood stock-still and listened. My care was rewarded. Almost immediately a slight snare cut through the stillness.

It came from behind the big circle of roots that rose up directly in front of me. A tree had fallen away from where I was standing, and the woven mesh of roots had peeled all the soil from the underlying rock. On this smooth surface one could take three or four quick steps to the edge of the barrier and look around it. This I did, moving to the right edge. There was nothing in sight — and for good reason, because a moment later a fine-looking, very black coated buck stepped around the left edge. Had I moved to the left rather than to the right, I would have met him face to face within three feet. Even so, he was not more than twelve feet away when he came to a stop and stared for a full minute at my frozen figure. He was a six-pointer and, judging from his breathing, he was traveling hard in search of a doe.

I could not shoot him, and very soon he trudged on in a businesslike manner, totally unaware he had been so close to man.

Now for a long time the woods seemed empty of game. It was the middle of a warm November day and the deer were probably lying up. So, by way of diversion, I decided to cross over into another valley where I had never been before. The intervening ridge turned out to be quite a marvelous spot — fine, open hardwood; sheer, big cliffs of smooth rock carved by the ice; and here and there small clumps of spruce providing ideal hiding spots for deer. I remembered how very cautious the great Indian hunter, Archie Miller, used to be when advancing toward an evergreen thicket in the midst of hardwood; so, with greatest care, I now worked slowly upward. No game was seen on the way, but I was aware again and again of a slight movement out of the corner of my eye. Sometimes it turned out to be a bird hopping to another branch, but more often it was the flitting of little white wood moths that seemed to fill the forest on this warm day. Flights of chickadees, some juncos, many woodpeckers, and of course the ever-entertaining blue jay passed by as I worked my slow way up to the top.

A well-used runway descended into the valley beyond. This new valley was of a different character — dark and somber, and the floor of it was covered with spruce. A feeling of strangeness — almost of hostility — was in the air. The valley was filled with silence. It put me on edge, and the noise I made moving in was a jarring note in the midday peace and stillness. And where the remaining un-lumbered hardwood giants still stood, magnificent in their slow decay, with windblown, fragmented tops wide-spaced over the carpeted floor, they spoke of time — not in weeks and years, but in centuries. For these same giants, now so withered and rough and noble with age, and still fighting out the remaining years of their existence, had once looked down on stalking wolf and mountain lion, on moose and painted Iroquois.

Part way across the bottom of the valley, I rested by a black and sluggish stream that sifted slowly by between soft banks of deep moss. My thoughts became increasingly disturbed and apprehensive. I remembered that only a year before, there had been a certain long, wet night alone in the hardwood with no supper, huddling a smoldering flame. I began to wonder if I would get lost. And then there was another thought, which said, "There is something good about being alone at night with nothing in a great forest. A little circle of warm firelight surrounded by a barrier of black, cold wilderness accents deeply your own puny size and vulnerability. The silence moves in close and there comes a deep, relaxing sense of kinship with an infinitude of remote ancestors who huddled thus around fires generation after generation through the lengthy dawn of man."

Gradually the mood changed. Tension vanished, and I sat in suspended animation — daydreaming in the perfect loneliness while, drop by drop, time slid gently by like the slow and even current of the stream.

4

THE decision to move does not come abruptly. You think about it vaguely, wondering if you are starting too early or too late, and a lot of the time you don't think about it at all. Then suddenly you find yourself on your feet as though some outer force had taken the matter in hand. I looked through the barrel of my rifle, checked the ammunition, and tightened my belt. The time for action had arrived.

My skin boots sank deep into the soft, silent moss. The swamp spruce stood so close and thick that, even on the runway, twigs were broken by shoulders and hips too big to worm through.

This was not good, and repeatedly I stood still for a long time, hoping for some news from the forest. Finally it came, ever so faintly — just one single, very slight blat from the steep ridge that rose on the far side of the swamp. Nevertheless, it was unmistakable: the signal of a buck calling to a doe.

I moved slowly and carefully off at right angles up the marsh, trying all the time to maintain an exact sense of the location of that single blat. The forest was stillness itself. The closer I got to the critical area, the slower my steps became. It was very exciting, creeping up. Then, with unexpected suddenness, there they were. I came upon them so close it was hard to believe we had not heard each other. They were just below me behind some fallen trees. The doe showed herself first. She was very calm, but the buck seemed agitated. He was nervous, on his toes, ready to flee. But he was only a six-pointer. They seemed a happy family. It was fun to watch them but difficult to move without precipitating an alarm. Since one never knows what may be ahead, it is always best, whenever possible, to leave game undisturbed; so I retired as cautiously as I had come.

Once again for a long time the woods seemed to be dead — not a movement, not a sound. As I stood, wondering what next to do, the thought of the big buck filled my mind. The esker country where he lived was now not far away. If I traveled hard, I could get there in time for one final hunt. The very thought made my legs fly. By four o'clock I had arrived and was working very carefully up a rather open ridge. It was magnificent deer country. The time of day was ideal and there was plenty of fresh sign. I advanced very slowly, holding every piece of brush to one side and studying each step so as to reduce sound to an absolute minimum, yet not forgetting to look long and carefully between steps at all the terrain.

Suddenly I saw a small doe about sixty yards

away. Though still lying down and facing me, she had not seen me. This presented a difficult problem. How could the doe be made to move without alerting the forest? I advanced one step, thereby fully revealing my head. Instantly she got to her feet and stared at me. I did not move again and finally, after a few nervous flicks of the tail, she daintily moved off. When she disappeared, I resumed my advance at right angles to the course she had taken.

Since sound does not travel well over a ridge, I now proceeded much more rapidly up the east side to the summit. The west face was quite open. Not a thing was to be seen. Beyond was another ridge, thickly covered with spruce and hemlock. In the bottom was an old log road overgrown with grass. The light had become dim, and a deep stillness now lay on the land. Just as it is difficult to see well from an open lake into the deep woods, and easy to see from the woods any movement on an open lake, so does this matter of comparative light often determine who sees whom first — the hunter or the hunted. Nevertheless, it was a magnificent place for deer.

I crept down the open hill to a big runway. Starting along it, I found myself too high to see well into the black timber across the way. So I retraced my steps until a series of jackstraw logs offered silent access to the old lumber road below. Now was my final chance. Two or three careful steps were followed by the inevitable searching pause. Another two steps, and another two, and still another. If only I could advance like a shadow. It was as if my whole being were in my eyes. Presently there was one slight movement — the nervous flick of a deer's tail deep in the evergreens. It was a doe. In one slithering dark brown glide she slid over a log and was gone. Had she seen me?

For a very long time I waited motionless in a motionless world. And yet there was a certain movement in it. It was the slow movement of darkness sinking into the forest. You could feel it descending.

Then out of that gathering gloom it suddenly happened. An enormous buck head literally popped into view as if by magic, about eighty yards away. He was in an opening beyond the hemlocks, and the waning light shone full on his gleaming white-tipped antlers. So intently did he look straight at me that I felt sure he must see me. I dared not move. There was so much intervening brush, it was impossible to count the points. Only his horns shining through the fading light were clearly visible. Then they disappeared.

Very slowly, I sank onto my right knee. My left elbow fell on the other knee. Automatically, the sights came into line. Now my heart stood still, for I began to feel I had seen the big buck. But I was not yet sure. Was he really as big as he looked? Would he work out of that heavy cover before the

light was hopelessly gone? For just a fraction of a second the horns showed again. Seen through the deep darkness of the hemlocks they were startlingly large and bright. Then suddenly I knew that it was he. He was in such a rough spot, such a heavy tangle of brush and fallen trees, that there was little chance of a better view. It was a sporting shot, and I decided to take it if ever those horns appeared again. Now the decision was made, my heart was pounding with excitement. In full readiness, I aimed where I thought his horns would show. It was a long, long wait. Had he followed the doe and slipped away? Then like a flash the moment arrived. Up came his head, looking right at me. From the way it was turned, one could guess where the shoulder was. I drew a bead, let it drop low and to the left, and fired. Death struck instantly. He never knew what hit him. Success had come in a matter of seconds — not from a long

and careful stalk, not because he had been outwitted, not because he had made a mistake, but purely from the luck of chance encounter in the very last few moments of fading light.

When I came up to him, there was the strong smell of deer and blood. The very symbol of pride and grace and beauty had collapsed into a crumpled and bleeding form. To witness this sudden degeneration is always the fate of the successful hunter. It is a desperate thing to love wild animals and yet to kill them.

But if the deer hunter needs any solace for his act, he has but to recall the well-founded claim of the biologists that where there are no wolves and no mountain lions, man should harvest 25 to 35 per cent of the deer crop each year in order to prevent starvation on the winter range. That is at least one answer to the oft-repeated question: How can you bear to shoot such a beautiful creature?



DREAM OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

by MARGARET McGOVERN

ANYTHING shining could transfix my eyes
When I was very young, and not too wise:

Fire on the hearth, brass tongs, old silver trays,
Moon gilded chimney pots, the starry rays
Around the gaslit lamps of Liverpool,

Dust motes dancing in a ray of sun:
Millions of worlds, myself the smallest one,
Although I still belonged to Liverpool,

Still pools of water: where a child could fall
Down skies so blue and paradisaical,
After the clear spring rains of Liverpool,

White hawthorn lanes toward Bootle: little streams
Hurrying to sea, the April showers and gleams
Dowering the great canal of Liverpool.

Summers at Seacombe: heavenly golden sand
Castles to last forever in a land
Forever afternoon, one high-winged wave,
The ancient coin I once found in a cave
When I was seven years old in Liverpool.

September gales: thunder and lightning flashing,
Street gutters white with foamy currents smashing
The paper ships, wild children running after,
Their limbs and voices O so bright with laughter!
Storming the seaborne streets of Liverpool.

November: bringing flaming trees and suns
And royal dusks, the hands of priests and nuns
Praying at altars for the souls' dim ember
To love past death — when all I could remember
Was how I loved God who made Liverpool.

The Royal Court Theatre lit at Christmastime
Year after year in radiant pantomime:
The Sleeping Beauty, Whittington and his bells,
Jack slaying giants as the spotlight dwells
On once upon a time in Liverpool.

The holly leaves around the picture frames,
Kitchener and Sir Bindon Blood, blue flames
Ringing the huge plum pudding, glorious games
Played on the kitchen hearths of Liverpool.

The rosy lantern glimmering in the hall,
Mistletoe hung: Aunts going to a ball
Satined and laced, their faces strong and free,
Some with blue eyes, others like mist at sea
Or the gray-green River Mersey of Liverpool.

The stout brass beer taps at The Silver Queen,
Where sailors stopped to drink away their spleen
And sing: we always sang in Liverpool.

Along the sea front: miles of spars and steeples,
The far, mysterious smiles of foreign peoples
Thronging the dockyard roads of Liverpool.

New Brighton Tower soaring above the night:
A guardian princess wearing flowers of light
Upon her head, shining on Liverpool.

The wharves of Liverpool: the morning skies,
Sun and salt winds kissing the lips and eyes,
The amber most divine of fish and chips:
These were all mine, and most of all — *The Ships!*



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



WINONA McCLINTIC was a radioman second class in the United States Navy during World War II and the Korean War. She graduated from Mills College, contributed poems to the Atlantic, and was at work on her Ph.D. (under the G.I. Bill) when matrimony intervened. She married an engineer and while he, she says, "fiddles with things on airplanes," she finds time to raise guinea pigs and write.

A HEART OF FURIOUS FANCIES

by WINONA McCLINTIC

IT WAS time to go to the Old Norse class at the University. I went to the campus very often in those days when I was adjusted to the great conspiracy. I was as contented with life as a reasonable person could expect to be. I had to read books on which the ink was not dry, and suffer similar annoyances, but I was kept going by my knowledge of the secret gesture.

I went downstairs and out of the house, building my singular defenses which would not outlive the day. I passed the house where the two little children lived.

"Here comes The Lady," they screamed, dropping the wagon and running out to the street to watch me go. It was amazing that such little children could be taught to act so convincingly. I wished that the Director would teach them new lines. They said the same thing every day.

The sun was warm and they had put perfume on the wind, like flower scents or newly cut grass. Birds had been trained to sing. On some days they threw rain down on me. If they threw it down too long, I got sick; then they laughed and dressed up like doctors or men who sell cough medicine in drug-stores. They waited until I came out of a building to throw the rain down; when I went back in, the rain stopped—they were saving it for the next time. Sometimes they threw hail down. It all depended on how they felt.

As I turned into the main street, I could hear the excitement going on behind the buildings.

"Here She comes," they were saying in frantic glee and haste, "here comes The Lady."

The Director was running up and down behind the false fronts, carrying his megaphone and shout-

ing directions, but softly, so that I could not hear. With the precision of experts, they were able to keep at least three blocks ahead of me with the building. As I stepped on the proper block, I could hear them mumbling their lines, those who had speaking parts. The Director must be shouting to them:—

"Act like a mob scene! Come on now! Act like a mob scene! (This will give Her a turn. Ha ha.)"

So they came down the street toward me, some talking in mock conversation, others walking past casually, but looking at me slyly when they thought I would not see. There were prompters at each corner.

I was almost at the gate of the campus. Past here, I was not called The Lady, for the students and professors claimed ignorance of my title. They had their little ways. Beside the gate a man looked at me intently, making sure, before pointing a finger at me. The nail was black and broken at the tip.

"J'accuse," he whispered, showing yellow teeth as he smiled. "J'accuse you!"

I backed away from him. They laughed behind the buildings. A trained dog was sitting on the curb, playing dumb. Now, he walked over to me and tried to repeat what the man had said, but he could not pronounce the French. This was ghastly beyond belief.

"Ha ha," the Director was saying to his assistants, "that gave Her a turn!"

I had just time to go up the steps and into the classroom. The professor was a floor above me, memorizing his lines and gathering his props. They painted false glasses on him; I had seen the smear

lines near his ears on a day when he was late. The other students were pretending to read their notes. I sat down in the proper place and feigned that I was one of them.

"When The Lady comes," I muttered, "I'll say my lines to Her." They had surpassed themselves on the language, inventing a middle voice and hiding words in the glossary at the back of the book. I could not find them there, but the other students had keys and always found them.

The lecture was interesting in spite of what lay behind it. Determined not to be fooled today, I took no notes. That way madness lies.

After class was over, I went up two flights to the English Office. They had the stairs finished by the time I got to them. They looked substantial, but bits of plaster and wood-shavings fell from the top now and then. The steps wobbled a little as I went up. In the English Office the paint was still not dry, but it was crowded with men running in and out, carrying papers and bluebooks. I waited for the secretary, who was saying lines on the telephone.

"I want to make an appointment to take the Master's Oral next term," I said in a loud voice. Everyone turned and looked at me in consternation — the Director had not prepared them for this unlikely event. The secretary responded with great stage presence and comic effect.

"You will have to come another time," she said slyly, "the Master is not here today."

Everyone laughed immoderately. I could never make them give the right answers.

"Come again at one o'clock," said the secretary, appearing to relent.

I said thank you and went down the stairs rapidly, so that they could use the lumber for the building where I ate lunch. I was a little late, which made the waitresses angry. The coffee was bitter because it had boiled while they waited for me.

2

I WALKED around the streets for an hour, testing the people to see if they knew their lines. I went to a cigar store and checked the book racks, although I knew they had not printed any new ones for four months — they thought I was reading too much. *Miss Otis Regrets* was still there in its lurid cover, but I refused to buy it.

"I regret, too," I whispered. "Ich regret alles." I looked at them quickly, but they preferred to ignore the comment. I tried to confuse them by buying a candy bar. This one was real but still warm from the oven. I had almost caught them at it.

I walked back to the campus. Students were coming out of classes. We had a good Director, who could handle so many characters in one scene. When I went back to the English Office, everyone

was waiting. All through their usual lunch hour, writers had been busy, deleting and rewriting. Ill temper showed in the dialogue for the rest of the day.

The secretary said curtly that I should see the professor who was acting head of the department for this term. I went into the inner office and closed the door. The walls shook a little, for this was scenery which was seldom used. The head of the department put his cards on the table almost immediately.

"What are you doing at this school?" he asked sneeringly.

"I am working for the Ph.D. in English with linguistic emphasis," I answered bravely. I could no other. The professor cut the Gordian knot with a contemptuous flick of his hand.

"Do you think you are able to grasp philology?" he asked. It was a trap.

"Certainly," I replied, but my doubts came over me. He stood up and tore his hair.

"You are a fraud!" he screamed. "What do you know about the dative case?"

I replied with dignity. "Everything," I said. The trap snapped shut.

"What about Grimm's Law?" shouted the professor in a frenzy. "What about Boyle's Law?"

"I break them all!" I answered in ringing tones. He saw it was useless to browbeat me. His tone changed and became gentle, soothing.

"You don't really want to be a philologist," he murmured hypnotically, "a Lady Philologist? No man wants to pinch a Lady Philologist."

I set my jaw, determining to go pinchless to the grave. Now he became frank, confiding. In this mood he was the most dangerous of all. The Director knew his men and of what high histrionics they were capable.

"My dear young Lady," said the professor, "subterfuge is useless. We have been on to you from the start. You are a fraud. A fraud in Old English, a fraud in Old Irish, a fraud in Old Norse, a fraud in Gothic, frauds in German, Latin, French, and Old French!"

"You forgot Spanish," I said weakly.

"You have reached new heights of fraudery in Spanish," he added. "You have set a new low in frauddom. Remember, we know all about you."

"All?" I asked, but hope was fading fast.

"All!" the professor said with finality. I could hear a low chuckle on the other side of the wall. The big scene had come off successfully and the Director was satisfied. I tried once more, putting forth feeble wings to soar into realms of deduction where Verner and Holtzmann sported in the Urgermanisch dawn.

"I can read all those languages," I said.

"Bah." The head of the department was swollen with victory. "What about inchoate verbs, rhotacism, Verschärfung, omphalic succession, West

Germanic consonant gemination, Kinsey's law of cause and effect?"

I was silent; I had no answer to that. "What shall I do?" I spoke with Russian somberness and resignation.

"Well, now, let's see." He shuffled around in the drawers of the desk. "We seem to have destroyed your photostatic records, by accident, of course. You will have to start in again from the beginning."

"Freshman English?" I moaned in horror.

"No, just as a graduate student." The professor was following strict orders. "But any more nonsense about degrees and we will sentence you to courses in Shakespeare, term after term, year after year. He wrote plays, you know, or someone of the same name did, who lived at about that time, we think."

It was time to go. I thanked him for letting me waste his time. He turned back to his desk and I decided that now was the moment — I must strike a blow for reality. Fortunately, I had my wee penknife and a pair of white cotton gloves in my shoulder-strap bag. Gently, without his noticing, I inserted the thin blade into his back. I had been right all the time; just as I had suspected — no blood. The false cadaver was heavy for me, but I pushed and pulled, careful not to bump the knife. I wanted the Director to see it as soon as he came, that he might know who had committed this — ha ha — crime. I got the corpse behind the desk, where it could not be seen from the door. I had my hand on the knob when the prompter on the other side of the wall said the exit lines.

"Good-by," he said in a gruff but friendly voice, "I hope I have helped you."

"Very much," I said, going out. "Thank you, Mr. Swilliger, sir, professor, your honor." The scenery shook a little as I closed the door. In the outer office everyone was still running about with bluebooks and papers.

"What courses are given in summer session?" I spoke like a Hemingway character.

"We have a Shakespeare course by a man from Harvard." The secretary had not had to look it up in her little notebook. They always had the facts coördinated.

"I'll come back," I said. In the corridor they had a large dog running past. I crouched against the wall to let him by, but he stopped and put his head on my shoulder. What an insult!

It was difficult getting past the crowds on Wheeler steps; the Director liked mass effects in the sunlight. I went into the library and read books of modern criticism. These books had been designed by experts to torment me. Tiring of the game, I hid five or six of the books behind the Serbian Drama section — this would give the prop man a run for his money. I laughed thinly; I was fifteen pounds underweight.

On the street, as I walked home, I saw mobs of students, all buying a special edition of the newspaper and clucking at the mock headlines. They were saying "Rhubarb, rhubarb" until I came close. Then, they said lines like "No one knows" and "POLICE BAFFLED." I ignored the rabble; I did not care any more. There were fewer pedestrians as I came nearer home, and on the last block there was no one but a cat. He looked at me with knowledge in his round, yellow eyes. Kitty stood up, black and huge, smiling behind his whiskers.

"Non!" came the whispered cat-voice, denying me for the first time. He denied me twice more, and the beast walked away, waving his black tail. This was a crisis for which I was not prepared. I shuddered to myself, shattered beyond renewal, the last barriers fallen. I would have to make the secret gesture.

I sat down on the curb, hoping that the paint would not leave stains on my skirt, struggling with singular defenses. I began to feel calm, for no reason. It was a beautiful world they had created, an illusion of beauty and reality, but they must forsake it. Until now, I had been forced to follow their rules and dialogue. I could not outwit them by saying the wrong lines or committing eccentricities. Far better to put them out of their misery! I went up the steps of my house, looking back down the street for the last time. The cherry trees were in bloom, if you could call it that.

Upstairs in my bedroom I prepared for the final annihilation. It saddened me to think of no future. The prospect of a lonely old age stretched before me like the streets of a dead city: no Director, no prompters, no players strutting their brief hours with their brief candles and brief cases — only deserted sets, sagging at the corners with rain-streaked paint, colors faded by the sun. I shed a brief tear for the cat, who was feeling insecure and asking the Director if his French accent sounded authentic. It is difficult for a cat to learn French. I should have said something gracious like "Bonjour, pussycat," or "Have you been in this country long?" The cat and the head of the department would console each other with weak tea and the promise of wittier lines on coming days. But that would be in a different drama, for it was time for me to take action. When one is The Lady, one must accept the responsibility.

Standing before the window which framed the hills, I performed the secret gesture which destroyed the actors, the life behind the scenery, and the ill-made props which had made my days a burden to me.

Now there was no one in the world but The Lady, solitary in the sky, grass, and sea beyond the collapsing town. At last the voices had died away into the silence, whereof I am commander.



A SEIZURE OF COUPLETS

by GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

THE prophet is without honor till the year
He prophesies the things we want to hear.

The flaws in greatness don't one tittle
Increase the stature of the little.

That Caesar and his slave within their graves
Are equal is no balm to living slaves.

Their iron chains struck off, behold
Men fight to put on chains of gold.

The trust of dogs and children proves this rule:
Dogs and children are not hard to fool.

Peace is that quiet time essential for
The preparation of another war.

He who fights and runs away
May be a general some day.

What sight doth so infuriate the wise
As seeing fools happy in their paradise?

It is the pedant, not the peasant,
Who makes the poet's life unpleasant.

Only the dry wood may be kindled;
Only the greedy may be swindled.

Diplomacy is pretending not to note
In others a strong desire to slit your throat.

A neutral is a man who ends
With two new foes and two less friends.

Get thee behind me, Satan, and be quick.
Methinks a little push might turn the trick.

After the seven sins, the Devil wrought
An eighth and deadlier sin called Getting Caught.

So long as money is evil's root,
The tree will bear attractive fruit.

Vowing our faith in heaven, still we go
Like exiles driven from the hell we know.

Why should God view man's sexual habits
As more important than the rabbit's?

In the city of the mad, the sane
Are held in check with bar and chain.

What man would be his brother's keeper
When sanitariums are cheaper?

The rich have psychoanalysis;
The poor have movie palaces.

Your broken leg will never mend
My heart as does my hangnail, friend.

Psychosomatic illnesses are those
The doctor cannot promptly diagnose.

Oh, how the angels must have enjoyed
The meeting between St. Paul and St. Freud!

Alas, no revelation from above
Makes clear which church God is a member of.

Atlantic Portrait

CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., *who was appointed to the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts in 1941, is imbued with a strong sense of the continuity of the law. Following his graduation from the Harvard Law School, he served as secretary to Judge Augustus N. Hand and Judge Learned Hand. He became an ardent, though not always uncritical, admirer of Justice Brandeis. On this the 100th Anniversary of Brandeis's birth, it is appropriate to be reminded that in his influence upon American law Justice Brandeis comes second only to John Marshall.*

BRANDEIS

by JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

I

ON NOVEMBER 13, 1856, in Louisville, Kentucky, was born Louis Dembitz Brandeis, who can be fairly claimed to rank in influence upon American law second only to John Marshall. He was not the philosopher-poet that Holmes was; nor had he the range of scholarship or the purity of detachment which characterized Cardozo; and he was without the magisterial command that Hughes so magnificently embodied. Yet, even in company with those giants, Brandeis made the second long stride which gave American law a pace distinctive from, if responsive to, English jurisprudence.

John Marshall showed what judges could draw from a written constitution to support the ancient doctrines of government under law. L. D. Brandeis demonstrated, first at the bar and then on the bench, that legislative history and the legislators' avowed concern with economics, social policy, and statistical science could furnish not merely the inarticulate premises but the express grounds of judicial opinion.

From 1916 to 1939, when Brandeis served as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, any visitor to the Court would have been struck by his presence. Much was attributable to his countenance, Lincolnian in its benevolent sympathy and austere beauty. Something was due to the electric shock of his white hair, unforgettably sculpted by Eleanor Platt. And then, as Brandeis talked, the soft Southern voice, so persuasive in its appeal to reason, so simple in its choice of words, so moral in its undertones, moved the auditor even more perhaps than the majestic utterances of Chief Justice Hughes, the vigorous clarity of Justice Roberts, and the urbane gentility of Justice Sutherland.

On the bench in front of Justice Brandeis, but not before any other judge, was crooked a gooseneck lamp, obviously lacking the ornate resplendence of standard judicial equipment. Its immediate purpose was severely utilitarian — for none followed more closely and with less interruption the argu-

ments and page references of counsel at the bar. But may it not also have been a symbol to notify the stranger that although the Court had been moved into a palace of justice over Brandeis's protest, L.D.B. had a distaste for ostentation?

Were you to see the Justice in his home, there you would find no display of wealth or elegance. He himself would probably be wearing the dark blue serge suit that annually he bought by mail from Filene's Boston store. If he were in his apartment at Florence Court, the furniture would be typified by a green sofa with a long stiff back which perhaps began its career in a shipment from a Victorian store to Otis Place in Boston. On the wall was a photographic reproduction of the statue of Venus de Milo. If you were allowed to go a floor above, to his crowded study, the surrounding books were law reports from the federal and Massachusetts courts, and a collection of albums filled with clippings reporting Brandeis's cases as an advocate and his championship as "the people's lawyer" of controversies before court, commission, and Congress in the first decade and a half of the twentieth century.

Perhaps, if your intimacy with the Justice reached back into those earlier days, and even more probably if you shared his concern with the aims of Zionism, you might be invited to the Justice's summer cottage at Chatham for an hour's visit strictly clocked by Mrs. Brandeis. If possible, there were even fewer signs of luxury there than on California Street in Washington. Some books were placed not on shelves but in packing cases. And on the wall were framed not famous etchings or impressionist paintings but something far more revealing: a legal instrument — a contract executed several decades before in which Mr. Brandeis agreed to pay to each of his daughters an allowance of five cents each week and they in turn agreed to polish his shoes, all on the understanding that "there are no catchwords in this contract."

Whether you came to his home on the Cape or in the District of Columbia, you would meet (mixed with the famous — the Senators, the wife of the President, the heads of executive agencies) a number of both men and women who were engaged in tasks that, though they might not be newsworthy, had a critical importance in the civic and cultural life of the nation: the librarian of the Labor Department; a manufacturer of tags who, before the congressional social-security legislation, had tried an unemployment compensation system in his own plant; the associate editor of the *Encyclopedia of Social Sciences*; the chief economist of the Department of Agriculture; the most original mind on the staff of the Interstate Commerce Commission; a New York magazine writer who sought to interest a larger public in the intricacies of governmental bureaus; a young lawyer representing New England textile interests; a publisher of pocket books; an expositor of the growth of savings-bank life insurance; a member of a Jewish charitable association's board; an associate counsel of an international intergovernmental organization; the secretary of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance; the president of the Seaman's Union; a young professor from the Harvard Law School; a statistician from a Wisconsin public utility commission.

The Justice would take aside visitors, one or two at a time, and ask them on what they were working and what had struck them as interesting. From the judge would come a word of encouragement to pursue the investigation of the causes of an alleged evil, or to remain in the small office in a South-eastern community, or further to consider a particular administrative or legislative problem. Sometimes the judge would broach a topic in which he thought his guest would have interest, and then would find the response unexpectedly negative. Once, for example, he spoke to me of the development of small village community life in Palestine. It took no extensive plumbing to find me completely ignorant. The Justice said nothing. But some days later I found in my morning's mail a set of pamphlets on Palestine, all rolled in a slit plain envelope with no identification beyond the familiar strong, straight handwriting of L.D.B.

It was by hand that all his correspondence and his opinions were written after he went to Washington. He gave up all stenographic assistance and never used as substitutes dictating machines or even, to any extent, a typewriter. But he did have one curiously expensive habit. In preparing an opinion as a Justice of the Court he regularly sent many rough drafts to the Court printer, and then worked from galleys as other lawyers would work from typewritten drafts. Sometimes, as in his celebrated dissent in the *O'Fallon* case, he dispatched perhaps more than a score of versions of his opinion to the printer's shop on Twelfth Street before he was satisfied with the product. A reason

for this extraordinary use of printed rather than typewritten copies may have been that only when a document appeared to him as he thought it would appear to a reader was he able to judge its quality. But whatever the reason, the result was as striking stylistically as it was substantively.

The process of constant revision, rearrangement of ideas, and reshuffling of paragraphs and sentences made the final opinion in each sense of the word highly "articulate." The text had an organic tightness that did not rely for its clear relationships merely on enumeration of separate sections of the text. Footnotes were arrayed with a compelling completeness of supporting authority. And the several points raised by counsel or by other judges were comprehensively answered. To a sensitive, strictly literary taste, the style might seem gaunt. But this criticism must be taken as praise, not blame, by anyone who regards as a test of prose its faithful reflection of the mental and moral standards of the author.

2

THUS Brandeis emphasized the special responsibility which falls upon a judge of our highest court to contribute in its deepest sense to the political growth of the American people. From the time of Chief Justice Marshall, the opinions of the Supreme Court have been a text unto the people. Read in the daily press, studied in the common school, knotted into the rope of enduring history, they may well be the largest single contribution to the philosophy of the American way of life. Conscious of this aspect of his office, Brandeis shaped his opinions not merely as judge but as teacher. No one who has digested his judicial opinions will be surprised at the tale told by one of his most distinguished law clerks, Professor Paul A. Freund of the Harvard Law School. Brandeis had been assigned a case to write for the Court. After he had analyzed the facts, derived the principles to guide the conclusion, and achieved his judgment, Brandeis was not yet content to utter the opinion. For he was still inquiring of his law clerk, "What can we do to make it more instructive?"

Unlike so many leaders in his profession, Brandeis almost never wrote memorial tributes or similar biographical essays which in form purport to sketch the character of other lawyers and judges, but which so often in substance become revelations of the aspirations and accomplishments of the author, rather than of the subject. Once, and in a manner unforgettable to anyone who has read this now difficult-to-procure record, Brandeis came close to painting the sort of double-mirror portrait of which I am speaking. I allude to the magisterial summary of the character of Louis R. Glavis which, as his counsel, Mr. Brandeis gave to the Congressional Joint Committee to Investigate the Interior Depart-

ment and Forestry Service, conducting the so-called Ballinger investigation. Does Brandeis describe himself or Glavis when he tells us of the four cardinal virtues of a witness — power of observation, perfection of memory, clarity of expression, and ability to envisage the whole situation into which his testimony fits? And is there a more thoughtful defense of Brandeis's own professional career, or for that matter a more pertinent tract for the present times, than the argument offered Congress in support of the concept of loyalty exhibited by Glavis and by Ballinger's stenographer, Frederick M. Kerby?

One issue which perplexed the investigating Congressmen, the wider public, and not least Brandeis's fellow counsel in the case was whether there rested a moral duty of disclosure upon a subordinate in the Civil Service who had discovered what he thought were departures from principle by his superior officer. In Glavis's case the subordinate believed that his chief, Secretary Ballinger, was surrendering portions of the public domain to private rapacity. The stenographer Kerby knew from the letters he had transcribed that Secretary Ballinger, Attorney General Wickersham, and President Taft had misled the Congressional Committee as to the chronological order in which documents had been prepared, and thus had altered their import and value. What was the duty of Glavis and Kerby under these circumstances? How far, and to whom, were they warranted in becoming informers? Was there an overriding obligation to individuals with whom one had been confidentially associated? Could this conflict of attachments be resolved by a profounder understanding of the principle of loyalty?

Whether or not we accept it as valid, the answer Brandeis fashioned states with admirable clarity one viewpoint: —

The danger in America is not of insubordination, but it is of too complacent obedience to the will of superiors. With this great Government building up, ever creating new functions . . . the one thing we need is men in subordinate places who will think for themselves and who will think and act in full recognition of their obligations as part of the governing body. . . . We want every man in the Service . . . to recognize that he is part of the governing body, and that on him rests responsibility within the limits of his employment just as much as upon the man on top . . . they cannot be worthy of the respect and admiration of the people unless they add to the virtue of obedience some other virtues — the virtues of manliness, of truth, of courage, of willingness to risk positions, of the willingness to risk criticisms, of the willingness to risk the misunderstandings that so often come when people do the heroic thing.

These are so plainly the virtues which Mr. Brandeis himself possessed, and they are so excellent a definition of the independent man, that I shall devote the remainder of this paper first to a canvass of

the leading themes with which his name is indelibly associated, and then to an appreciative critique of his personal way of life. It is not an exaggeration to say that like Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, and Holmes, Brandeis has become for many men much more than a hero in American narrative history. He has become a symbol of particular threads woven into the enduring pattern of American life. He has become the embodiment of the independent man, the inner-directed man of rational bent and moral integration.

3

THE overriding problem of the independent man living in Brandeis's age and ours is the reconciliation of his essential spiritual nature with the powerful forces of an expanding industrial society, a society proceeding at unprecedented speed to produce novel instrumentalities, to spread geographically, to reach new levels of population, to concentrate into fewer hands vast administrative power, and to standardize both information and criteria of judgment so that they may be digested by the mass of men possessing a minimum of bite and taste.

Concern over the relationship between the individual and the mass is, of course, a topic with a longer history than the twentieth century. And even the accentuated phases of this problem which are attributable to the accelerated technological advance since the Victorian era have a bibliography of inordinate length. So Brandeis would claim no patent for his discovery of the central illness of his time. Nor would he, I am sure, suggest he deserved credit for diagnosing as one of the chief causes "the curse of bigness."

The Brandeis program can be conveniently analyzed under his treatment of public power and private power. One advantage of this procedure is that it reveals that the Brandeis opposition to bigness, while always an important criterion, was never an exclusive one, at least where what was at stake was public or governmental power.

For more than a century and a half, or since the overthrow of the yoke of what was regarded as British tyranny, American political science had been keyed to the task of preventing oppressive government. According to the schoolbook version, the devices chiefly relied upon were the federal structure of our Union, the tripartite division of the government into executive, legislative, and judicial branches, judicial review of arbitrary official action, a bill of rights, and representative government.

Our federal structure was an historical consequence of a victorious Revolutionary War consolidating the foreign, commercial, and fiscal interests of diverse colonies accustomed to a large measure of self-determination. The pressures which produced our United States Constitution established a framework which promptly excited widespread ad-

miration. It is unnecessary to recite the degree to which parts of the then British Empire copied our Constitution, or to repeat the panegyric which we received from the most celebrated historian of liberty, Lord Acton. For him the pluralistic structure of the United States, contrasted with the unitary administration of the French Republic, represented our distinctive contribution to the principle of political freedom.

As a judge, Mr. Justice Brandeis often had occasion to show his allegiance to the federal principle. In the cases where progressive legislation of local governments was assailed, he frequently resisted the attack by resorting to the principle that our Constitution protected the right of experimentation in the insulated chambers drawn by state boundary lines. Yet it would be naïve to assert that that principle, of which Mr. Justice Holmes was an even more ardent champion, remained with either of them as inflexible dogma, especially when the coin was reversed and Congress sought to legislate in areas theretofore local. Brandeis, despite occasional votes, as in *Schechter Corporation v. United States*, declaring unconstitutional the National Industrial Recovery Act, was almost always the upholder of, sometimes even the instigator of, that expansion of central governmental power whose growth seems to the critical eye to have made the present United States an increasingly unitary power. This admittedly strong statement I believe can be supported by noting the role of Brandeis in fostering the furthest reaches of congressional taxing and spending power, as well as in the interpretation he gave to the commerce power and the war power, and his refusal to find more than a precatory injunction in the Tenth Amendment.

May I, as a dramatic example, state from personal knowledge his obscure though decisive role in the initiation of our federal-state unemployment compensation system? For now after two decades the tale has moved from the realm of gossip into the realm of history. It was in his apartment that his non-lawyer daughter, in his absence, made the highly legalistic suggestion of a new federal excise tax, modeled on the federal estate tax, with a credit to the taxpayer of amounts paid by the taxpayer to state unemployment compensation systems to be created under state law. Whatever may be said of the constitutionality of the plan — and on this point I am free from doubt, as was the majority of the Supreme Court in 1937 — and whatever may be said of the degree to which the plan preserved opportunities for local administration and for minor variations in local substantive policy, the plan effectuated a marked increase in the relative degree of national control in our federal system.

But the support which social security received was only symptomatic of what appears to me to be the unmistakable trend of other Brandeis decisions. He always regarded as virtually absolute, aside from

issues of due process, the grants to Congress of power to tax, to spend, to regulate commerce, and to declare and carry on war. To be sure, he sometimes privately urged that these national powers should be used to supply money, information, or legal backing for state laws. But whether this advice was followed or not, the political result, achieved mainly during his time on the Supreme Court, was to aggrandize the central power.

Likewise, so far as concerns adherence to the hornbook principle of "separation of powers," the impact of the decisions during the Brandeis period was hardly in the spirit of the American founding fathers. As an advocate before the Interstate Commerce Commission, as a sponsor of a bill ultimately merged in the Clayton Act to establish the Federal Trade Commission, and as a judge interpreting regulatory New Deal legislation, Brandeis is properly regarded as one of the architects of our modern system of administrative agencies, which commonly combine some subsidiary executive, legislative, and judicial powers.

So that I may not be misunderstood, let me make explicit that I am not on this score attacking Brandeis. I happen to share his viewpoint. But I recognize, as I am sure he did, that he participated in a most significant increase in public power in the direction of bigness and contrary to individual initiative. He acquiesced in the conversion of government from a largely negative role in combating force and fraud into an affirmative instrument, moving in novel ways, to establish for private persons, corporations, and industries approved patterns of minimum conduct, sometimes appealingly called "fair" conduct.

4

HOWEVER, if the swelling of the Washington bureaucracy owes something to a favorable wind blown from Brandeis's quarter, he was at the same time most active among those who reduced the pretensions of the Supreme Court to be a super-legislature. His strict avoidance (with one conspicuous exception in *Erie Railroad Co. v. Tompkins*) of unnecessary constitutional issues has become legendary. He had an admirable judicial tolerance toward legislation which in his private capacity he disliked. Witness the ironical fact that one of the dissents with which his name will always be associated was in *New State Ice Co. v. Liebmann*, where he voted to uphold a legislative grant of an ice monopoly of which he might not have approved as a voter.

Even in the field of civil liberties — where the celebrated letter of March 15, 1789, from Ambassador Thomas Jefferson to Congressman James Madison suggests that the Supreme Court of the United States was intended to have a more liberal veto than it had exerted over economic, commercial, or

like legislation — Justice Brandeis exercised his judicial negative with restraint. Examined closely, the Brandeis opinions in this field are more often directed at improvement of judicial procedure, at the establishment of safeguards against the reception of tainted evidence, at scrutiny of the precise facts of record, and at cautious interpretation of the legislative command, than they are at invalidation of deliberate legislative choices as to repressive measures.

This was thoroughly consistent with the Justice's deep belief in responsible, representative government. He had no illusion as to his personal omniscience. His tendency was to adopt those courses which gave opportunity for legislators, or administrators, or lower courts to speak more clearly. What he strove to do was to make others examine difficult problems as carefully as he did, so that before final action they would inform the judgments for which they justly bore responsibility. Indeed this is why time and again he will be found supporting investigatory powers, disclosure statutes, and even private group action aiming at a wider dissemination of basic statistical material.

If, as I have suggested, the program in which Justice Brandeis at least acquiesced strengthened during his lifetime the forces of public power and of bigness in government, the record is quite the reverse in the field of private power.

Monopoly, and even bigness which fell short of monopoly, he consistently opposed for practical considerations which he believed experience had taught. He thought men were so inherently limited that they could not intelligently command large enterprises with mastery of detail and economy of operation. He was skeptical of vast concentration of power not because it was inevitably wicked but because he thought it tended to be slothful, unimaginative, and unresponsive to the needs of the market, the problems of the worker, and the claims of the investor. More than the likelihood of corruption, the certainty of capriciousness in large enterprise was what Brandeis feared.

With this outlook, there are many who agree — not least Mr. Justice Douglas, who, to the expressed delight of Mr. Justice Brandeis, became his successor on the Supreme Court of the United States. But it is doubtful whether on the extreme limits (as distinguished from the main trend) of this issue Brandeis can ever get on his side more than a sharply divided vote.

To a large extent, bigness in the modern world seems inevitable unless we are prepared to emulate Switzerland or a Scandinavian country. Our high standards of consumption at relatively low cost are in large part the result of mass production, as we are every day reminded by the automobile and the household gadgets which lighten the housewife's toil. Our military security at the moment rests chiefly on the products of nuclear fission coming

from enterprises on a scale so mammoth that only one or two nations can undertake similar establishments.

Those who disagree with Brandeis argue that the evils he discerned are not peculiar to bigness, and are not curable by a planned program of dispersal of power. What the opponents assert is that there are two sounder methods of dealing with the dangers of which Brandeis spoke.

The first is the less important and, to the uncommitted mind, the less warranted by the evidence of experience. It is the promotion of countervailing forces operating exclusively in the economic realm. They are composed, first, of the rival giants in the same area of business; and second, of the giants in those fields of supply, labor, and consumption directly tangent to the first area.

If there can be achieved such a desired resolution of forces operating in the economic realm, then one fortunate by-product of bigness in private enterprise will be the balance which vast establishments of private power are able to exert on the even more vast domain of public power. Our generation has learned what history never before taught so clearly: that public power, even when nominally executing programs for the common man and the social interest, is not always to be trusted with total authority. Absoluteness always becomes arbitrariness. If we are to have a government constantly promoting the general welfare and not the selfish interest of a dictator or of an administrative class of civil servants, it is not sufficient to rely on verbal constitutional limitations, nor on automatic checks internal to our mighty Leviathan. Only if private forces are also of considerable moment and have the courage that comes from independent power can we avoid the capriciousness inevitable in unmitigated totalitarianism.

The second method for dealing with bigness which is advanced by those who dissent from Brandeis's view has an element of paradox, but is nonetheless, I believe, persuasive. The dissenters say, "Justice Brandeis, we agree with you that power and bigness are heavily freighted with risk. Grave dangers there are of abuse, arbitrariness, selfishness, corruption, inefficiency, loss of nerve, staleness, and dull inertia. But, sir, these are not dangers peculiar to bigness, and are not cured solely by competition. You, sir, when you planned the library at Louisville, the savings-bank insurance system in Massachusetts, the yardstick method of calculating gas rates in Boston, were convinced that the mechanism you had provided, so admirably adapted to your theories, would prove your case for small units. If you were to come back now, and again scrutinize your favored institutions, would you not agree with us that what made those enterprises so successful was not their scale but the quality of the gifted man that conceived them and for a time guided their operations? When he left they lost some of their unique

quality. In all life proof abounds that he who is a good and faithful servant over a few things can usually be set over many things."

For, as Lord Radcliffe's Reith Lectures and his apt citation of the experience in India of British civil servants showed, the "problem of power" is less a question of the magnitude than of the morality of responsibility. Power and bigness are no more inherently good or bad than are water and land. All turns on the use made of them. And men in large and small undertakings alike may be trained to self-discipline. In this they may be aided by codes of professional behavior. They are even more helped to become better stewards and better men by the habitual vision of greatness in others.

5

THUS it is primarily because of his example of personal greatness, not because of his program and doctrine, that we stand so in debt to Brandeis. His practice was even sounder than his precept. If we reject as thoroughly impractical his notion that jobs should be cut down to man-size, and instead reluctantly conclude that to achieve peace, to reduce illness, poverty, and ignorance, and to promote the efficient use of human and natural resources, large-scale organizations with oversize jobs are inevitable in our times, Brandeis illustrated for us perhaps better than anyone else how to fill such posts.

First is his method of work. He sought out the detail and pondered it while he savored its significance. When Brandeis understood all that there was to know about the facts, he himself (at least until his last years) prepared his own statement of his findings and conclusions. I well remember a remark the Justice made to me when I first entered the public service: "The reason the public thinks so much of the Justices of the Supreme Court is that they are almost the only people in Washington who do their own work."

There are those, I am sure, who will say that this practice is well enough for a judge, removed from most of the harassments of ordinary office life, considering problems neatly packaged in bound records with defined issues, and not under strong inducement to solve forthwith urgent practical problems, but that this is a ridiculous model for the crowded executive or other man absorbed in active struggle. I suggest that the rejection of the Brandeis model often comes too fast. It is extraordinary how much even the man charged with vast administrative responsibilities can gain in discriminating judgment, in overall appraisal, in effectiveness of communication, and in that respect of his fellow workers which breeds authority, when he speaks from personal knowledge of detail. What initially may appear a sacrifice of time comes back manyfold in the form of durable increased reputation.

More than his method of work, Brandeis's *moral*

character deserves prolonged contemplation. You may suppose that those emphasized words are a conventional tribute of the type customarily paid to all but the most venal men who have ever held high office. But I mean no such naïve standard compliment. Brandeis's morality, though it was the undoubted foundation of a life of unusual consistency and, in that sense, integrity, presents shortcomings as well as extraordinary depths that repay extended consideration.

One shortcoming has struck most commentators who have assayed the claim that Brandeis was in the Renaissance sense "a complete man." Of the three cardinal values, Brandeis prized highly only two — truth and goodness. Beauty received scant attention. Absence of a vibrant interest in art and poetry is perhaps not always meaningful. But here it is, I suspect, of importance, for it underlines how severely rational was the ethics to which he adhered. His moral order is economic, not poetic, in its foundations. Far from the mark are the comparison of Brandeis to the Biblical prophets and the appellation of Isaiah which he won from President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mysticism, poetry, the prophetic vision that passeth understanding, never governed Brandeis's utterances. Indeed Brandeis was not like the Old Testament type of moralist the Jewish people has produced — for his ultimates are hardly tinged with emotion. Certainly he was not, like Spinoza, "God-intoxicated." Nor was he suffused with an indiscriminate love of all mankind. And just as he was not overwhelmed by an awareness of fraternal love or of its magic key to the solitariness that lies at the core of all men, so he was not troubled by irrational evil in the world, nor by man's innate perversity which some orthodox theologians ascribe to original sin, and which others of us regard as being waywardness as mysterious as our sudden impulses for good.

But the most intriguing and optimistic aspect of Brandeis's moral life, the one that I believe especially repays study, is what seems to me its progressive improvement beginning in middle life. Some there are who prefer to worship heroes who sprang full armed at birth from the head of Zeus. And for those used to rites appropriate for such primitives, Brandeis is a quite unsatisfactory model. As was the case with Abraham Lincoln, whom Brandeis so much resembled in physical appearance, certain episodes in Brandeis's youth and early maturity are so contrary to the idealism proclaimed in later life that some hostile critics have doubted his sincerity.

There are others who suppose that there was at some stage in Brandeis's life a dramatic forking of the road. Some have suggested it came with marriage to a strong wife with a deep social conscience, reared in a family consecrated by a high sense of duty. Others offer a rationale in terms of an inner response to specific outside stimulus: horror at the Homestead strike, contact with the garment work-

ers in New York, gradual withdrawal by the Boston Brahmins of the hospitality early extended to Brandeis, a determination to become a factor in politics, the acquisition from legal practice of an "independent fortune" which made it easier for him to be an "independent man."

All of these analyses strike me as naïve substitutes for a far more common, but nonetheless wonderful and encouraging, explanation. Brandeis himself was the exemplar *par excellence* of his own doctrine that "responsibility is the great developer of man." L.D.B. was a man of constant inward growth. And let us not take from him the glory that he won, by our pretending either that he was always noble or that he became so by external pressure. He grew by trial and error. We are reminded of the dilemma presented to Senator Albert J. Beveridge while he was collecting material for his four-volume biography of Lincoln. As he proceeded with his investigation of original sources, Beveridge became so alarmed at what he regarded as discreditable epi-

sodes in Lincoln's early life that he contemplated burning his papers and abandoning the project. Then Beveridge determined that to the reflective student Lincoln was the greater man because it was by conquering himself that he had won the world.

The life of Brandeis had no such depths as the Illinois politician's from which to rise, nor did it ascend quite to Lincolnian heights of pity and love; yet it is a great, perhaps the greatest American, saga of the independent man of our times, the man who believes that ultimate questions must be referred not primarily to some official power or legal proclamation, but to an inward authority — an authority that may be religious, or humanistic, or humanitarian; an authority for which the ethical and creative aspects of the individual man are paramount considerations; an authority that promotes the unflagging search for those arrangements of life, of work, and of leisure which enlarge the capacity of man to discover truth, to achieve beauty, and to foster a fraternal fellowship.



WHITE EGRET

by ROSEMARY THOMAS

THE spirit of the marshes stands
one leg folded under wing,
intent apparently on nothing,
like a frosty eremite
or the white ibis Egypt knew
along the emerald-lidded Nile
where princes hunted in the reeds
and later left their haunted souls
sealed in funerary bowls.

The egret's bones are hollow ice,
he stands where air and water meet
bent like some refracted light.
The anvil chorus of the frogs
titillates the evening air,
he watches with his third eyelid
the phosphorescence of the peat,
the minnows in their swallow flight.

No bubble breaks the glassy hour,
white lotuses engage his feet,
and brilliant cardinal swamp-flower
observes his fluoroscopic flight
which, like a papyrus scroll,
unrolls its paradisaal wings,
befriends the hieroglyphic stars
to write beyond appointed things.



This month the controversial problem of Algeria is once again to come before the United Nations General Assembly for discussion. To give its readers an impartial analysis of a most complex question, the Atlantic has turned to HERBERT LUETHY, an acknowledged authority on French colonial problems. Mr. Luethy is a former Paris correspondent for the Swiss newspaper, Die Tat, and the author of Frankreichs Uhren Gehen Anders, which appeared in an American translation last year under the title France Against Herself (Frederick Praeger).

ALGERIA IN REVOLT

by HERBERT LUETHY

1

ONE of the things every French soldier was issued last spring on being drafted for the war in North Africa was an information booklet about Algeria. In it he was told that what he was going out to defend was not the cause of colonial domination, but the unity and integrity of his country. Algeria, he was informed, is a "French creation," "an integral part of France," and as French as Burgundy, Brittany, or Poitou, so that it has no right to claim a non-French nationality. What he was going to fight, therefore, was not a movement of national independence, but a handful of "separatists," criminal rebels, foreign agents, and bandits.

To back up the thesis that, legally speaking, Algeria does not exist, this pamphlet carried on its front page an extract from a profession of faith once made by an Algerian who has since become quite famous — Ferhat Abbas. It is undoubtedly one of the grandest tributes ever paid to the French ideal of total assimilation of the nation's overseas possessions within the body politic of the Republic. Under the title "An Outside View of Nationalism: *La France, c'est moi*," the author, then a pharmacist and town councilor from the Algerian township of Setif, declared: —

If I had discovered the "Algerian nation," I would be a nationalist and I would not be ashamed of the fact. . . . And yet, I shall not die for the "Algerian Fatherland," because this fatherland does not exist. I have failed to discover it. I have interrogated history; I have interrogated the living and the dead; I have visited the cemeteries; no one has spoken to me about it. . . . You cannot build on the wind. We have therefore once and for all brushed aside mirages and myths to link our future definitely to the French achievements in this country. . . . Six million Moslems barefoot, clothesless, lodged in slums, and often without even bread, live on this land that

has been French for one hundred years. Out of this famished multitude we wish to forge a modern society through schools, the defense of the peasantry, and social welfare. We want to raise it to the rank of human dignity so that it is worthy of being French.

It is well to recall this text, for it shows that this idea of assimilation which people are all too ready today to shrug off as an empty myth was once a promise, a hope, a conviction, and one that seemed almost within grasp. Almost — for we must also recall the date of this text. Published in Ferhat Abbas' newspaper *L'Entente* on February 23, 1936, it is now twenty years old. Twenty years that have seen the face of the globe transformed, but in which France has distinguished herself most of all by her desperate clinging to antediluvian ideas. What an irony! At the very moment that the booklet containing this text was being distributed to French soldiers last spring, its author, Ferhat Abbas, was leaving Algeria to join the leaders of the Algerian insurrection in Cairo!

Now it is true that Algeria — and still less the Algerian nation — has no historical existence. If we are perhaps witnessing the painful and bloody birth of a nation, it is one which is being brought forth from the dire clash between three forces which once seemed to be converging, but which are now clearly tugging in different directions. First is the native mass of the country — 9 million Moslems — an amorphous mass that for a long time had nothing to hold it together but a general allegiance to Islam. It has a very high birth rate, and more than 55 per cent of these 9 million Moslems are under twenty years of age. Then there is the European colony — over one million "Algerian Frenchmen from France" who have lived in North Africa for several generations and have sunk deep roots there, intermingled with immigrants from other European countries and with Algerian Jews. Like every domi-

nant minority, it lives in daily fear of being submerged by the native mass, and has always opposed the policy of total assimilation, of educating and emancipating the Moslem majority. And finally, between these two, stands metropolitan France, whose authority alone could have imposed on both Algerian communities — and above all on the European — the liberal policies proclaimed in Paris.

2

THE peculiar conditions of North Africa, and particularly of Algeria, might once have seemed ideal for the solution of the problem posed by the coexistence on the same soil of a European minority and a native mass. For Algeria is indeed the natural extension of France and a "French creation." When the French first set foot in Algiers in 1830, all they found there was a nest of pirates, nominally placed under Turkish sovereignty, who spent their time preying on European maritime traffic and tyrannizing the feebly populated hinterland. Algeria owes everything, even its name, to France. Its high plateau, sheltered from the sea by rugged and steep coasts, has always been open to nomadic conquests and invasions of Bedouins coming from the east, the south, and the west. It has never had geographic unity, historic continuity, or even a single moment of independent existence.

The French colonization of Algeria may properly be called Roman in its scope and method. By dint of total annexation of the territory, the establishment of military settlements, the massive transfer of settlers from France to North Africa, the large-scale expropriation of pasture lands that had, or were considered to have, no owners, the confiscation of the territories of rebellious tribes and their systematic exploitation, the French managed to do what no previous attempt at colonization had been able to: conquer Algeria in depth.

When the French launched their ambitious program for assimilating Algeria in 1865, they had virtually no obstructions to deal with. In fact, the fusion between East and West has never been carried further than here. But it was never a perfect synthesis. In this French country the native masses remained for the most part beyond the pale of French schools, law courts, and democratic institutions, aliens in their own land, a kind of "internal proletariat" as Toynbee would call them.

Whence came this profound separation? The first explanation that springs to mind is, of course, the wide gap in living standards separating Arabs from Europeans. In Algeria, however, there exist both a European proletariat and a well-to-do Arab bourgeoisie. Nor can we really speak of racial clashes, for the Arabized Berbers of North Africa are white, and segregation has never been the law of the land. The one insurmountable barrier dividing the two peoples has been Islam.

It has often been said of modern totalitarianism that it is a kind of "twentieth-century Islam." Summary as it is, this statement can be inverted: Islam is a totalitarianism that has aged. The word Islam means submission, and submission not only to a religious faith but to a total religious, political, judicial, and social system embracing and regulating all spheres of public and private life. The radical simplicity of its religious message — a rigid monotheism derived from Jewish and Christian beliefs but stripped of their mysteries and summed up in the formula "God is God" — together with a simple ritual that can be reduced to a few strict rites and prayers, gives it an immense power of expansion and penetration throughout those populations that have remained at roughly the same level of human development that the Arabs had reached at the time of Mohammed.

Being a faithful Moslem implies at the same time a submission to a social system which refuses to acknowledge any brotherhood save that of the Faithful, any law save that of the Koran, any truth save that of the Prophet, any knowledge that is more than the elucidation of the revealed truth of Islam. Every religion is, of course, in a certain sense a "totalitarian system." But what is peculiar to Islam, in its origins and throughout its history, is its absolute refusal to distinguish the spiritual from the temporal, religious authority from political, the law of God from the intellectual fashion of the age, physics from metaphysics. The kingdom of the Prophet was of this world, and he was at once the founder of a religion, a legislator, the head of a state, and a conqueror.

Arab colonization has thus been more thorough and lasting than any other. This is not because it was particularly cruel or intolerant but because of its monolithic character, which has been both its glory and its curse. Thus the forms of society and law handed down by the Arabs were from the beginning unchangeable, petrified to eternity. The basic law of the Arab world was until recently the immemorial law of the desert, according to which the state was the joint property of the descendants of the Prophet and his family, just as though it were some communal grazing lot. There was no fixed method for the transmission of power other than "despotism tempered by assassination." The Islamic community in whatever form it has manifested itself — whether as religion, state, tribe, brotherhood, Mahdist legion, or political party — has remained essentially the same for more than thirteen centuries. Whether in some lost valley of the Atlas Mountains or in a cluster of workers' shanties in a Paris suburb, the fundamental pattern recurs unchangingly: a chieftain and his troop of faithful followers.

The immense force and capacity for resistance of this society, which might at first sight seem doomed to anarchy and decline, consists simply in the fact

that however battered or dispersed it may be, everywhere it spontaneously reforms. Nor should we overlook another factor in this extraordinary capacity for resisting external influences: the cloistering of Arab women, who remain veiled, ignorant, submissive slaves of their lord and master, and non-participants in public life. Revolutionary upheavals may shake the rest of the globe, but according to custom the Arab woman — and thus the family — must be kept from contact with the outer world, so that each new generation is brought up in the incubus of sacred ignorance and ancestral tradition.

This cloistering of Arab women has been one of the decisive obstacles to all genuine interpenetration between the French and Moslem communities in Algeria. Even when a real friendship or comradeship is established between European and Moslem men, it remains a masculine relationship, confined to the army, the factory, the café, or the office. It stops at the threshold of the Moslem's home. A Moslem friend does not invite a European to his house, and when invited to the European's home he comes alone. In Algeria the exclusion of women from intercommunity life has had the force of a religious taboo — imposed by the Moslems, not the Europeans — and the result has been that, however close the relations between individual French and Moslem men have been, the two societies have mixed as little as oil and water.

This is why such Europeanization of Arabs as there has been has taken place among the North Africans who have emigrated to France as workers or students, and who have come without their wives and families. Many of them — including such Algerian nationalist leaders as Messali Hadj and Ferhat Abbas, or the Tunisian Premier, Habib Bourguiba — have grown so incapable of bowing to the archaic forms of Islamic family life that they have married French wives. If we are seeking a key to the almost schizophrenic behavior that distinguishes the present Moslem elite of North Africa, it is here, I think, that it can be found. These men are torn between the attraction of France, which has revealed to them a free and open way of life, and loyalty to their Moslem brethren, from whom they neither wish to nor really could dissociate themselves.

3

WITH the single exception of the old Abd el-Krim, the hero of the Riff wars, whose thinking and political experience never got beyond the primitive notion of the Holy War, no North African party leader has been able to get on for any length of time with the Pan-Arab and Pan-Islamic leaders in Cairo. In the company of these Arab fanatics and blackmailing prophets of a new jihad, of mystics and mystifiers who dream of a restoration of the Arab Empire of the Caliphs, even the North Afri-

can extremists could not help feeling Western-minded. Instinctively they looked for help toward the liberals and socialists in Paris rather than toward the neo-imperialists of the Arab League.

Even today Messali Hadj, the founder and leader of the Party of the Algerian People, who has always recruited his followers from among the Western-oriented Algerian proletariat in France, is engaged in a death struggle with the leaders of the National Liberation Front in Cairo. But now, interned and kept under surveillance by the French, deprived of all freedom of movement to contact emissaries and party colleagues, he has been having difficulty maintaining his authority. The day is probably past when he can exercise influence except by competing with his rivals on the plane of demagoguery.

In neighboring Tunisia, Habib Bourguiba and the Neo-Destour are engaged in the same pitiless struggle against the preachers of the Holy War in Cairo. The latter are now accusing the Tunisian leader of having made his peace with France and of betraying his Algerian brothers.

But the most dramatic example of this trend was Ferhat Abbas' departure for Cairo last Spring. Here was an Algerian moderate — a "reformist" so totally removed from any Pan-Arabism that on arriving in Cairo he had to apologize for not knowing classical Arabic, but only French. Yet today he finds himself incapable of exercising any political influence outside of the movement directed by the Arab League.

Ferhat Abbas' evolution is typical of that of the Algerian elite which is closest to France. I have already quoted his dramatic profession of faith as it is reprinted in the French soldier's handbook. Unfortunately the quotation is incomplete. Even at that time Ferhat Abbas was being accused of "nationalism" by the spokesmen of the French colony in Algeria. For these French settlers a "nationalist" was simply any Arab who laid claim, not to the independence of Algeria, but to that equality of citizenship which he was continually being promised in official speeches in Paris. "No one," Ferhat Abbas continued in his declaration of faith, "takes our nationalism seriously. Behind this word, it is our economic and social emancipation that is being combated. But it is this double emancipation that we want with all the strength of our wills. . . . Let us not forget that without the emancipation of the natives, there can be no lasting French Algeria!" What has now become "Algerian nationalism" was once nothing more than this desire for equal rights which, having been frustrated *within* the framework of the French community, is now seeking its fulfillment outside of it.

The historical context of Ferhat Abbas' declaration of faith is as important as the text itself. Its date — 1936 — coincides with a decisive test of the French policy of assimilation. Several months later the government of Léon Blum, with the back-

ing of a strong parliamentary majority, introduced a bill into the Chamber of Deputies intended to give French citizenship to "advanced" Algerians. Modest in scope, it was revolutionary in its implications. Hitherto every Algerian — like every foreigner living in Algeria — could apply for French citizenship, subject to certain conditions. One of these was a requirement that he must renounce his legal status under Koranic law to accept the obligations of the French civil code. This involved breaking up the whole structure of Islamic family life, with its principles of patriarchal authority, collective ownership of property, and inheritance rights. From the point of view of assimilation, which was to make all Algerians into Frenchmen, these requirements were theoretically justified. But in practice they proved an insuperable barrier for most Moslems, for whom the Koran remained the ultimate law, governing their civil as well as religious life.

4

THE Blum-Violette Bill of 1936 proposed for the first time to admit "naturalization within the statute"; that is to say, French citizenship was to be offered, without requiring the renunciation of Koranic law, to a selective minority of notables and dignitaries, army veterans, and holders of French degrees. In all, about 35,000 Algerians were to be promoted to French citizenship in batches of a few thousand a year. This did not threaten the French colony with being "submerged by the native mass"; yet it was a breach in the stone wall that had hitherto excluded the Arabs from French citizenship.

What followed was a classic rehearsal of the spectacle we witnessed last February when the head of the French government was greeted by his own countrymen in Algiers with a hail of rotten tomatoes and insults. The Blum-Violette Bill was greeted by the French colony in Algeria with threats of rebellion and a show of violence. All the French mayors of Algeria banded together and offered their collective resignations as a form of protest. Faced with this show of strength, the Blum government did exactly what the Mollet government did last February: it capitulated unconditionally. The bill was buried and never even came up for debate.

This was neither the first nor the last time that a solemnly announced French project of assimilation was quietly interred. There had been more than a score of similar cases since 1865. But this was the first and last time that such a project aroused a profound response among the Moslems of Algeria. This time their disillusionment was final. Those against whom the door was slammed could no longer fail to develop a consciousness of being Algerians, precisely because they were excluded from the French community. Which did not prevent Ferhat Abbas, despite his solemn warnings, from enlisting in 1939 as a volunteer in the French Army!

Since then French policy in North Africa has drifted rudderless, with no guiding aim or vision of the future beyond the barren defense of the *status quo*. For five years, from 1940 to 1945, the war furnished the local authorities with a pretext for stifling all political expression. The Moslem parties were dissolved, their leaders were imprisoned, and a surface calm reigned over the land. Yet beneath it a deep subterranean fermentation was steadily gathering strength. It finally erupted in the *Manifesto of the Algerian People*. This document, which Ferhat Abbas presented to the Allied and French authorities after the North African landing of November, 1942, is certain to remain a landmark in the future history of Algeria. It was addressed not only to the French government but to the entire "democratic world," and it was signed by an unprecedented number of Moslem notables, ulemas (reformist theologians), and pillars of the established Islamic order, as well as by Ferhat Abbas' own Western-minded political colleagues and friends. After offering a remarkably objective account of the colonial history of Algeria, the *Manifesto* concluded thus: —

It has been established, and French jurists have affirmed, that France, a Christian and Latin nation, cannot accept within its community and family without compromising its national unity an Algerian Moslem, as long as the latter has not abjured his religious faith. In these conditions it is just and human that an Algerian Moslem should be, at least, a citizen in his own country. This is the clearest and simplest justification of the recognition of the Algerian nation. . . . The hour is past when an Algerian Moslem will ask to be other than a Moslem Algerian.

The *Manifesto* did not intend to challenge the accomplishments of a century of colonialism. It accepted the existing state of colonial affairs as the basis for a future Franco-Algerian Federation, which was to leave French sovereignty intact in the fields of defense and foreign policy, guarantee the status of French settlers in Algeria by granting them and all Algerians in France a dual Franco-Algerian citizenship, and open the way for an autonomous development of Algeria in its domestic affairs. These proposals anticipated and outdistanced the post-war current of ideas which were intended to transform the French Empire into the French Union. But such concepts as federation and local autonomy proved incompatible with the French belief in absolute sovereignty and the "one and indivisible Republic." The French Union thus remained a figure of speech because, as François Mitterand, the Minister of the Interior in Mendès-France's government, declared in 1954 after the outbreak of the Aurès uprising, "Algeria is France," and because "from Flanders to the Congo there is one law, one nation, one Parliament. It is the Constitution, and it is our will."

It would be wearying to go back over the innumerable meanderings of France's Algerian policy since the end of the war. After the bloody suppression of the local uprisings that greeted the end of hostilities, the Algerian claim for home rule was met halfway by the Organic Statute for Algeria in 1947. This was a confusing compromise between the legal equality of citizenship granted by the new French Constitution to all inhabitants of France's metropolitan and overseas territories and the factual inequality of the two different sectors of the Algerian population. Be that as it may, it might have been made to work had it been loyally applied. It did at least have the merit of setting up a local Algerian Assembly, half of whose deputies were to be elected by the Europeans, and the other half by the Moslems. This was a belated recognition of the fact that the interests and points of view of the two communities were not identical with those of the metropolitan French, and that an effort should be made to give both representation within the democratic framework of the French Republic.

But the organic statute was never allowed to work. The only autonomy that Algeria gained from it was in the increased power assumed by local French settlers and irremovable and irresponsible colonial functionaries who could now make the administration their own. With the utmost cynicism these administrators openly set about making and remaking puppet parties, rigging elections to the "second" (Moslem) electoral college, and making a mockery of the very principles of democratic representation which the new statute and the French Constitution granted in theory to the Moslems. For the last ten years Algeria has thus lived under the reign of arbitrary rule, "in the scorn of the law, and under the law of scorn," as Ferhat Abbas has described it.

The French colonial administrators were deceiving themselves, however, in thinking that the nationalist agitation seething in the adjacent territories of Tunisia and Morocco could somehow be kept from filtering into Algeria. The uprising in the Aurès Mountains, close to the Tunisian border, in November, 1954, was the simple result of revolutionary contagion and the infiltration of armed bands. North Africa — the "island of the Maghrib," as the Arabs call it — is, despite its political and administrative fragmentation into three chunks, geographically and ethnically one; and the most frightening illusion that French policy has recently given way to — one that was never shared by the founders of the Empire — is the idea that three different and conflicting policies can be pursued in North Africa.

With the outbreak of the insurrection in the Aurès Mountains a National Liberation Front was set up, with its headquarters in Cairo, to direct and

exploit the unrest in Algeria. Even today most of its leaders are virtually unknown to the Moslems of Algeria, with the exception of such recent recruits as Ferhat Abbas. Messali Hadj, confined though he is in France, remains the "Great Leader," and his party, now called the National Algerian Movement, was and maybe still is the only political mass movement among the Arabs of Algeria. But as its leaders — unlike those of the National Liberation Front — were publicly known, nearly all of them have been put under lock and key by the French.

Thus deprived of legitimate and experienced leadership, the Algerian *maquis* has fallen into the grip of "warriors of Islam," some of whom were common bandits before. Unlike the *Messalistes*, whose principal demand is for free elections, these other, Eastern-oriented fanatics are pledged to a Holy War against the French with the full backing of Cairo, which knows that only through a Holy War can it extend its influence over Algeria.

As it is, the policy of military "pacification," demanding the mobilization of 600,000 soldiers and policemen to deal with rebel bands officially estimated to number some 20,000 men, has enabled France to keep a military grip on Algeria, but not to pacify it. Its failure is now so manifest that even Marshal Juin, France's highest-ranking officer and a Franco-Algerian long regarded as the most die-hard "colonialist," has come around to recommending a "federal solution" as the only way out of the Algerian conflict. But the official formula is still *Algeria is France*, and in fact the political constitution of the "one and indivisible" French Republic leaves no alternative between integration and secession.

It is the almost total integration of Algeria into the French Republic which makes any solution of the problem inconceivably difficult. Neither Morocco nor Tunisia, under French administration, was ever denied its own individuality, traditions, or national existence. They remained organized states, under French protection but nonetheless distinct from France. Their own administrative bodies, even though reduced to a decorative façade, never ceased to exist and could thus fairly easily be revived. But Algeria, after 125 years of French colonization, has never known any political structure other than the French. Precisely because French colonization has been so thorough and so sweeping, the retreat of the French from Algeria would deliver it up to total anarchy and to a relapse into that state of barbarism which the French found when they landed there. Thus this land, which once seemed so flourishing, would return to the desert and pastoral economy of nomadic tribes, with perhaps a solitary enclave of French territory fortified against the assaults of the Arab hinterland — a second Israel at the other end of the Mediterranean.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Now in his early thirties, MITCHELL J. STRUCINSKI was born on Chicago's south side, where he went through grade school and then worked at several odd jobs in packing houses and stock rooms. During World War II he served with the Merchant Marine. It was at this time that his literary interests were aroused; and with the tutoring of a fellow officer, he spent three years catching up on the education he had missed. He has been writing seriously for the past six years. This is his first published story.

THE RAILROAD IN THE ALLEY

by MITCHELL J. STRUCINSKI

IT SEEMS to me the tonal fluting whistles of steam locomotives are heard less and less often these days. In a way I'm glad the diesel growler has replaced the steam whistle, for in that way I am not reminded of Old Jeff, the winters of my youth, and my old crowd from around 46th and Whipple.

Living in that decrepit house, with its air of desolation, the slight, graying old man was a perfect mark for our forays. When there was nothing else doing in the neighborhood we would collect a bunch of tin cans, garbage, rocks, and other portable trash, then head for the old man's. With a yell we'd toss the stuff over his back fence and run, thrilled to our soles by the clatter of junk and the crash of window glass echoing satisfactorily in the night.

I don't know with any certainty why we picked on Jeff Doubleday. It may have been because he was different from the rest of the men we knew. They were all either Polish, Lithuanian, or Croatian ex-peasants with enormous families. Childless, silent, and living in that large house all by himself, he fascinated us. Then again, maybe it was a kind of jealousy. Years ago he had worked for the Rock Island railroad as an engineer, and with his monthly pension check he was considered well-off in our neighborhood, which was made to appear even poorer than it was because of the grinding desperation of those depression years. I suspect the real reason was in some way related to the old man's penchant for inventing things. For the other things the neighborhood might have forgiven him, but he was forever perfecting some new, impractical gadget — like the rake which could also serve as a hoe — and this singled him out for our scorn.

He was a familiar sight in the alleys, and this, too, mystified us. With an old burlap sack in his hand, Old Jeff was continually poking into ash cans for the refuse of the community — refuse we knew he couldn't need very much, in view of his pension and his two-story brick house, which we were told he owned outright. He'd salvage crazy-shaped bits of metal and hurry homeward, and we wouldn't see him again until the next morning.

For years I hated him, because it was the thing to do, and I supposed him to return the compliment. Certainly there was nothing friendly about him when, as often happened, leaning on the fence, he watched us scuttle across the streetcar tracks to the large field across from his home. He was an alien, and that wrinkled old face, with its many creases around the eyes, its clean-shaven but sunken jowls, reminded one of the threatening look a wounded buffalo has. Of course, in view of the way we tormented him he had reason to be angry at us.

I always enjoyed doing things with a bunch of other kids, for the feeling of anonymity it gave me. With five or six others around I felt disembodied and nameless, as if no onlooker could separate me from the gang and say, "That scrawny kid, the one with the baseball cap, that's old man Krupa's boy." Numbers made me brave, but whenever I saw the old man coming down the alley and there was no one around to support me, I'd hurry out of sight, for I could never be sure he wouldn't whale the hide off me if he caught me alone.

It was common knowledge that Jeff Doubleday was a hard one. He had, for example, trapped and nearly beaten to death Mike Pietuk's old man,

who had crawled in to burglarize what he must have thought was an empty house. Doubleday's light frame, his old man's shuffle, the patched and baggy, but always clean, engineer's overalls he wore, disguised taut and wiry muscles, not yet softened by inactivity.

Although we hated him, he held an enchantment for us, and this was to a great extent the result of his railroading background. For a long time I believed that was why he made the model trains.

In his basement Jeff Doubleday had a workshop such as I had never before seen. Mike Pietuk and I sneaked up there one night, long after we should have been in bed, attracted by the lights which burned so late every evening. I suppose we expected to see him doing something crazy, like Goofy Sobota from 45th Street, who used to make clock faces out of cardboard but never had any clocks on which to put them.

What we saw was the old man's workbench, the tools he used, and the trains he made. I think I fell in love with railroading then. I remember Mike nearly gave us away with his excited whispers. I had to clap my hand over his mouth to shut him up. You really couldn't blame him, for there they were, like something out of a Lionel catalogue: a tableful, a whole railroad yard of carefully exact locomotives, coal cars, cabooses, freight and passenger cars — the works. Little as we knew about these things, we could see that all of them weren't electric trains, although that alone would have been miracle enough for us. The old man was testing an engine, and from its stack came a thin stream of smoke, and in its firebox we saw the hot, red, unfalsifiably real glow of fire. We watched him pull the whistle cord, and heard the engine's thin, flute-like whistle. It was little wonder we lurked there for hours, watching and freezing in the cold, and the thrashing I received from my worried father seemed little enough to pay for it at the time.

2

As for Mike, from that day on whenever we missed him we'd look for him near Old Jeff's and there he'd be, staring through the window, eyes glowing, mouth agape.

In one way it was tragic. Although we were poor, the Pietuks were poorer. Mike's father, who had tried to burglarize the old man's house, was now serving two years at Joliet. Model trains were out of our reach. Even if Doubleday hadn't been so confoundedly hard to get along with, though, any chance of Mike's playing with the engines was gone because he was Big John's son, and the old man was his father's enemy.

Big John Pietuk had hated Jeff Doubleday for a lot of reasons, but I think the biggest one was the result of the old man's being a teetotaler who not only would not buy Big John's bootleg whiskey but

never failed to advise anyone who'd listen not to buy the stuff. My father, and quite a number of other men like him, didn't listen to the old man. They believed he wasn't qualified to make the statements he did. They felt any man who drew a pension shouldn't have to prowl through other people's garbage. Being Middle European peasants, they couldn't understand a man who was independent enough to do what he wanted, the way he wanted, and when he wanted. I suppose their heritage told them there was something terribly wrong with such a man. I don't know. At that time I thought my father was right, but that was more than twenty years ago. Anyway, much as he was disliked, I don't think anyone could equal the hatred Mike Pietuk had for Jeff Doubleday. Not only had the old man deprived him of his father, but he had also — by a process of reasoning I always had difficulty understanding — deprived Mike of the model trains.

Early one morning in mid-November I came out to play in the snow before going to school. I saw a squad car parked before the old man's house and made a quick guess what had happened. I was right. The old man's basement had been broken into and the trains and track stolen. I found Mike on the fringe of the crowd, looking fabulously innocent. From that day I stayed clear of the old man's window. I didn't want him to find me looking in, and I knew enough even then not to take the blame for something I hadn't done.

Once, however, I was walking through the alley behind the ramshackle frame building in which Mike lived, and I met the old man. I didn't exactly meet him. I hid between the bole of a telephone pole and a rusty garbage can, so that the old man passed without seeing me, but his wandering around back there after dark like that puzzled me. I squatted in the smelly darkness for some time, and then, in the winter stillness, I heard it and I knew why Old Jeff had been in the alley. It was the thin, slightly melodious sound of a distant train whistle, and it came from the shed behind Mike's house.

It was my intention to tell Mike about it sometime when we were playing with the trains, but then he and I fought over some magazines he'd loaned me and I hadn't returned. After that, I didn't much care what happened to him; I was too busy nursing my split lip and trying to convince my mother I actually *had* fallen down the school stairs. By the time Mike and I were again on speaking terms, Christmas had come and I was too enthralled by the preparations to remember something as ancient as my meeting with the old man.

The night before Christmas was a hectic one, for my mother loved and lived by the Polish custom for that season. I waited expectantly for the chemistry set I was sure Father would give me. After supper, with the fish eaten and the *oplatek* broken, and good wishes for the next year exchanged, my mother sent me on an errand obviously trumped up to get me

out of the house. I was elated, and in my excitement ran the four blocks to Archer Avenue and back again, only realizing just as I swung into our gangway that I hadn't given my parents time to ready the tree. I took a leisurely trot around the block, running into old snowdrifts, thrilled by the crunching explosions my shoes created as they kicked their way through the crusted drifts. Then, deciding to take a short cut, I hurried through an alley. Then I saw the old man again, but this time he saw me, too.

We stopped, each for some odd reason looking guiltily at the other. I cringed, expecting a blow which didn't come.

"How come you never peek in my window no more?" he asked.

"I — uh — I never." It wasn't very convincing.

"Didn't you like my trains?"

I nodded dumbly. "I liked 'em."

"Then come on down someday soon. I started building all over again. I'll show you the new diesel. They're the comin' thing, you know."

I simply nodded again, not knowing how to act in this unprecedented situation.

He turned, and I saw his face was contorted in the bright greenish winter moonlight. "Bring Mike with you," he said, and shuffled away. There was something in the air around me, and I seemed to realize then that he had never been harsh with us, that our fear of him was largely created by our hatred.

The meeting took the edge off my excitement, and the next morning, after making a suitable fuss over my gifts, I hustled over to see Mike in his shed.

"Did you get the set?" he asked. I said I had, and then told him about meeting Old Jeff.

Mike's face flushed. "How did he find out about the trains?"

"Aw, cripes, Mike," I answered, "everybody on the block knows you were buggy about them."

"Should we go over?" I asked after a minute.

His pinched face grew stern and white. He grabbed up a caboose and threw it against the wall. The wheels came off when it hit the floor, and bits of its wooden side flew around the room. Then he started to cry. I thought it was kind of silly, but I didn't say so. It always makes me uncomfortable to see people cry, and I am no different at thirty-five than I was at ten. I slipped away quietly, shutting the sagging, leather-hinged door behind me.

It was my chore in those days to make the morning trip to the bakery for our daily supply of rye bread and hard rolls. The bakery was in the next block, and I generally took the alley behind Old Jeff's to get there more rapidly. Not that the distance was really any shorter, but the alley always seemed to me so much more of an adventure than the staid and prosaic street.

As I approached the old man's back fence I saw him kneeling and putting away some objects into the old burlap sack he habitually carried on his scavenging expeditions. Seeing him salvaging stuff from his own garbage can was odd. Impelled by curiosity, and influenced considerably by his invitation of Christmas Eve, I approached him.

He looked up at me, and if it is possible for a human to snarl, Old Jeff did. What was worse, he seemed to be crying.

"Keep away from me, you little bastard! Haven't you done enough?" He snatched at the dirty snow and threw something at me. I caught it reflexively, called out an obscenity, and ran.

I had a chance to look at what I'd caught, after I turned the corner and saw he wasn't going to chase me. What I had was the shattered boiler of a small steam engine: a beautifully detailed, faithfully copied working model of a Pacific-type locomotive. The shards I held, I know now, represented many hours of loving, skillful labor, and had the engine been undamaged it would have been worth a respectable sum even in those days.

For some reason, I put the tortured and beaten metal into my pocket and completed my errand. I never again used the alley behind Old Jeff's house, which was foolish because a few months later he came down with pneumonia and died. Perhaps it was some instinct, perhaps it was discomfort growing out of an associative guilt; whatever the reason, from that time on I saw less and less of Mike. The last I heard of him he'd committed suicide with a girl whose mother wouldn't let her marry him.

I'll never understand why he destroyed those stolen trains and dumped the pieces into Jeff's garbage can. He was always proud, and perhaps didn't like the idea of accepting charity from his father's enemy. I don't know. I really don't. All I know is, I don't like to hear the long thin wail of a steam engine in the distance, because it makes me think of Christmas and an old man crying.



century and which enjoys much greater prestige today than ever it did during the author's lifetime. And even today, because of its size and complexity, the novel gains from the warmth and illumination which play upon it in this appraisal by ALFRED KAZIN, author, critic, and Professor of American Studies at Amherst College.

ISHMAEL AND AHAB

by ALFRED KAZIN

1

MOBY-DICK is not only a very big book; it is also a peculiarly full and rich one, and from the very opening it conveys a sense of abundance, of high creative power, that exhilarates and enlarges the imagination. This quality is felt immediately in the style, which is remarkably easy, natural and "American," yet always literary, and which swells in power until it takes on some of the roaring and uncontainable rhythms with which Melville audibly describes the sea. The best description of this style is Melville's own, when he speaks of the "bold and nervous lofty language" that Nantucket whaling captains learn straight from nature. We feel this abundance in heroic types like the Nantucketers themselves, many of whom are significantly named after Old Testament prophets and kings, for these, too, are mighty men, and the mightiest of them all, Captain Ahab, will challenge the order of the creation itself. This is the very heart of the book — so much so that we come to feel that there is some shattering magnitude of theme before Melville as he writes, that as a writer he had been called to an heroic new destiny.

If we start by opening ourselves to this abundance and force, by welcoming not merely the story itself, but the manner in which it speaks to us, we shall recognize in this restlessness, this richness, this persistent atmosphere of magnitude, the essential image on which the book is founded. For *Moby-Dick* is not so much a book about Captain Ahab's quest for the whale as it is an experience of that quest. This is only to say, what we say of any true poem, that we cannot reduce its essential substance to a subject, that we should not intellectualize and summarize it, but that we should recognize that its very force and beauty lie in the way it is conceived and written, in the qualities that flow from its being a unique entity.

In these terms, *Moby-Dick* seems to be far more of a poem than it is a novel, and since it is a narrative, to be an epic, a long poem on an heroic theme, rather than the kind of realistic fiction that we know today. Of course Melville did not deliberately

set out to write a formal epic; but half-consciously, he drew upon many of the traditional characteristics of epic in order to realize the utterly original kind of novel *he* needed to write in his time — the spaciousness of theme and subject, the martial atmosphere, the association of these homely and savage materials with universal myths, the symbolic wanderings of the hero, the indispensable strength of such a hero in Captain Ahab. Yet beyond all this, what distinguishes *Moby-Dick* from modern prose fiction is the fact that Melville is not interested in the meanness, the literal truthfulness, the representative slice of life, that we think of as the essence of modern realism. His book has the true poetic emphasis in that the whole story is constantly being meditated and unraveled through a single mind.

"Call me Ishmael," the book begins. This Ishmael is not only a character in the book; he is also the single voice, or rather the single mind, from whose endlessly turning spool of thought the whole story is unwound. It is Ishmael's contemplativeness, his *dreaming*, that articulates the wonder of the seas and the fabulousness of the whale and the terrors of the deep. All that can be meditated and summed up and hinted at, as the reflective essence of the story itself, is given us by Ishmael, who possesses nothing but man's specifically human gift, which is language. It is Ishmael who tries to sum up the whole creation in a single book and yet keeps at the center of it one American whaling voyage. It is Ishmael's gift for speculation that explains the terror we come to feel before the whiteness of the whale; Ishmael's mind that ranges with mad exuberance through a description of all the seas; Ishmael who piles up image after image of "the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood." It is Ishmael who, in the wonderful chapter on the masthead, embodies for us man as a thinker, whose reveries transcend space and time as he stands watch high above the seas. And of course it is Ishmael, both actually and as the symbol of man, who is the one survivor of the voyage. Yet

utterly alone as he is at the end of the book, floating on the Pacific Ocean, he manages, buoyed up on a coffin that magically serves as his life buoy, to give us the impression that life itself can be honestly confronted only in the loneliness of each human heart.

Always it is this emphasis on Ishmael's personal vision, on the richness and ambiguity of all events as the skeptical, fervent, experience-scarred mind of Ishmael feels and thinks them, that gives us, from the beginning, the new kind of book that *Moby-Dick* is. It is a book which is neither a saga, though it deals in large natural forces, nor a classical epic, for we feel too strongly the individual who wrote it. It is a book that is at once primitive, fatalistic, and merciless, like the very oldest books, and yet peculiarly personal, like so many twentieth-century novels, in its significant emphasis on the subjective individual consciousness. The book grows out of a single word, "I," and expands until the soul's voyage of this "I" comes to include a great many things that are unseen and unsuspected by most of us. And this material is always tied to Ishmael, who is not merely a witness to the story — someone who happens to be on board the *Pequod* — but the living and germinating mind who grasps the world in the tentacles of his thought.

2

THE power behind this "I" is poetical in the sense that everything comes to us through a constant intervention of language instead of being presented flatly. Melville exuberantly sees the world through language — things exist as his words for them — and much of the exceptional beauty of the book lies in the unusual incidence of passages that, in the most surprising contexts, are so piercing in their poetic intensity. But the most remarkable feat of language in the book is Melville's ability to make us see that man is not a blank slate passively open to events, but a mind that constantly seeks meaning in everything it encounters. In Melville the Protestant habit of moralizing and the transcendental passion for symbolizing all things as examples of "higher laws" combined to make a mind that instinctively brought an inner significance to each episode. Everything in *Moby-Dick* is saturated in a mental atmosphere. Nothing happens for its own sake in this book, and in the midst of the chase, Ishmael can be seen meditating it, pulling things apart, drawing out its significant point.

But Ishmael is not just an intellectual observer; he is also very much in the story. He suffers; he is there. As his name indicates, he is an estranged and solitary man; his only friend is Queequeg, a despised heathen from the South Seas. Queequeg, a fellow "isolato" in the smug world of white middle-class Christians, is the only man who offers Ishmael friendship; thanks to Queequeg, "no longer

my splintered heart and maddened hand were turned against the wolfish world. This soothing savage had redeemed it." Why does Ishmael feel so alone? There are background reasons, Melville's own: his father went bankrupt and then died in debt when Melville was still a boy. Melville-Ishmael went to sea — "And at first," he tells us, "this sort of thing is unpleasant enough. It touches one's sense of honor, particularly if you come of an old established family in the land." But there is a deeper, a more universal reason for Ishmael's apartness, and it is one that will strangely make him kin to his daemonic captain, Ahab. For the burden of his thought, the essential cause of his estrangement, is that he cannot come to any conclusion about anything. He feels at home with ships and sailors because for him, too, one journey ends only to begin another; "and a second ended, only begins a third and so on, for ever and for aye. Such is the endlessness, yea, the intolerableness of all earthly effort."

Ishmael is not merely an orphan; he is an exile, searching alone in the wilderness, with a black man for his only friend. He suffers from doubt and uncertainty far more than he does from homelessness. Indeed, this agony of disbelief is his homelessness. For him nothing is ever finally settled and decided; he is man, or as we like to think, modern man, cut off from the certainty that was once his inner world. Ishmael no longer has any sure formal belief. All is in doubt, all is in eternal flux, like the sea. And so condemned, like "all his race from Adam down," to wander the seas of thought, far from Paradise, he now searches endlessly to put the whole broken story together, to find a meaning, to ascertain — where but in the ceaselessness of human thought? — "the hidden cause we seek." Ishmael does not perform any great actions, as Ahab does; he is the most insignificant member of the fo'c'sle and will get the smallest share of the take. But his inner world of thought is almost unbearably symbolic, for he must think, and think, and think, in order to prove to himself that there is a necessary connection between man and the world. He pictures his dilemma in everything he does on board the ship, but never so clearly as when he is shown looking at the sea, searching a meaning to existence from the inscrutable waters.

What Melville did through Ishmael, then, was to put man's distinctly modern feeling of "exile," of abandonment, directly at the center of his stage. For Ishmael there are no satisfactory conclusions to anything; no final philosophy is ever possible. All that man owns in this world, Ishmael would say, is his insatiable mind. This is why the book opens on a picture of the dreaming contemplativeness of mind itself: men tearing themselves loose from their jobs to stand "like silent sentinels all around the town . . . thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries." All is inconclusive, restless, an endless

flow. And Melville's own style rises to its highest level not in the neo-Shakespearean speeches of Ahab, which are sometimes bombastic, but in those amazing prose flights on the whiteness of the whale and on the Pacific where Ishmael reproduces, in the rhythms of the prose itself, man's brooding interrogation of nature.

3

BUT Ishmael is a witness not only to his own thoughts, but also a witness to the actions of Captain Ahab. The book is not only a great skin of language stretched to fit the world of man's philosophic wandering; it is also a world of moral tyranny and violent action, in which the principal actor is Ahab. With the entry of Ahab a harsh new rhythm enters the book, and from now on two rhythms — one reflective, the other forceful — alternate to show us the world in which man's thinking and man's doing follow each its own law. Ishmael's thought consciously extends itself to get behind the world of appearances; he wants to see and to understand everything. Ahab's drive is to *prove*, not to discover; the world that tortures Ishmael by its horrid vacancy has tempted Ahab into thinking that he can make it over. He seeks to dominate nature, to impose and to inflict his will on the outside world — whether it be the crew that must jump to his orders or the great white whale that is essentially indifferent to him. As Ishmael is all rumination, so Ahab is all will. Both are thinkers, the difference being that Ishmael thinks as a bystander, has identified his own state with man's utter unimportance in nature. Ahab, by contrast, actively seeks the whale in order to assert man's supremacy over what swims before him as "the monomaniac incarnation" of a superior power.

This is Ahab's quest — and Ahab's magnificence. For Ahab expresses more forcibly than Ishmael ever could something of the impenitent anger against the universe that all of us can feel. Ahab may be a mad sea captain, a tyrant of the quarter-deck who disturbs the crew's sleep as he stomps along on his wooden leg. But this Ahab does indeed speak for all men who, as Ishmael confesses in the frightening meditation on the whiteness of the whale, suspect that "though in many of its aspects this visible world seems formed in love, the invisible spheres were formed in fright." So man, watching the sea heaving around him, sees it as a mad steed that has lost its rider, and looking at his own image in the water, is tortured by the thought that man himself may be an accident, of no more importance in this vast oceanic emptiness than one of Ahab's rare tears dropped into the Pacific.

To the degree that we feel this futility in the face of a blind impersonal nature that "heeds us not," and storm madly, like Ahab, against the dread that there's "naught beyond" — to this extent all

men may recognize Ahab's bitterness, his unrelentingness, his inability to rest in that uncertainty which, Freud has told us, modern man must learn to endure. Ahab figures in a symbolic fable; he is acting out thoughts which we all share. But Ahab, even more, is a hero of thought who is trying, by terrible force, to reassert man's place in nature. And it is the struggle that Ahab incarnates that makes him so magnificent a *voice*, thundering in Shakespearean rhetoric, storming at the gates of the inhuman, silent world. Ahab is trying to give man, in one awful, final assertion that his will *does* mean something, a feeling of relatedness with his world.

Ahab's effort, then, is to reclaim something that man knows he has lost. Significantly, Ahab proves by the bitter struggle he has to wage that man is fighting in an unequal contest; by the end of the book Ahab abandons all his human ties and becomes a complete fanatic. But Melville has no doubt — nor should we! — that Ahab's quest is *humanly* understandable. And the quest itself supplies the book with its technical *raison d'être*. For it leads us through all the seas and around the whole world; it brings us past ships of every nation. Always it is Ahab's drive that makes up the *passion* of *Moby-Dick*, a passion that is revealed in the descriptive chapters on the whale, whale-fighting, whale-burning, on the whole gory and fascinating industrial process aboard ship that reduces the once proud whale to oil-brimming barrels in the hold. And this passion may be defined as a passion of longing, of hope, of striving; a passion that starts from the deepest loneliness that man can know. It is the great cry of man who feels himself exiled from his "birthright, the merry May-day gods of old," who looks for a new god "to enthrone . . . again in the now egotistical sky; in the now unhaunted hill." The cry is Ahab's — "Who's to doom, when the judge himself is dragged to the bar?"

Behind Ahab's cry is the fear that man's covenant with God has been broken, that there is no purpose to our existence. The *Pequod* is condemned by Ahab to sail up and down the world in search of — a symbol. But this search, mad as it seems to Starbuck the first mate, who is a Christian, nevertheless represents Ahab's real humanity. For the ancient covenant is never quite broken so long as man still thirsts for it. And because Ahab, as Melville intended him to, represents the aristocracy of intellect in our democracy, because he seeks to transcend the limitations that good conventional men like Starbuck, philistine materialists like Stubb, and unthinking fools like Flask want to impose on everybody else, Ahab speaks for the humanity that belongs to man's imaginative vision of himself.

Yet with all this, we must not forget that Ahab's quest takes place, unceasingly, in a very practical world of whaling, as part of the barbaric and yet highly necessary struggle by man to support himself physically in nature. It is this that gives the

book its primitive vitality, its burning authenticity. For *Moby-Dick*, it must be emphasized, is not simply a symbolic fable; nor can it possibly be construed as simply a "sea story." It is the story of agonizing thought in the midst of brutal action, of thought that questions every action, that annuls it from within, as it were — but that cannot, in this harsh world, relieve man of the fighting, skinning, burning, the back-breaking row to the whale, the flying harpoons, the rope that can take you off "voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victims." *Moby-Dick* is a representation of the passionate mind speaking, for its metaphysical concerns, out of the very midst of life. So, after the first lowering, Queequeg is shown sitting all night in a submerged boat, holding up a lantern like an "imbecile candle in the heart of that almighty forlornness . . . the sign and symbol of a man without hope, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair." Melville insists that our thinking is not swallowed up by practical concerns, that man constantly searches for a reality equal to his inner life of thought — and it is his ability to show this in the midst of a brutal, dirty whaling voyage that makes *Moby-Dick* such an astonishing book. What concerns Melville is the heroism of thought itself as it rises above its seeming insignificance and proclaims, in the very teeth of a seemingly hostile and malevolent creation, that man's voice is heard for something against the watery waste and the deep, that man's thought has an echo in the universe.

4

THIS is the quest. But what makes *Moby-Dick* so fascinating, and in a sense even uncanny, is that the issue is always in doubt, and remains so to the end. Melville was right when he wrote to Hawthorne: "I have written a wicked book, and feel as spotless as the lamb." And people who want to construe *Moby-Dick* into a condemnation of mad, bad Ahab will always miss what Melville meant when he wrote of his book: "It is not a piece of fine feminine Spitalfields silk — but it is of the horrible texture of a fabric that should be woven of ships' cables & hawsers. A Polar wind blows through it, & birds of prey hover over it." For in the struggle between man's effort to find meaning in nature, and the indifference of nature itself, which simply eludes him (nature here signifies the whole external show and force of animate life in a world suddenly emptied of God, one where an "intangible malignity" has reigned from the beginning), Melville often portrays the struggle from the side of nature itself. He sees the whale's view of things far more than he does Ahab's; and *Moby-Dick's* milk-white head, the tail feathers of the sea birds streaming from his back like pennons, are described with a rapture that is like the adoration of a god. Even in the most terrible scenes of the shark massacre,

where the sharks bend around like bows to bite at their own entrails, or in the ceaseless motion of "my dear Pacific," the "Potters' fields of all four continents," one feels that Melville is transported by the naked reality of things, the great unending flow of the creation itself, where the great shroud of the sea rolls over the doomed ship "as it rolled five thousand years ago." Indeed, one feels in the end that it is only the necessity to keep one person alive as a witness to the story that saves Ishmael from the general ruin and wreck. In Melville's final vision of the whole, it is not fair but it is entirely *just* that the whale should destroy the ship, that man should be caught up on the beast. It is just in a cosmic sense, not in the sense that the prophet (Father Mapple) predicts the punishment of man's disobedience in the telling of Jonah's story from the beginning, where the point made is the classic reprimand of God to man when He speaks out of the whirlwind. What Melville does is to speak for the whirlwind, for the watery waste, for the sharks.

It is this that gives *Moby-Dick* its awful and crushing power. It is a unique gift. Goethe said that he wanted, as a writer, to know what it is like to be a woman. But Melville sometimes makes you feel that he knows, as a writer, what it is like to be the eyes of the rock, the magnitude of the whale, the scalding sea, the dreams that lie buried in the Pacific. It is all, of course, seen through human eyes — yet there is in Melville a cold, final, ferocious hopelessness, a kind of ecstatic masochism, that delights in punishing man, in heaping coals on his head, in drowning him. You see it in the scene of the whale running through the herd with an open harpoon in his body, cutting down his own; in the sharks eating at their own entrails and voiding from them in the same convulsion; in the terrible picture of Pip the cabin boy jumping out of the boat in fright and left on the Pacific to go crazy; in Queequeg falling into the "honey head" of the whale; in the ropes that suddenly whirl up from the spindles and carry you off; in the final awesome picture of the whale butting its head against the *Pequod*.

In all these scenes there is an ecstasy in horror, the horror of nature in itself, nature "pure," without God or man: the void. It is symbolized by the whiteness of the whale, the whiteness that is not so much a color as the absence of color. "Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way?" And it is this picture of existence as one where man has only a peephole on the mystery itself, that constitutes the most remarkable achievement of Melville's genius. For as in the meditation on the whiteness of the whale, it becomes an uncanny attempt to come to grips with nature as it might be conceived with man entirely left out; or,

what amounts to the same thing, with man losing his humanity and being exclusively responsive to primitive and racial memories, to the trackless fathomless nothing that has been from the beginning, to the very essence of a beginning that, in contradiction to all man's scriptures, had no divine history, no definite locus, but just *was* — with man slipped into the picture much later.

This view of reality, this ability to side with nature rather than with man, means an ability to love what has no animation, what is inhumanly still, what is not in search, as man himself is — a hero running against time and fighting against "reality." Here Melville puts, as it were, his ear to reality itself: to the rock rather than to the hero trying to get his sword out of the rock. He does it by constantly, and bitterly, and savagely, in fact, comparing man with the great thing he is trying to understand. Ahab may be a hero by trying to force himself on what is too much for him, but Melville has no doubt that man is puny and presumptuous and easily overwhelmed — in short, drowned — in the great storm of reality he tries to encompass.

This sense of scale lies behind the chapters on the natural history of the whale, and behind the constant impressing on our minds of the contrast between man and the whale. The greatest single metaphor in the book is that of bigness, and even when Melville laughs at himself for trying to hook this Leviathan with a pen, we know that he not merely feels exhilaration at attempting this mighty subject, but that he is also abashed; mighty waters are rolling around him. This compelling sense of magnitude, however, gets him to organize the book brilliantly, in a great flood of chapters which is the homage that he pays to his subject. And it is this sense of a limitless subject that gives the style its peculiarly loping quality, as if it were constantly looking for connectives. But these details tend to heap up in such a staggering array as to combine into the awesomeness of a power against which Ahab's challenge is utterly vain, and against which

his struggle to show his superiority over the ordinary processes of nature becomes blasphemous. The only thing left to man, Melville seems to tell us, is to take the span of this magnitude — to feel and to record the power of this mighty torrent, this burning fire.

And it is this, this poetic power, rather than any specifically human one, this power of transcription rather than of any alteration of life that will admit human beings into its tremendous scale, that makes up the greatness of the book — by giving us the measure of Melville's own relation to the nature that his hero so futilely attempts to master or defy. For though Melville often takes a grim and almost cruel pleasure in showing man tumbling over before the magnitude of the universe, and though much of the book is concerned, as in the sections on fighting and "cooking" the whale, with man's effort to get a grip on external nature, first through physical assault and then by scientific and industrial cunning, man finds his final relatedness to nature neither as a hero (Ahab) nor by heeding Father Mapple's old prophetic warning of man's proper subservience to God. Though all his attempted gains from nature fail him, and all goes down with the *Pequod* — all man's hopes of profit, of adjustment to orthodoxy (Starbuck), even of the wisdom that is in madness (Pip) — man, though forever alien to the world, an Ishmael, is somehow in tune with it, with its torrential rhythms, by dint of his art, by the directness with which his words grasp the world, by the splendor of his perceptions, by the lantern which he holds up "like a candle in the midst of the almighty forlornness." Man is not merely a waif in the world; he is an ear listening to the sea that almost drowns him; an imagination, a mind, that hears the sea in the shell, and darts behind all appearance to the beginning of things, and runs riot with the frightful force of the sea itself. There, in man's incredible and unrelenting mind, is the fantastic gift with which we enter into what is not our own, what is even against us — and for this, so amazingly, we can speak.





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*Names on request from this magazine

Books and Men

Editor and publisher of *The Old Farmer's Almanac* and *Yankee magazine*.

ROBB SAGENDORPH makes his headquarters in Dublin, New Hampshire. He is the tenth editor of the *Almanac* in its one hundred and sixty-four years of existence, and under his direction the circulation has risen from 86,000 to over a million copies. This seems to interfere somewhat with Mr. Sagendorph's idea of the happy rural existence. "There is good fishing," he writes, "but I never have time to go."

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC

by ROBB SAGENDORPH

I

ONE hundred and forty-one years ago on a frosty March evening, Abraham Weatherwise, the original weather prophet of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, from his shack on a Boston dump, squinted at the stars through the cracks in his roof and, after a few rapid calculations, predicted that July 13, 1816, a date sixteen months away, would bring with it "Rain, hail, and snow." It did.

In 1952, armed with Old Abe's secret formula handed down to me as tenth editor of the *Almanac*, I took a look at the plum tree in back of my Dublin, New Hampshire, farmhouse and concluded that in the latter part of June the following year there would be "a bad storm and that's not all."

My prediction hit the Worcester Tornado within a day — that town's first in over a hundred years.

These are only two examples of literally thousands of forecasts-come-true made out of Old Abe's formula for *The Old Farmer's Almanac* — which, incidentally, is America's oldest continuously published periodical. But listen to these.

A postal from Grandma Dean of Hyannis, Massachusetts, dated July 23, 1956, tells me Cape Cod's famed Outdoor Square Dance Festival, now in its eighth season, enjoyed its success this year "due to a great extent to your superhuman predictions."

The natives of Saskatchewan, Canada, deluged my office this spring with congratulatory letters. The winter of 1955-56 had been truly the "worst in the 20th century" just as the *Almanac* had foretold it would be.

From the other side of the globe also came word that the natives of Penaguluru, Cuddapah, S. India, had been finding the predictions of the *Almanac* so accurate they had agreed to make its editor their holy man.

The United States Weather Bureau, which is considerably younger in years (it wasn't founded until along in the 1850s), has had no such luck with weather prediction. For the most part it caters to

an audience of unhappy and protesting people. I know this because a large part of my mail, also, consists of complaints about the Weather Bureau's poor forecasting, with suggestions we do something about it. But, alas, except for the war years, when the Bureau prevailed upon the Office of Censorship to ban our forecasts, on the ground that these would be of value to the enemy, we have never had any official recognition.

There is another exception — that of the year 1936, when the editor of the *Almanac* decided to cast Old Abe and his weather verses aside and use instead a set of averages furnished by the Bureau. Sale of the *Almanac* dropped sharply and a greater howl was heard than that aroused by Teddy Roosevelt when he omitted the "In God We Trust" from the United States nickel.

I wasn't the editor then. My turn didn't come until 1939, at Boston's exclusive Union Club, when I was asked if I would like to buy this publication, then thought to be moribund. I was a natural for the part. I had as much attraction for failures as a horse has for hay. In 1935 I had started a regional publication called *Yankee* with the inane idea of making a home for strictly New England literature. In four short years I had gained the nickname "Screwball" in addition to losing what now looks like a fair-sized fortune. Before that there had been an aspiration to write for a living. If anybody wants the four hundred short stories and four novels I turned out in those five years, I still have each and every one stored up in the attic with rejection slips to go with them.

I had also become associated in some people's minds with such valiant lost causes as the League of Nations and the Republican Party; and along with Tom Mathews, then editor of *Time* magazine, I thought that poets were probably any nation's most valuable citizens.

In any event, there on Beacon Hill, almost on the spot where in 1792 Robert B. Thomas had corrected

the final proofs for the first edition of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, I was handed, along with two double martinis and a pen, the publishing contract for the 148th and future issues.

Out in the sun of Boston Common I glowed in the thought that I now owned a great American tradition. I had friends who ran newsstands, selling advertising was second nature to me, and here was printer's ink I could bathe in up to my neck. The only gloomy aspect of the deal seemed to be that I knew about as much about almanac making as Eleanor Roosevelt knows about shoeing horses. It was also discomfiting to realize that I was carrying with me a tattered account book in which I was learning too late that the esteemed and successful publisher who had just unloaded this lemon had been managing to lose over the past five years more money on it than I in a similar period had lavished upon my entire publishing stable.

What I didn't realize at the time, of course, was that along this same Boston Common cow path, I was walking in the footsteps of most of the great American almanac makers. Here before me had strolled in 1639 William Pierce with his sheets of the first one of all. Here too had been Benjamin Franklin with his 1733 edition of "Poor Richard" as well as Nathaniel Ames (1708-64), whose almanacs outsold those of Franklin ten to one. It was here that Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, almanac and newspaper patriarch, refused to sell his almanac sheets to Robert B. Thomas, founder of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, and thus planted the seed of the competition which was later to destroy him.

2

WHERE Robert B. Thomas found old Abe Weatherwise I do not know, but he seems to have picked him up officially in 1806. Before that Abe had an almanac of his own in Philadelphia. From there he must have moved to Boston, for I have several editions of an almanac he published there. In one of these he tells of his close proximity to the weather in his shack on the Boston dump. None of his almanacs appeared, however, after Thomas began publishing, and beginning in 1806 Old Abe and Robert B. Thomas seem to have been inseparable partners.

The reliance of Thomas on this character for his predictions may be related to the tradition that most modern almanac makers observe: namely, that of avoiding any personal liability for forecasts.

This tradition dates back to the successful prediction, by two English almanac makers, of the great London fire of the seventeenth century. The populace, correctly or incorrectly, surmised that these two forecasters had set the fire so that their prediction would come true. So they were hanged by their necks to a roadside tree.

The tradition for anonymity in forecasts also

goes back to sixteenth-century France, when almanac makers of the day were banished for not predicting what seemed best for the prevailing rulers: namely, the foretelling of the deaths or overthrow of others in power.

Not all almanac apocrypha, however, have to do with an editor's desire to escape the guillotine. Benjamin Franklin, for example, deliberately foretold one year ahead the exact day, hour, and minute when his chief competitor would die. When the moment came and the competitor announced he was as alive and as healthy as ever, Franklin remarked that he was probably dead but didn't know it.

Partridge, a famous English philomath, upon starting out from a country inn one bright sunny morning, failed to heed the advice of a stableboy that before night it would rain chickens and doves. It did and Partridge returned to the inn the next day to find out how the boy had been able to make such an accurate forecast. The stableboy's reply was "Why, sir, I subscribe to the Partridge *Almanac*; and for telling the weather, if one goes by the opposite of what the *Almanac* says one is always right."

With *The Old Farmer's Almanac* the legend has been kicked around for years that Abraham Lincoln used it for the winning of his Armstrong Murder trial in 1858. Evidence damaging to Lincoln's client had been introduced, to the effect that the moon at the time of the murder had been so bright that the murderer could easily see his victim. Lincoln, calling for an almanac (some say for the wrong year), easily proved to the jury that the moon had set by the time of the murder and in fact had been "riding low" all evening. An examination of most of the almanacs published in that time reveals *The Old Farmer's* as the only one which carried the moonset at 11:37 P.M. along with the symbol which denotes it was riding low.

I started with a print order of 86,000 copies (a good many of which that first year — as they say in the trade — I had to eat), and Old Abe has been a wonderful stand-in for me in bringing the run up to its 1,100,000 for the edition of 1957. Many may wonder how it is that, in an age when so many traditions have been cast aside, an anachronism of this kind not only has survived but shows a handsome profit.

I wish there were or had been secrets which I could reveal here, but this would not be a valid account if I did so. The fact remains that the success of this almanac in recent years probably has as little to do with me as the political sagacity of Calvin Coolidge had to do with his becoming President. True enough, he worked at it and a Boston police strike swept him into the public eye. But the times were ripe for a man like Coolidge in public office and he just happened to be around. Just so, during the war years and those immedi-

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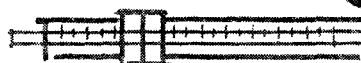
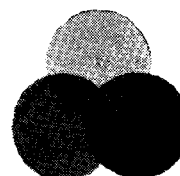
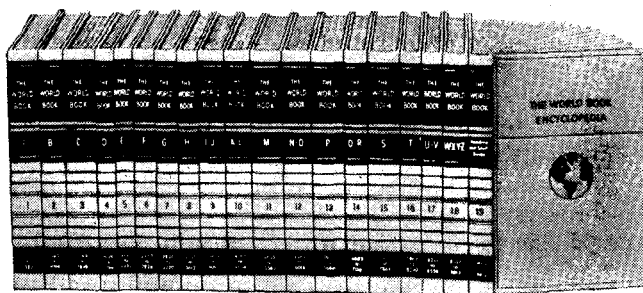
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ately following, the *Almanac* was to fill an American need for stability and nostalgia as well as humor. And I, like Coolidge, just happened to be the man at the tiller in these years. Since 1940, I might also add, there has been a tremendous growth in the field of what is somewhat broadly called "public relations," and *The Old Farmer's Almanac* seemed to make good copy for this fast-growing industry, particularly in radio and TV programming. I didn't mind playing the fool by toting around stuffed ground hogs or pointing out, at risk of limb and life, just where and how hornets build their nests come August of each year. Upon occasion, also, I have been persuaded to versify some of Old Abe's weather sayings.

But playing the fool is not all that has gone into my almanac work. For Abe's weather forecasts, I have had to set up a veritable Central Weather Intelligence Clearance Agency, which takes notes and collates for future use just about every important weather theory, article, book, and event the world over. Right now, for example, I can give you a rough idea of what is happening to ocean currents, the ice shelf, the jet stream, sunspots, and a hundred and one other elements which go into the making of our weather. And I do not overlook a certain rhythm of the universe which sooner or later every almanac maker comes to recognize. In these areas, the *Almanac* now holds a position of admiration, and even of respect, and is recognized by such leading meteorologists as Hurd Willett at M.I.T. and Dr. Brooks at Harvard's Blue Hill Observatory. In view of our unwillingness, however, to release the contents of Abe's formula, no one would grant, nor would I expect, any substantial scientific support for this CWICA.

Without scientific, official, governmental, or even academic acceptance of its forecasts, it is perhaps difficult for some to accredit the *Almanac* with integrity or dependability. In fact most people greet its old yellow cover with, if not a loud guffaw, at least a knowing grin. Yet I have witnessed the vice president of a large Boston bank, *Almanac* in hand, hauling his expensive seventy-foot yacht out of the water long before the hurricane season, despite scientific assurance that he had no cause for worry.

I like to think that the *Almanac* is dependable.

As editor, my chief concern is actually with facts — astronomical and otherwise. Some 360,000 calculations with regard to eclipses, sunrise, sunset, tides, moon, planets — adjusted to some fifty cities and areas all over the United States — are only a part of each year's grinding routine. In addition there are for each day in the year determinations of historical dates, holidays, holy days (for all religions). One slip could be fatal. For example, "February hath 29 Days," printed at the top of the February, 1957, calendar page, slipped by me not only in the original copy but through three or more proofreadings, only to be caught by an observant press hand who was checking the quality of the ink.

There are also the agonizing details of newsstand distribution, late copy from advertisers, paper orders, financing, and seemingly a million and one decisions which come up almost daily with regard to deliveries, engravings, and copyrights. And each day I must answer seven or eight inquiries as to what kind of spring eastern Texas may expect, when is the best day in June for a garden party on the Hudson, the date of Easter Day in 1973, how to eliminate smog from the Los Angeles area or frosts from New England's apple orchards in May, the effective cure for hiccoughs or unpleasant husbands, the meaning of a blue or green moon, as well as how to guarantee male offspring instead of female . . . and vice versa.

And you are probably asking just about now, How about this coming winter? Will it be colder, and with more snow than usual, or what? I blithely give you Abraham Weatherwise. He will tell you better than I.

"Haven't made up my mind yet, folks. You see about now I usually can find some pretty good hints from the way the hornets are building their nests. When I find them high above the ground in southern exposures, that usually means lots of snow and cold weather ahead. But when they are close to the ground and facing north, I know there will be hardly any snow at all. This Fall I find the hornets have built them both ways. So until just about publication day, I really won't know for certain."

The old fox, I am bound to rejoin. He knows perfectly well we accepted and put to press his next year's weather forecast way back last June. You will find it on any newsstand November 1.

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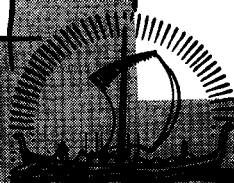
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THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

WITH this November issue the *Atlantic* begins its one hundredth year of continuous publication, a long time as magazines go, and we intend to go still further. Like many other enterprises of the nineteenth century the *Atlantic* was founded on a monopoly: in 1857 a monopoly of the best writers in America were living in Concord, Cambridge, Boston, and a few points north. Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Whittier, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, and Longfellow were, so to speak, our charter contributors. They pledged themselves to write for us; they were intent on breaking away from British leading strings, and what they wrote in their American idiom made our first decade a golden age.

James Russell Lowell, our first editor, declared the policy in firm, resounding words: the aim was to concentrate "the efforts of the best writers upon literature and politics, under the light of the highest morals" (translate that into modern English and it meant that the magazine would be half belles-lettres, half articles of fact and controversy); furthermore, the *Atlantic* was to be "the organ of no party or clique," meaning that we should be non-partisan — not a Republican organ, not a Democratic, but a periodical big enough to hold the trust of both. At every national election during my editorship good friends have assured me that this is no longer possible. But it is.

By 1900 the New England monopoly I speak of, this self-sufficing community of writers, was a thing of the past. So too the self-sufficiency of the United States, which was giving way to a new kind of interdependence, perceived and unpopular. Change was everywhere, and the old certitudes were being cross-examined by doubt. The impact of science upon religion had resulted in spiritual confusion. The new wealth, the new plutocracy, was a challenge to the old thrift and, even more, to

federal regulation. The new feminism was a rebellion against life with father. The new discoveries in medicine and the physical sciences, in transportation and communication, were revolutionizing our daily living. In this ferment, literature turned away from Victoria, away from the romantic and toward a new realism. The trend seemed benevolent.

But in the summer of 1914 we entered a period of intermittent violence, the like of which has not been felt since the breakup of the Roman Empire. The nervousness, the sense of loss, the brutality in mid-century writing, are directly traceable to the emergencies we have lived through. War and the uprooting of the unwanted; the persecution of the Jews; the collapse of empires and the revenge of young nationalism; torture and brain-washing and atomic bombing — these are the shocking experiences we have all been exposed to in writing and imagination, if not in actuality. They prove that modern man is incredibly adaptable, that he is tough and resilient, and that he continues to live with the belief that peace is possible. They show that the modern writer, despite the paralysis of the war years, is deeply compassionate and truly creative.

Caught up as we are in a world in turmoil, it has seemed to me that the most appropriate way to signalize our 1957 Centennial is not by reproducing the old *Atlantic* classics but by bringing together in a series of special issues the most distinguished forward-looking writers of today, to speak to us about science and industry, about literature and the arts, about the new inventions in communication, all of which, emerging from the *Atlantic's* century, point the way to tomorrow.

In his own words

One of the very first results of the vast network of communication which now binds the continents on close speaking terms is the emergence of the synthetic public man whose speeches are written by a P.R.O. and whose casual utterances, like his winning, televised smile, are carefully rehearsed and taped. This poses a new problem for the editor, who learns to be wary of ghost writing with its high content of soft soap and special pleading. All through the 1930s, when private enterprise was on trial as never before, it seemed to me lamentable that neither the leaders of industry nor the leaders of the big unions dared to speak out in their own words. Both sides depended on the ghost. Thus



William Eastlake

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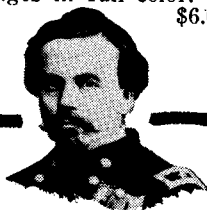
My Confession

By **SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN**

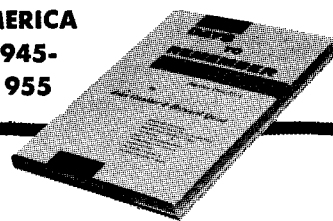
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OF EDWARD VII

"Vivid and entertaining... the biography Edward VII has, as it were, been awaiting these many years... not only very amusing, also very remarkable and original." — **GEORGE DAN-GERFIELD**. 38 illustrations. \$5.00



Aldous Huxley

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Huxley at his most amusing, audacious, incandescent — and readable, communicating his own lively interest in some marvelously various aspects of human behavior. \$4.00

it was a bright day for the *Atlantic* when we received "over the transom" (meaning unsolicited) our first manuscript by **Clarence Randall**, President of the Inland Steel Company. It was a short paper addressed to young men who were eager to serve in the personnel relations of big business. Crisply and candidly Mr. Randall told the candidates some of the questions they would have to think through and settle for themselves before they'd be of any use to a large corporation. This was an individual, not a ghost, speaking, and it was a joy to come to grips with him. We accepted the piece for the issue then making up, and not till a year later did I learn that it had already been declined by a Cornell periodical as not being "scholarly enough." Thank heavens, it wasn't.

I wanted to get closer to this articulate Chicagoan, and the chance came that summer when we were both invited to speak at the Aspen Institute in Colorado. I heard him in the Opera House and watched him affirm his creed again in two lively question periods. Then we went for a walk together to a high place, ostensibly to do some bird watching, and along the way I said I wanted him to do a short book on private enterprise for publication early in the new year. The wine was ready and once we got the cork out it flowed. He finished the writing in record time, and it was well he did, for the steel industry was digging trenches for a long strike. We went from typescript to galley proof in fourteen days and, by prearrangement, corrected proof in a three-hour telephone talk one Sunday. So his *Creed* was in print before President Truman seized the steel mills and before Mr. Randall delivered his famous reply coast to coast. All this and much else of a personal nature is to be found in Mr. Randall's new book, *Over My Shoulder* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50), a reminiscence, friendly and resourceful. I am simply putting readers on notice that here is a man who speaks for himself.

Quality of mind

Like her mother before her, **Anne Morrow Lindbergh** has achieved a remarkable synthesis of her private life and her public commitments. She must write, and in her writing she has found release and reassurance. *North to the Orient* and *Listen, the Wind* recorded the exhilarating, sometimes intimidating flights with her husband, and her *Gift from the Sea* was an eloquent reminder of that inner reorientation by which we renew our grip in this wind-tossed existence. Her new book, *The Unicorn and Other Poems* (Pantheon, \$2.75), holds the distillation of her verse for the past two decades, and in an age when poets tend to put too much strain on the cobweb connections between writer and reader, Mrs. Lindbergh's poems are a joy for their clarity and restraint and for the feeling which so swiftly flows from the word to the listener.

She is not a difficult poet to read. Her style de-

pends upon the simplest rhymes and a metre which at times seems almost conversational. It serves her admirably, showing the occasional and striking image in a clear light, as when in "Back to the Islands" she writes:—

Here on the mainland I am rooted down,
Tethered to earth's four corners like a barn.

I like to think that some of the best verses have appeared in the *Atlantic*, including "The Stone," "A Leaf, a Flower, and a Stone," "Winter Tree," "Closing In," and "Elegy Under the Stars." One feels a ripening in this book; and in the last section of all, in which she speaks so tenderly of the difficulties of communication between the generations, the two poems "Family Album" and "Revisitation" will have a very special meaning for those like myself who have reached the middle distance. Again and again it is the quality of Mrs. Lindbergh's mind which attracts and holds her readers.

Aesop in Connecticut

Aesop, a deformed Greek slave of the seventh century B.C., is said to have won his liberty because of his skill in reciting fables. These pithy stories of animals who think and speak like men, each with a moral in its tale, have been embellished down the ages, and for our taste the most ingenious provider of them is **James Thurber**. What would Aesop look for in Thurber's *Further Fables for Our Time* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50)? The moral, of course. Take this sampling of "The Hen Party." Here is the opening sentence: "All the hens came to Lady Buff Orpington's tea party and, as usual, Minnie Minorca was the last to arrive, for, as usual, she had spent the day with her psychiatrist, her internist, and her beak, comb, and gizzard specialist. 'I'm not long for this barnyard,' she told the other hens. 'What do you suppose I've got now?'" With this you are captured; you see the application of what is coming; you delight in what the other hens do to Minnie; and when they have done it you are ready for the moral: *Misery's love of company oft goeth unrequited*.

Aesop would be surprised by the modern twist which Thurber gives to his morals; I think he would be jolted by some of the words which the American has invented ("bragdowdy" is one) and by the outrageous puns ("monstrosity," Man says to the dinosaur, "is the behemoth of extinction"); and he would certainly be amused by the way that some of the most respectable of the old proverbs have been turned upside down.

For piecemeal reading — never more than three at a time — this is the most succulent book of the fall, and the fables I have already read aloud — and will again if I can catch a listener — are "The Lover and His Lass"; "The Peacelike Mongoose"; "The Goose That Laid the Gilded Egg" ("Lo, I have laid the golden egg of lore and legend," cried

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BLUE RIVER

By

Betsy Hopkins Lochridge



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gloves . . . the fingers were a-glitter with rings. *One of them*
contained strychnine. These were the hands of THOMAS
GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT — journalist, critic, artist —
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Author of *Report on Mao's China*

The most authentic and complete portrait of "the man who,
since the end of the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt era, is the most
arresting figure on the world political stage." *

For many years, Frank Moraes, the editor of *The Times of
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he traces and analyzes Nehru's career against the background
of India's contemporary development . . . following the Indian
leader through his early years, his long association with Gandhi,
the struggle for Indian independence, and his rise to his present
controversial role in international affairs.

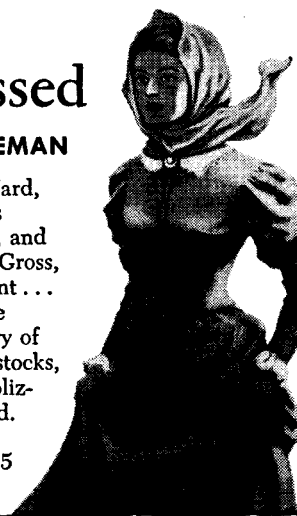
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great Prime Minister. \$6.75

* *Harper's Magazine.*

The Land They Possessed

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a love as unpredictable as the
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the goose. "‘Lo, my foot,’ said a Plymouth Rock hen. ‘That is an ordinary goose egg painted yellow, if you ask me.’”); “The Bragdowdy and the Busybody”; “The Tiger Who Would Be King” (which should be read in all public schools for Armistice Day); and “The Grizzly and the Gadgets.”

Rebellion and success

Born and brought up at the foot of Beacon Hill, Helen Howe knows her Boston quite as acutely as John Marquand, and in her new novel, *The Success* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95), she has found the subject perfectly suited to her talent. There are rebels in every generation of Bostonians, and Maggie Fraser was one of them. On her graduation from Vassar she had a light flirtation with the stage and lived in New York just long enough to get a taste for success and a distaste for the somber side of Boston life. Her marriage to Dexter Bradfield was propitious, for the Bradfields had one of those big carefully invested family fortunes and Dexter, a former Harvard halfback, was a solid young medico making a name for himself in research. But her in-laws hedge Maggie in; her summers with them at Far Fields are more than she can endure, and the tough humor of Dexter's friends at the M.G.H. is little more to her liking.

Maggie has too much impatience to share the quiet satisfaction of life with Dexter, and the arrival of their daughter Priscilla only adds to her restlessness. With her preconceived idea of success she begins to look afield, and the more she is committed to Boston and Cambridge society, the more alluring is the thought of what she might be in New York or Florida or Hollywood. When she meets Ray Masters, whose novel, *The Joneses*, is the season's best seller, she first gushes and then tempts, for this New Yorker has all the graces which Dexter excludes.

The story of Maggie's divorce; of how she takes over Ray, and their encounters in Hollywood; and of how during Ray's service in the Navy she rises to be the greatest hucksteress in radio, is quite the best writing we have had from Miss Howe, the characterizations sharp and perceptive, the satire crisp and authentic, and the development of Margot's (as she now calls herself) ruthless career irresistible and sad. The severance of her family loyalties is felt like a series of cuts — her parting with her father, her loss first of Roger, her brother, and then of Kitten, his wife, and the final repudiation by Priscilla. Dr. Fraser, who is the salt of Boston, in a mood of self-reproach, says to Maggie in what is the finest scene in the book: “I now have the nasty feeling that perhaps you've been shoved off into the jungle of the twentieth century without the proper weapons in your hands.” And the pity of it is, as the novelist makes clear, that too often in America success can become this terrible blunderbuss.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Adventure

THE CAPE HORN BREED by William H. S. Jones. (Criterion, \$5.00.) On his first voyage as apprentice in sail, Captain Jones struck a gale notorious even in the annals of Cape Horn. His story of this and other matters is a fine picture of the last days of the wind-jammers.

AZALAI by John Skolle. (Harper, \$4.00.) The author joined a salt caravan and suffered over a considerable stretch of North Africa. A precise, quietly formidable account of trade and travel from another age.

THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN SLOCUM by Walter Magnes Teller. (Scribner, \$3.95.) Captain Slocum sailed around the world singlehanded, and wrote about it. An amazing man who deserves a biography. Mr. Teller writes briskly and well, but he is a bit too awed by the captain to get a firm grip on him.

Fiction

WINTER QUARTERS by Alfred Duggan. (Coward-McCann, \$3.75.) War and religion in the Roman Republic, described by a Gaulish gentleman-mercenary whose views of Roman gods, tactics, and manners are a series of delectable surprises.

THE MARBLE ORCHARD by Margaret Boylen. (Random House, \$3.50.) Dream and myth fuse to make a most interesting symbolic novel, which has great style and small truck with everyday probability.

DEATH OF A FOOL by Ngaio Marsh. (Little, Brown, \$3.50.) Firmly plotted, nicely bloody murder mystery, enlivened by thorny rural types, a mean English winter, and a piece of folk ritual (invented by Miss Marsh) of truly dazzling absurdity.

History

THE IDEA OF HISTORY by R. G. Collingwood. (Oxford, Galaxy Books, \$1.75.) Reprint of a classic first published in 1946, a critical survey of historical writing from Herodotus to Toynbee. With little doubt, the finest treatise on historiography by an Englishman in this century, comparable to the writings on the subject of Croce and Ortega y Gasset.

HENRY CLIFFORD, V. C.: HIS LETTERS AND SKETCHES FROM THE CRIMEA. (Dutton, \$10.00.) Clifford was a vivid correspondent who reinforced his prose with water colors of considerable effect. An immense and valuable amount of information on the Crimean War turns up in these pages.

DIPLOMACY IN THE NEAR AND MIDDLE EAST by J. C. Hurewitz. (Van Nostrand, 2 vols., \$15.25.) A systematic compilation and textual reproduction of over 200 documents covering commercial agreements, diplomatic treaties, military conventions, and petroleum concessions negotiated between the Great Powers and Middle Eastern countries from 1535 to 1956. Indispensable reference work for anyone interested in the background of the present crisis in this area.

ALPS AND ELEPHANTS by Sir Gavin de Beer. (Dutton, \$2.75.) How Hannibal went over the Alps, an old puzzle solved convincingly with gingery wit and much learning lightly handled.



The Peripatetic Advertiser

Primroses on the path to perdition for the book advertiser are the use of the word Fascinating, the Divulgence of Denouement and the Invidious Comparison. So here is a novel that is both in parts and sum total fascinating, that has a beautifully tricky central problem and that can be precisely located by favorable comparison to several guaranteed bestselling names.

It is in fact the novel by **Louis Auchincloss, *The Great World and Timothy Colt*** (\$3.75). Mr. Auchincloss has written one good book after another about the world that migrates between New York and Bar Harbor, and to his readers — as the reviewers have observed with grace and emphasis — his books have introduced their own friends in moments of revelation. In this novel, however, whether it is because he has chosen to take us into partner's row in a law firm rich in clients and corporate dignity, or because he gives one of the nicest of Other Women a few tricks in competition with a wife who is ruinously understanding, or because as a novelist he has paused to tell you the story of precisely that person in the crowded cocktail party whose story you most wanted to know, he has written the book that he was bound to write someday. And he is writing like and rather a little better than his renowned and unnamed competitors.



Though we be Anglophiles all, there has been none-the-less a tendency to skepticism here at home when the biggest guns of British literary criticism sounded the loudest. Now in splendid contrast there is the case of ***The Outsider*** (\$4.00) by **Colin Wilson**. The British said: "An astonishing book. I think Colin Wilson will be a truly great writer." — *Dame Edith Sitwell*. "One of the most remarkable first books I have read for a long time." — *Cyril Connolly*.



"What makes it truly astounding is that its alarmingly well-read author is only twenty-four." — *Philip Toynbee*. "At 24 Mr. Wilson steps immediately into the ranks of major writers." — *John Connell*.

And the Americans now say: "... a highly cerebral work which is a blend of philosophic inquiry and literary criticism ... crackles with intelligence and provocative perceptions ... an impressive and fascinating book, which leaves the reader with a heightened insight into a crucial drama of the human spirit. It has the compelling quality of a thriller

in which one accompanies a bizarre succession of Outsider-heroes as they grapple with the most portentous of all mysteries: the condition of man." — *Charles J. Rolo, Atlantic*. "... brilliantly combative book ... he has imposed his own lonely discipline on that rebellious assembly of genius in an infinity of guises. What his own influence will be, here as well as in England, is something that could make the coming months stimulating in the field of beautiful letters." — *Charles Poore, N.Y. Times*. "Probably the first-book-of-the-year." — *Newsweek*.



"Compelling intellectual thriller ... consistently fascinating." — *Time*. "... brilliant brief biographies and critical estimates of many typical 'Outsiders.' The book is well worth the price if only for its studies of such tragic figures as Van Gogh, T. E. Lawrence and Nijinsky. More profound, perhaps, are his pages on Nietzsche and his superb chapter on Dostoevsky." — *Sterling North, New York World Telegram & Sun*. "... abundantly worth while, even if you take it as merely a study of one challenging theme in modern writing. This would be a remarkable book for anybody to have written. As the work of a 24 year old, self-educated Englishman, the son of a factory worker, it is a minor miracle." — *Edward Wagenknecht, Chicago Tribune*. "... a most impressive performance ... I can imagine that it may become as stylish to speculate on whether your friends are Outsiders or Insiders as it now is to speculate on whether they are 'other-directed' or 'inner-directed.' But the book deserves better of the world than to become a parlor game; it deserves to be read." — *Harper's*.



And just to prove that we have a free press (and to atone for the word fascinating), a sample of the kind of review that is called provocative. "For all its brilliance and passionate conviction ***The Outsider*** is still very much a young man's book and is nothing more obviously such than in the endless profusion of quotations and the tendency to let them lead the discourse. Everything Mr. Wilson has ever read is either a negative or a positive illustration and the reader is sometimes almost drowned in the flood. But I rather suspect that *Outsider* is going to take its place in the current vocabulary alongside David Riesman's 'inner-directed man.' Probably we have not had a new term so usable as either of these since Sinclair Lewis set everybody to talking about Babbitts." — *Joseph Wood Krutch, Saturday Review*.



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

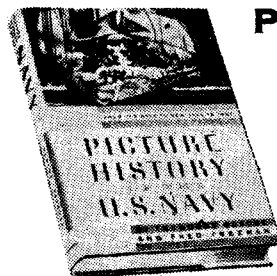


THE contemporary scientist, when he seeks to communicate the great discoveries of the past half-century to the layman, must find himself in roughly the same position as a translator preparing the works of Shakespeare for an audience which understands only pidgin English: the more he tries to do justice to his subject, the less intelligible he becomes.

One cannot read *Atomic Quest* (Oxford University Press, \$5.00) by **Arthur Holly Compton** and *Atoms and People* (Harper, \$4.00) by **Ralph Lapp** without sensing that the necessity of dealing with scientific points in, so to speak, pidgin English has prevented the authors from conveying more than a suggestion of the awesome difficulties, the heroic struggles, and the fantastic quirks of the atomic drama. What they do convey, however, is fascinating and highly enlightening; and one must be grateful to them for not overtaxing the layman's puny powers of comprehension. While both their books are readable enough, they are poles apart stylistically. Dr. Compton's is sober and dignified; Dr. Lapp's is written in the bouncy idiom of the slick magazines, and it has irritating touches of vulgarity.

Arthur Holly Compton, who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1927 at the age of thirty-five, was one of the handful of scientists who initiated and carried through the wartime atomic project. His book is therefore a top-level narrative of the development of the bomb — the fullest authoritative account that we have had to date. The main lines of the story are by now familiar. What is particularly intriguing is the firsthand documentation of many arresting episodes or sidelights in the atomic "quest" — for instance, Dr. Oppenheimer's discovery, in 1942, of the principle of the hydrogen bomb, which suggested the danger that an atomic bomb would trigger an explosion of the hydrogen in the ocean and possibly of the nitrogen in the air; the use of half a billion dollars' worth of silver from the U.S. Treasury to build an immense magnet for the separation

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Books of the Year



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With an
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**Anne Morrow
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Swanberg**

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—*The Atlantic*. Illus. \$5.00

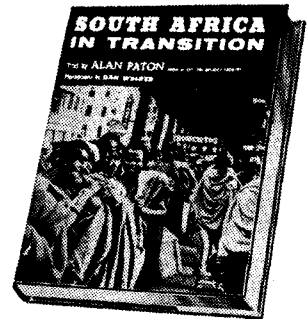


Alan Paton

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This magnificent picture book, with text by the author of *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *Too Late the Phalarope*, takes the reader on a tour of South Africa that gives new meaning to the headlines about this troubled land. Here is captured the vigor and vitality of a people—their history, political and racial problems, the wealth and poverty of the people, the daily life and superstitions, the wild, untamed beauty of the countryside, breathtakingly caught by the pen of a remarkable writer and the camera of an outstanding photographer.

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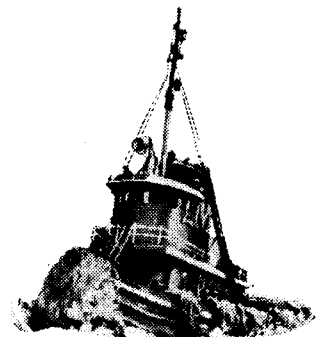


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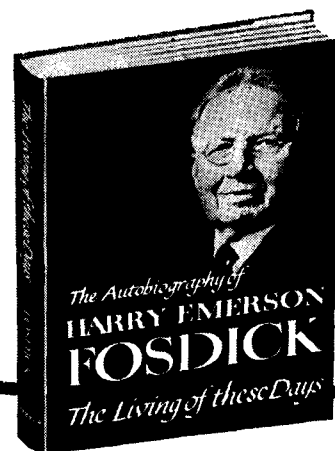
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of uranium isotopes at Oak Ridge; the fact that if an anonymous engineer from du Pont had not insisted on making the Hanford reactor larger than the scientists thought necessary, the production of plutonium would have been stalled and the bomb would not have been ready by 1945.

Dr. Compton, a humanitarian and a man of deep religious feeling, is convinced that the use of the bomb against Japan was a tragic necessity; and he marshals a cogent body of evidence showing that a Japanese surrender was out of the question without resort to the new weapon. The last part of his book discusses the implications of atomic energy in international relations, in education, in the treatment of disease, and in the sphere of human morality in general. To those who have argued that science committed a monstrous "crime" in releasing the atom's energy, Dr. Compton gives a forthright answer: "Developments such as [this] represent, as I see it, an aspect of evolution. They are part of the life of human society that follows from the endowment that man has been given by his Creator. We are destined . . . to try out new things, new ideas, new ways of living. . . . If our civilization is to survive, it will do so by developing to the utmost the possibilities that the search for new knowledge can bring."

Dr. Ralph Lapp, a former student of Dr. Compton's, worked on the A-bomb project and was later associated with the War Department and then with the Office of Naval Research. In 1949 this column reviewed Dr. Lapp's *Must We Hide?* which developed what seemed to me the mischievous and nonsensical thesis, then dear to the military establishment, that the atom bomb was just another powerful weapon — nothing to get desperately alarmed about. Dr. Lapp, who is no longer connected with the military, now talks in diametrically opposite language and is a scathing critic of the brass hats' handling of atomic energy.

The first quarter of *Atoms and People* chronicles the quest for the atom bomb; the remaining 200 pages might roughly be described as a sequel to Dr. Compton's story. They cover a wide area which embraces, among other things, Super bombs and tactical atomic weapons; atomic espionage; the development of nuclear power plants and the cost of atomic energy in the immediate future; the



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vital problem, not as yet satisfactorily solved, of disposing of the radioactive waste products of fission; the possibilities of adapting nuclear propulsion, already used in submarines, for guided missiles, for aviation, and for other forms of transportation; the problems of harnessing hydrogen power (currently being explored by Project Sherwood), which would provide a limitless source of energy without radioactive waste.

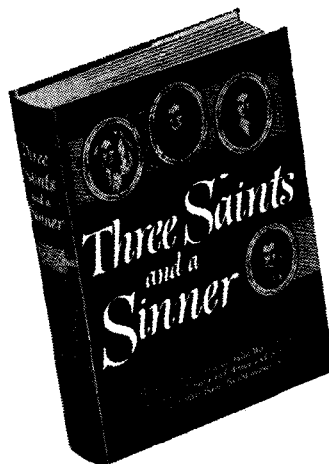
This survey brings to us a large fund of much-needed information, which ranges from the grim report that the fall-out of H-bomb tests, if they are repeated often enough, threatens to poison mankind with radioactive strontium, to the dizzying fact that one pound of nuclear fuel is the energy equivalent of a quarter-million gallons of gasoline, and to news of the valuable ways in which radioactive materials are already being used by one thousand U.S. industrial concerns.

Both Lapp's book and Compton's remind us that the record of American scientists, in the matter of security, has been virtually flawless; and the former points up sharply the damage done to U.S. science by irresponsible "loyalty" probers. The harassment of scientists has made science — despite the unprecedented rewards it now offers — seem so hazardous a career to the present generation that in 1955, whereas Soviet advanced schools turned out 80,000 graduates, the corresponding number in the United States was 37,000.

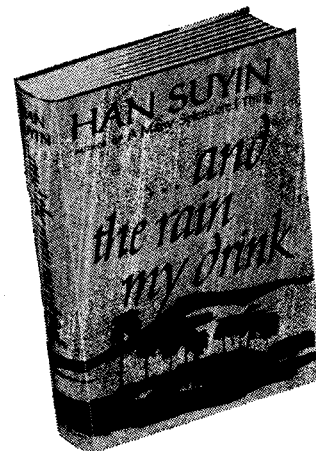
The secrecy complex of the Atomic Energy Commission also receives some telling knocks from Dr. Lapp. He reports, for instance, that Soviet scientific papers presented at the 1955 Geneva Conference released material which the AEC still classified as "secret"; that the Russian physicist Kurchatov, in a lecture delivered in England, revealed much more about Soviet research on the harnessing of H-power than U.S. scientists working for the government are allowed to reveal to the U.S. scientists privately engaged in similar studies. It is hard to resist Dr. Lapp's conclusion that the present secrecy policies of the AEC exceed the limits of common sense and may seriously hamper our progress in nuclear research.

One man's meat

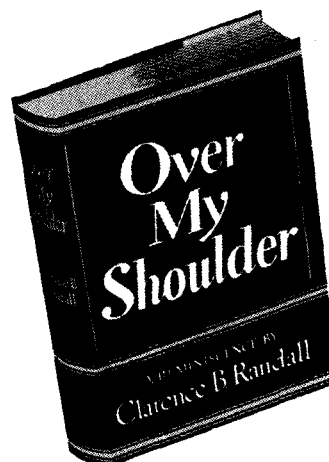
Edmund Wilson's new book is perfectly described by its title: *A Piece of My Mind* (Farrar, Straus



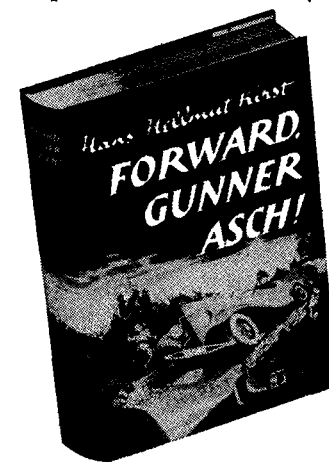
THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER by Louise Hall Tharp, author of *THE PEABODY SISTERS OF SALEM*. When Broadway ended at Union Place and water was peddled in barrels at a cent a gallon — Bond Street was the place to live in New York. By all odds the best known figures living on that fashionable row were the Ward sisters, known to society as the "three Graces of Bond Street." Julia, Louisa and Anne — and their incorrigible brother, Sam — are the subjects of this, the most captivating book Louise Hall Tharp has ever written. *Illustrated.* \$5.00



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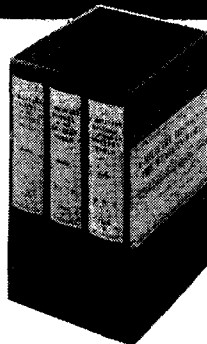
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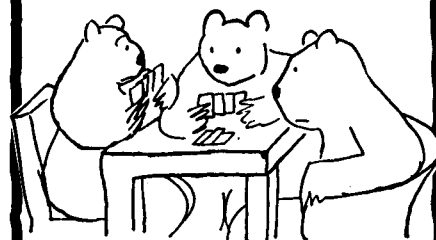
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& Cudahy, \$4.00). Within the compass of a medium-sized volume, Mr. Wilson has given us a piece of his mind on — I cite the chapter headings — Religion, The United States, War, Europe, Russia, The Jews, Education, Science, and Sex; and he winds up with an essay about "The Author at Sixty."

Though I have a very high regard for Mr. Wilson's gifts, the present volume (or at least a considerable part of it) struck me as a rather distressing affair. The form in which Wilson is working here — the short "think-piece" about a large subject — is one which has the unfortunate effect of giving the fullest possible play to his shortcomings: a streak of arrogance or (in his own phrase) "intellectual intolerance," and a philistine cockiness about subjects outside the range of his sympathies. The essay on religion often sounds like the effort of a brash sophomore proudly announcing that he is too smart to fall for all that bosh about God and the "soul." The piece on Europe is a compound of ignorance and insensitivity — what apparently impresses Wilson most about France is the moderately-priced champagne and crisp *pommes frites* — and of archaic isolationist prejudice, which goads Wilson into glaring contradictions. In this chapter, he berates Europeans for exaggerating the importance of cultural tradition and affirms that he, personally, has found American bathtubs more civilizing than cathedrals; in other pages, he boasts that he hasn't much use for modern gadgetry and stresses the vitalizing aspects of cultural tradition. The disquisitions on war and sex are commonplace, and the former provides Wilson with another opportunity to strut his stereotyped isolationism and petulant Anglophobia. (It was a dog-in-the-manger attitude on the part of the British, Wilson implies, not to let the Germans dominate Europe and put an end to its national divisions, since the British were not willing to do that job themselves.)

There is better stuff in the pages on the U.S.A., Education, and the Jews — Wilson has clearly found his study of the Hebrew Bible and the Dead Sea Scrolls broadening and bracing. And he is in excellent form in the concluding autobiographical fragment, with its well-drawn sketches of his parents and his early background, and its picture of his present return to his roots. The



"The noblest study

of mankind

is Man,

says Man,"

says Thurber.

But anyway he

(Thurber, that is)

here continues the study

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by putting it

in the form of

fables.

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already know

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know about people

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overall weakness of the book stems, I suspect, from the fact that much of Wilson's thinking and feeling is arrested in the mood of the twenties. He often seems unaware that opinions and prejudices which would have made a dashing essay thirty years ago are today rather trite.

Byron and Byronism

"Ay me! what perils do environ/
The man that meddles with Lord Byron." The latest biographer of Byron is a woman, **Eileen Bigland**, but she has not escaped the perils referred to by the anonymous rhyme-ster. It would be difficult to turn out a biography of Byron that suffers from dullness, and this Miss Bigland has certainly not done. She has, however, succeeded in doing something more difficult — namely in composing a biography of Byron, *Passion for Excitement* (Coward-McCann, \$5.00), which very nearly conceals the fact that he had an urge to write poetry and that the writing of it played a considerable role in his life.

Miss Bigland alludes, of course, to Byron's greatness as a poet. But consider the following passage about Byron at Newstead Abbey in 1811: "He could not ride as he had sold his horses . . . he could not shoot as he had given away his sporting guns. . . . He could only try to fill the empty days with the writing of verse." Here and elsewhere, Miss Bigland conveys the false impression that Byron turned to poetry as a last resort, only when he was utterly bereft of more congenial occupations. And when she is chronicling the years of Byron's "last attachment," the liaison with Countess Guiccioli, the abundant and magnificent poetic output of this period just does not figure in the story.

With Byron, to be sure, poetry was not an end in itself. His ideal was to pursue greatness through action, and to him poetry was a by-product of action. But for all that, his poetic creation was a decisive element in the pattern of his life; and it was an expression of inner strengths which account, in part, for the legendary power of fascination he exercised over men and women. Miss Bigland's failure to give due emphasis to Byron's genius and to his work leaves her with a maimed image — with a distempered amorist; a frustrated, seemingly unproductive Romantic, whose life is largely a chronicle of melancholy, waste, and shame. This

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incomplete image Miss Bigland presents to us in sharp strokes and vivid colors; and her thorough documentation of the most controversial facet of Byron's life — his passionate relationship with his half-sister, Augusta — is a solid piece of work. Her biography conveys a partial truth, and it is eminently readable; but a closer approximation to the whole truth would present a decidedly different picture. The Byron who emerges from Miss Bigland's pages could not possibly be the author of the marvelous letters, which are so full, as Jacques Barzun has observed, of "concentrated mind and high spirits, wit, daylight good sense, and a passion for truth"; he simply is not the great poet who rightly said of himself, "All convulsions with me end in rhyme."

Before the mast

In 1938, there were still fifteen vessels entirely propelled by sail engaged in carrying grain from the South Australian wheat belt to Europe by way of Cape Horn — a round-trip passage of some 30,000 miles which took, on the average, 110 days each way. The 1938-39 voyage proved to be the concluding chapter in the history of commercially operated square-riggers; and now a fine account of it has been written by Eric Newby — *The Last Grain Race* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00).

Mr. Newby had gone down to the sea only in books when, at eighteen, he quit his job in a London advertising agency and signed up as Apprentice Seaman on the four-masted barque, *Moshulu*. Though he is nothing if not modest, it is clear that Newby must have been an extraordinarily tough, courageous, and adaptable young man. His initiation was in keeping with the most rugged traditions of seafaring: before he had even changed out of his street clothes, the first mate ordered him into the rigging — he had never been aloft before — and up to the very cap of the royal mast, a fearsome 198 feet above the keel. It was an appropriate introduction to life aboard a square-rigger. The work was always hard, and some of it was loathsome. The food was often appalling. The polyglot crew — Swedes, Finns, a Lithuanian, a Dutchman — were a primitive lot who, out of no particular malice, made things rough for the alien Englishman, the "rosbif," until he picked a fight and bloodily proved



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himself a "strongbody." And periodically there were shattering battles with the elements in which Newby, on at least two occasions, came close to losing his life.

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Writing with a sharp matter-of-factness and a fine sense of the comic, Newby has given us an intimate and altogether convincing record of the miseries and occasional splendors of life before the mast.

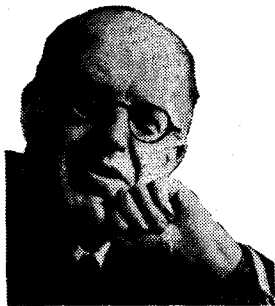
Fiction chronicle

The Lost Steps (Knopf, \$3.75) is the first book to appear in the United States by **Alejo Carpentier**, who was born in Cuba, has lived in many countries, and has explored the upper reaches of the Orinoco, which in part serve as the setting of his novel. It has received the prize for the best foreign novel published in France in 1955.

Mr. Carpentier (whose book has been capably translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onis) has tackled the Rousseauist theme that man has been corrupted by civilization and that he must return to primitivism to recapture his original virtue. Carpentier's hero is a disillusioned intellectual of our time living in some unidentified metropolis. His marriage has lost all meaning, and he is soured with the phoniness of his mistress and her circle of friends, who slavishly follow the latest highbrow fashions. The core of the story is a trip made by this narrator into the hinterland of Brazil, to which he has been sent by a university to study the origins of primitive music.

On the journey up the Orinoco, he meets a simple Brazilian woman, a creature of nature, who brings him a deeper satisfaction than he has known before; and a man, a fugitive from the modern world, who leads him to a remote, secret community of Indians, where life is lived more or less as it was 6000 years ago. Here, freed from the pressures and distractions of civilization, he experiences a revival of his creative impulse and resumes, with a surge of inspiration, composition of the cantata which he had long ago abandoned. The story, however,

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carries him to the painful realization that, while it is still possible for some men to retreat from their epoch into the past, this retreat is forbidden to the artist: his role is to create the forms of the future.

Mr. Carpentier's faith in the virtues of the primitive life is the most dubious aspect of his novel. Since Rousseau's day, a considerable literature has testified that the "noble savage" is ignoble, and that the miseries of civilization are at least matched by the squalors of primitivism. What is original and exciting about *The Lost Steps* is the way in which action, sophisticated introspection, and powerfully evoked atmosphere are skillfully integrated. Mr. Carpentier has a remarkably allusive style, which deploys his wide erudition without ever interrupting the intriguing narrative. His publishers are quite justified in claiming that you find in his novel suggestions of Malraux together with suggestions of the W. H. Hudson of *Green Mansions*. It is an odd combination, and the result is a richly textured and altogether unusual novel which—even if one rejects the notion that the age of Enoch was preferable to the age of Einstein—effectively dramatizes pertinent questions about the high price of civilization.

Two novels from Japan are among the better items which have recently come my way: *The Setting Sun* (New Directions, \$3.00) by Osamu Dazai and *The Sound of Waves* (Knopf, \$3.00) by Yukio Mishima. Both books have an evocativeness, a pictorial quality, which I am told is characteristic of Japanese writing. They bring to mind the saying of Théophile Gautier: "*Je suis un homme pour qui le monde visible existe.*" It would seem that the existence of the visible world and a sense of man's relatedness to everything around him are felt by the Japanese writer with a special insistency. The characters in these novels have quick, intense emotional responses, but verbal communication between them is, by our standards, slight and curiously inhibited. Consequently much that would be directly articulated in the western novel has to be conveyed obliquely—by inference, by suggestion, by symbolic overtones emerging from a setting or from the meticulous sketching of some trifling incident. Sometimes this results in a sense of vague-

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ness and inconclusiveness. Sometimes the Japanese method achieves effects of a subtlety and delicacy attained only by the most sensitive of Occidental writers.

Of the two novels mentioned above, *The Setting Sun*, while it is a somber affair, is clearly the finer; and it comes to us in a translation by Donald Keene which, insofar as one can judge from the English, is a marvelous piece of work. The author, who committed suicide at thirty-nine in 1948 after a life of frenetic dissipation, has depicted in microcosm the post-war decline of the impoverished Japanese aristocracy and the way in which western ideas and western mores have destroyed the traditional patterns of Japanese life. The narrator is a youngish woman called Kazuko, who was divorced six years earlier. After her father's death, she and her mother have been forced to leave their fine house in Tokyo and settle in a cottage in the country. When her tormented brother, Naoji, returns from the South Pacific, what little money Kazuko can scrape together is consumed by his addiction to drugs. Through Naoji she meets a well-known novelist, disillusioned and alcoholic, and falls in love with him. The rest of the tale poignantly puts the finishing touches to the theme summed up in Kazuko's concluding observation: "We are victims of a transitional period of morality."

As students, Kazuko and her brother imbibed, in its broadest sense, the spirit of revolution. Chekhov, D. H. Lawrence, and other authors of the West come to their lips as often as *The Tale of Genji*, and they are more accustomed to western than to Japanese dress. But the old Japan, Dazai discloses with great subtlety, still has a hold on them in the recesses of the heart. And their struggle "to push back the old morality" violates sentiments which are buried but not dead.

Although Dazai's characters are certainly not "typical," his novel was acclaimed in Japan as a brilliant representation of contemporary currents and conflicts. It is a book written with beauty, refinement, and force: a work of unmistakable distinction.

The Sound of Waves is a tale of young love among the robust peasants of Uta-Jima, Song Island, where the men fish for octopus and the women dive for abalone. The plot takes shape in accordance with the tradi-



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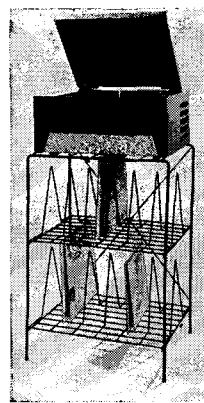
tional formula of the Japanese love story. The hero, Shinji, is poor but handsome, *sans peur et sans reproche*. The heroine, Hatsue, is far above his station. She is the daughter of the local shipowner, a big shot by the standards of the island; and it is assumed that she will be given in marriage to the son of one of the leading families, Yasuo Kawamoto, who is, of course, fat, arrogant, unscrupulous, and crafty. A plain girl who loves Shinji spots him returning with Hatsue from one of their secret meetings; soon ugly gossip is rife in the village, and Hatsue's father forbids her to go near the young man. At this point — when one is bracing oneself for the customary double suicide, the lovers' leap from a convenient cliff — the author ditches tradition and furnishes an ending whose merits it would be hardly fair to discuss.

It is a considerable tribute to Mr. Mishima's gifts that, out of the hackneyed ingredients just outlined, he has fashioned a genuinely lyrical tale, affecting in its simplicity and restraint. He makes warmly real to us, in brief and forceful strokes, the life of the fisherfolk — a life that is hard, dangerous, but harmoniously in tune with nature. And nature infuses its colors and fragrance and vitality into the texture of the novel. The pine-clad hills, the peach blossoms in the shrine garden, the clouds crossing the horizon "like ancient gods," the movements of the sea — all this "visible world" is made a participant in the love story of Shinji and Hatsue.

In the novel, as V. S. Pritchett has said, "new seeing" is what counts and not "new sights." Nevertheless, freshness of subject matter is undeniably an asset, and one finds it in Louis Auchincloss's new book, *The Great World and Timothy Colt* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75). Mr. Auchincloss, a lawyer as well as a fiction writer, takes us into an area which American novelists have left largely untouched — the inner workings of a prominent Manhattan law firm. Unfortunately, Auchincloss's theme, in contrast to his material, is one which has been overworked by U.S. writers: the disillusionment of an idealist who discovers that, even in a supposedly reputable firm, there is more cynicism and toadying to the client's dollar than was dreamed of in his philosophy.

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Timothy Colt is what Bernard Shaw has called a "downstart": his father, who was "old New York," died leaving his family quite impoverished; and Timothy, a brilliant young lawyer, has made his way to the threshold of a partnership in Sheffield, Knox, Stevens & Dale by total dedication to his work. He is married to his college sweetheart, and they live with their two children in a small, shabby apartment; but the hours he keeps at the office leave him little private life and virtually no social life. He is perfectly happy in this exacting routine, working with the acting senior partner, Knox, who fits his ideal of the "philosopher-advocate." But a crisis brews when he is shunted to Sheridan Dale's department and given charge of the legal aspects of a business deal which Dale's nephew, George Emlen, is putting through. Emlen is a boor and an unscrupulous moneygrubber of the most insufferable kind, and he goads Timothy into an outburst which leaves him no choice but to apologize or resign. When his wife and even his mentor, Knox, urge him to put expediency before pride, he grimly follows their advice—and overnight becomes, at least outwardly, a changed man, a calculating careerist.

Soon he gets his partnership; is assigned profitable clients; and is introduced into the fashionable world by Dale's lovely stepdaughter, who has fallen in love with him. Eventually, as co-trustee of one of the Emlen trusts, he allows himself to become a party to actual dishonesty. And the conflict between ethics and ambition which now confronts him forms the climax of the novel.

The Great World and Timothy Colt is much more strongly plotted than the author's previous novels: the narrative drive is well sustained throughout. In other respects, it was slightly disappointing to this reader. Mr. Auchincloss—who is *par excellence* a civilized writer at home in "the great world"—has seriously handicapped himself, I feel, by writing over the shoulder of a hero who is a philistine and a social bumpkin. It is a perspective which gives little scope for the wit and irony which are his most attractive assets. Judging from Auchincloss's previous work, his natural stance is a sophisticated semidetachment. In this book, he has let himself be edged uncomfortably close to earnestness.



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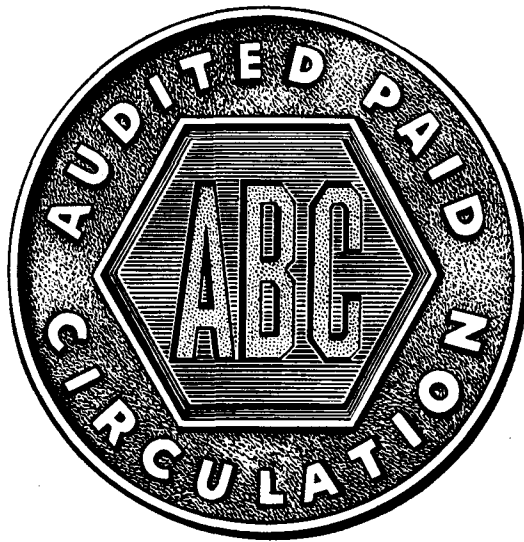
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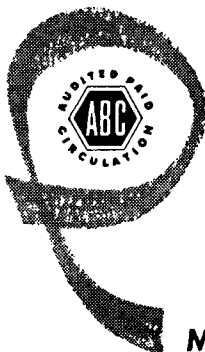
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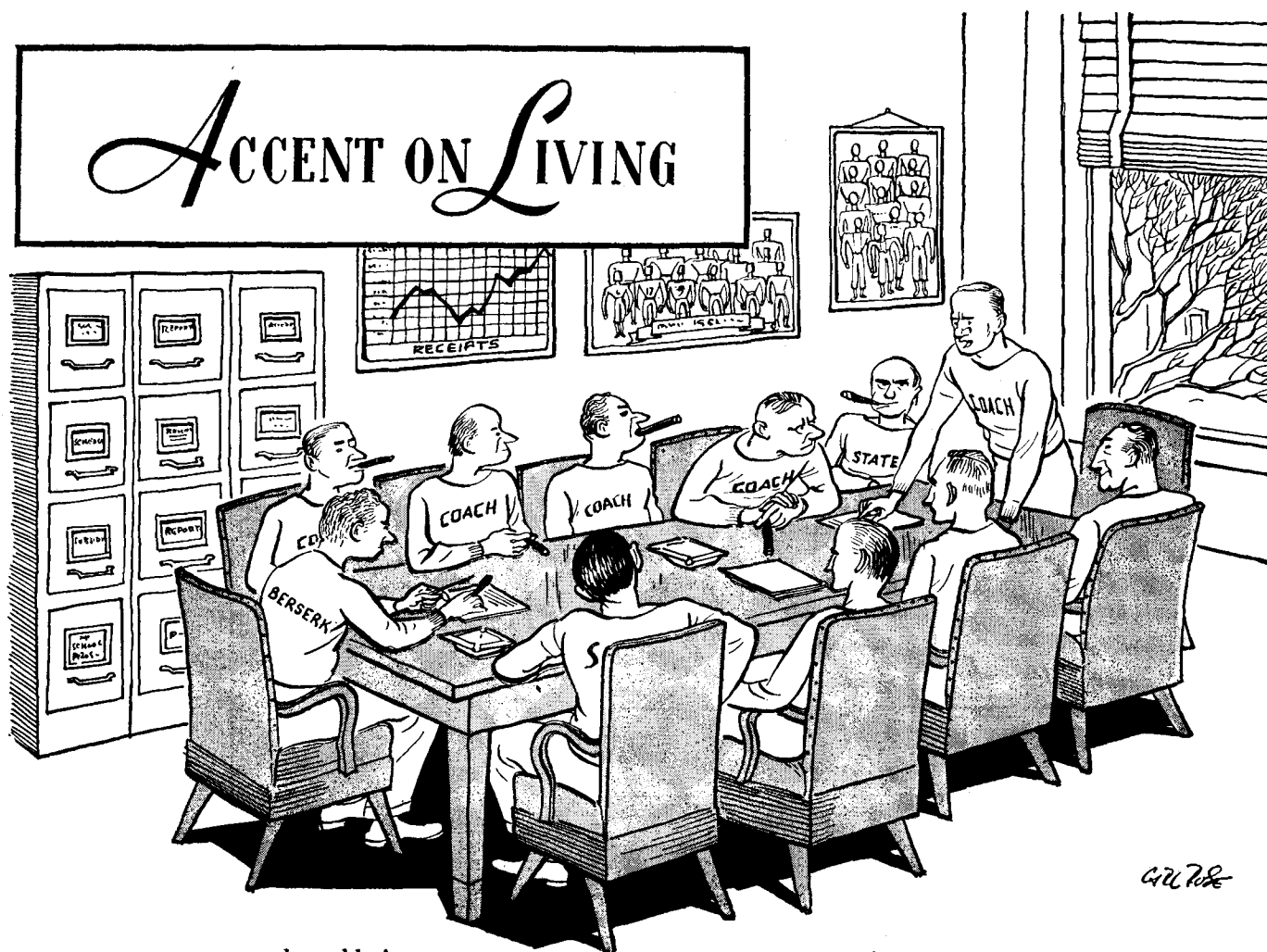


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ACCENT ON LIVING



FOR some years now, the athletics departments of colleges and universities have prospered through trade associations of their own devising. By means of conferences and leagues, usually regional in their composition, the colleges can apply the standards of higher education to such vexing questions as a common policy toward TV sponsorship, division of gate receipts, spring training, and special courses for mentally retarded athletes.

Nothing is more conducive to poor budgetry and administrative practices than hit-or-miss remuneration of amateur athletes. The conferences have drawn up precise regulations concerning amateurism which enable deans and department chairmen to know exactly what rules their college will violate; and a system of "fines" — payments of a small fraction of the gate receipts into a common fund — keeps the educators on the alert in making sure that the violations are financially worthwhile. Employee morale is improved, also, when the whole squad realizes that the higher salaries must necessarily go to the player who can produce the most publicity and the man with demonstrated drawing

power at the box office, rather than to what used to be loosely termed the "deserving student," a misnomer in any case with its unfortunate implication of curricular interests other than athletic. The deserving student no longer encumbers the amateur payroll, and with him there vanished also the sporadic efforts by alumni groups and overzealous individuals to buy for the college, often at extravagant stipends, promising young amateurs of their own discovery.

Under conference rule, stability and order obtain today in college football and basketball, sports formerly ravaged by unbridled competition and laissez-faire individualism. Berserk College can compute to a dollar the size of the payroll that the Wingding School of Mines will field against it in the annual Homecoming Day classic between these traditional rivals, and determine whether the gate receipts will justify a comparable outlay or whether an altogether new traditional rival should be found and given a trial two-year contract. A conference squabble is pending, for example,

between Hapless Polytechnic and Nirvana Institute over cheerleaders' wages, and either of these teams might offer a low-budget solution to Berserk's Homecoming problem, should a change become desirable. And shall State schedule its Founder's Day classic with State Teachers for the same day that TV will carry the Berserk-Wingding classic? Is it permissible for Berserk to play its own farm club, Berserk Aggies, and if not, how big a fine would the conference impose?

For all such questions the conference has long since perfected its own code. For the purposes of the employer group — a term used here to describe the college presidents, deans, professors, coaches, concessionaires, and other beneficiaries of the conference system — the code has indeed justified the expectations of its supporters.

From the point of view of the employee group — the workers, wage earners, players, or however one terms them — it was inevitable that they should seek, sooner or later, a place in the ranks of organized labor. It was all very well in the early days of big-time sports for an outstanding player

to be paid a high salary for ushering at the local movie theater or for an occasional job of baby-sitting or lawn mowing. But in such inflationary times as these, the amount of take-home pay becomes the prime consideration not only for the upper-bracket stars but for every man on the squad.

We live in an era of rapid social change. It seems only yesterday that workmen's compensation was first awarded to a wage-earning amateur for football injuries, sustained in this case as an employee of the University of Denver team. Many professed to see in this only an isolated local dispute, yet in locker rooms throughout the land workers were stirred to re-examine their own place in the sports industry. Where, the backfield star asked himself, will *I* be at age thirty? What about my wife and

kids? What if I got fired? How can I be a high-school coach if my knee goes bad? With questions like these coming to the fore, it remains for the workers in college athletics to decide only with what branch of organized labor to affiliate. The existing musicians' union, for instance, expects no complications in absorbing the bands, but even negotiators of long experience confess their perplexity in how to classify the drum majorettes, who seem to be somewhere between the musician and the athlete in function and whose numbers are already such as to make them one of the largest groups involved. For how many girl drummers and buglers shall one drum majorette be responsible? If all are subjected by their costumes to equal exposure to frostbite, at what point shall overtime become payable and at

what temperature readings? What are the approved age limits for these performers? For apprentices?

For a time, at least, in their early stages, these new labor groups will encounter the same "teething troubles" that beset all such movements. Raiding and jurisdictional disputes are perhaps unavoidable; featherbedding among the cheerleaders, ushers, vendors, and miscellaneous attendants will call for a considerable interval of adjustment. But surely CAAG — the College Amateur Athletes Guild — and the drum majorettes' union (as yet untitled) will make for themselves in the athletics industry the same position that the SWOC and UAW achieved in steel and the motors. The wonder is only that the move has been so long deferred.

CHARLES W. MORTON

OH, I JUST WRITE VERSE

by C. S. JENNISON

C. S. JENNISON has indeed written and published verse "in most of the magazines" under her maiden name of Kaye Starbird. She lives with her husband and three daughters in Shelburne, Vermont.

ONE morning when I was eight years old, I woke up while the rest of the family were still sleeping. I went over to the dresser and picked up a sweet-grass Indian basket that I kept there and took it back to bed with me. The basket contained a lot of my more interesting treasures — like a purple silk handkerchief with my name printed in one corner, a souvenir replica of the Statue of Liberty, a miniature pencil on a chain, a crumbling four-leaf clover or two that I had pressed the preceding summer, and a scrawled love letter from my first articulate admirer. There was also an elaborate blue satin bedcap with crocheted inserts of lace that the maid had perpetrated with her own hands and given me for Christmas.

After thoughtfully examining and admiring the contents of the basket, I took out the pencil, the bedcap, and the love letter. I put on the bedcap, adjusted it in the mirror, and picked up the pencil. Then I began composing verse on the back of the envelope with the love letter

in it. That was the beginning of what you might call my writing experience. I don't know why I considered the bedcap part of the necessary equipment, unless I felt that it lent romance. Anyway, by the time the rest of the family were stirring, I had penned these immortal lines: —



Here I sit on the river bank
Watching a fish that just now sank.
If I had only but had a line,
The great big fish would now be mine.

The third line didn't entirely please me, but on the whole I felt that I had done rather well. Clara, the maid, to whom I later read my effort, was delighted that it had all happened in *her* bedcap. She predicted a great future for me.

Everyone else in the household, though intrigued at first by the novelty of the thing, eventually

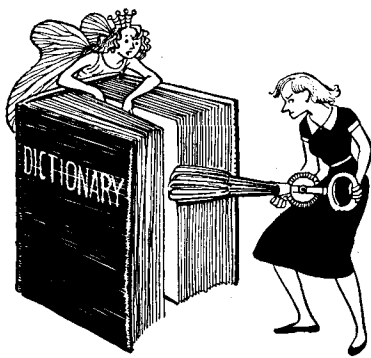
stopped looking up from whatever he or she was doing to hear me recite my continuing struggles with rhyme. My father would mumble "Fine, fine," and keep on reading the newspaper. My sister and brother didn't exactly say, "Aw, who cares?" but they didn't sit and listen, either. My mother inevitably responded with "I'll hear it later, dear," in the absent-minded manner I deplored at the time and now use with my own children.

But spurred on by mild acclaim from friends and teachers, I kept using up notebooks, printing each page with great care and thoughtfully recording my age and the date for future biographers. Occasionally I enlivened the margins with hurried illustrations in crayon, to remind later generations that I was no one-shot personality.

All this work obtained its reward in my sophomore year in high school, when I received five dollars for a poem entitled "Sylvan Glade," which began: —

Follow the path along the stream
Happy and free at dawn. . . .

I went through a lingering "dawn" era during my high-school years, which was a little hard to explain, in view of the fact that my father had to stand me on my feet and hide the bedclothes if he wanted to get



me up in time for school at nine o'clock. The dawn influence continued through my senior year, when I wrote the class poem, "We Are Marching Away Through the Dawning." The poem went on to say that all of us seniors (to the great surprise of most of them, I'm sure) were

Searching the world as we travel
For a spot near a green river's bend,
Where the shades of the rainbow
unravel
And the pot of gold lies at the end.

As I delivered these ringing words on Class Night, my younger sister, who felt it was bad enough to write such stuff without exposing it to the public, laughed in a noisy, embarrassed way in the back of the auditorium.

During my college days, my mother — being essentially kind — tried to show her interest by greeting my work in the college paper and any rare magazine acceptances with "I always *did* like that one, dear." This would have been a marked improvement in audience reaction except that she had usually never heard the verses in question, in spite of having been chased around the house with them several times.

When I married, having given up no career whatsoever, I was still composing and publishing a number of insincere sonnets, dealing with my favorite subject — unrequited love. I had developed a pretty salable style of poetic heartbreak in college, and it was a difficult habit to lose.

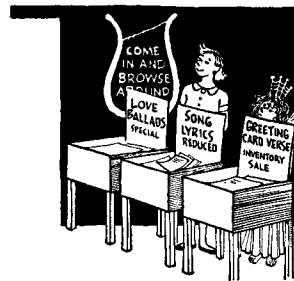
Though this was a purely literary thing and had nothing to do with my contented real-life status, my husband pointed out that — much as he hated to become my Severest Critic — I was turning him into a cad in the eyes of his friends. I recognized this as a legitimate complaint and reluctantly abandoned my idea of new slipcovers and tried to direct

my thoughts into higher, less remunerative channels.

Since the morning in the bedcap, I have discovered a few facts about verse-writing, which I record here For Whom It May Concern. Anyone who is not a successful song-lyric writer is unlikely to make a fortune at rhyming. Because I had a broken (I might even say fragmented) heart during my teens, I decided to try some popular songs myself. One lyric I particularly liked was entitled "I'm No Oracle About Your Ventricle, What's Going On in Your Heart?" In spite of the fresh approach, I was never able to sell it.

For years I wore a sensitive expression and struggled to be a Serious Poet. A careful and lengthy perusal of the intellectual magazines convinced me that in order to be successful at this, I should have to write unintelligibly. Since I have nobody to take notes when I talk in my sleep, I use the only other method I can think of to achieve good results. This is to open my Webster's at random and copy the first word I see, adding — like sugar on scrambled eggs — whatever unlikely adjectives I can throw in. Thus: —

The languorous menace
of the kangaroo
Purple



With tedious enchantment
Propels the hinge of autumn.
Hearing only the nervous breakdown
of the preying mantis,
I crumble my biscuit into the swimming pool.
No, no butter, thank you. . . .

Pretty, isn't it? Deep, too. Unfortunately, the mood is spoiled by the part about the butter. Sooner or later, my natural instincts come to the surface and I put down something that makes sense. You can't get into the better magazines *that* way.

Occasionally I write light verse, but I find it a risky occupation. There is nothing like trying out a particularly hilarious effort on a discerning friend and waiting in vain for the ensuing laughter. I imagine a number of alcoholics have gotten off to a flying start after an experience of this sort.

The juvenile market appealed to me briefly, but the feeling was not mutual. I was more interested in whimsy than engineering, and had neither the patience nor the interest to study up on diesels or jets. Besides, I thought I was a little old to enroll at M.I.T. Frankly, Murray the Mack Truck and Wesley the Washing Machine leave me cold.

I am about to look into the greeting-card market.

THE BULGANIN BOAT SONG

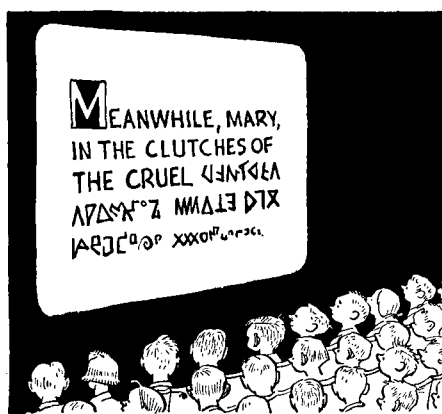
by DON CORTES

HEAVE HO! Here we go!
This is worse than working for Intourist.
I've rowed for Mollet, I've rowed for Pineau,
For Nehru and Twining and Madame Tito,
And I'm sure that isn't the end of the list.

Heave ho! I'm starting to sweat!
This is worse than working for Intourist.
My double-breasted suit is wet,
And Nikita's as drunk as a lord can get.
I wonder what Joe would have thought of this.

Heave ho! I'm ready to swoon.
This is worse than working for Intourist.
I guess I'll be rowing Sir Anthony soon
On this ruddy, muddy, Lenin-damned lagoon.
But row we must to coexist.

Heave ho! I'm all in a stew.
This is worse than working for Intourist.
But I bet I'll row Ike and Mamie too
Before my career as an oarsman's through.
I wonder if golf is as bad as this.



FIRST READER

by MICHAEL JACKSON

MICHAEL JACKSON lives at Laguna Beach, California, where he is engaged in newspaper work. His "Seventh-reel Stretch" appeared in the September Atlantic.

TO READ, a child must see value in reading. I was once an indifferent reader, yet when I acquired a real desire I became a whizz in twenty weeks. So can anyone else.

After being checked out in finger painting and raffia work, I was promoted from kindergarten and first exposed to schoolbooks. I did not think much of them. I was not anti-literature, but I had already memorized *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* and saw no reason to start learning more stories. I felt about *Goldilocks* the way some men do about an old tweed coat. I would always rather go back to this story than risk my time on some untried tale. It is hard to improve on a story like that and I was content with it.

I mastered the alphabet in time, but had little active need of it. "Evaporated," a word seen on milk cans, came out eva-poor-ate-teed. "Caution," a street sign word, came out kay-you-tie-on and meant wait for grownup to take you across street. That was my scholastic standing when I began to follow the movie serial, *The Iron Claw*.

Every Saturday afternoon, as a respite from fresh air and sunshine, our set stocked up on Necco Wafers and Tootsie Rolls to rendezvous in the front row at the Plaza Theater. Those of us who could read would point to the screen directly above us and shout the words, to the envy of our less accomplished companions. "YOU WIN THIS TIME, GRIN-GO. BUT WE WILL MEET AGAIN." Some of the kindergarten

set would pretend that they could read, too, but they were always just barely off tempo, like party singers who don't quite know the lyrics.

I had been an *aficionado* of *The Iron Claw* for about four chapters when I began to suspect that certain nuances and subtleties of characterization and plot were eluding me. I could not read fast enough to digest the words before they vanished from the screen. "MARY, AN IN-NO-CENT WILD FLOW-ER WHO . . ." or "IN THE ME-AN TI-ME, BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT THE GANG PLANS TO . . ." This was as far as I could get before the action reappeared and I was left standing in my seat, pointing at the screen and talking grimly to myself. Movies were designed for the twelve-year-old mentality, and my trouble was I didn't have it.

The Iron Claw concerned a one-handed evildoer who had a hook attached to his arm stump. He could work it like a pruning shears. This villain was forever trying to trap a lady with Pickford-type curls. At first I surmised that he wanted to clip off her head, but it turned out he wanted to give her a kiss. But there was a man in white riding trousers, who untied himself from ropes placed about him the previous Saturday, and always prevented the iron claw man from kissing the lady. Becoming ever more enthralled by the fugue evolved from this theme, I was rapidly forgetting all about *Goldilocks*.

At the conclusion of each chapter, the front-row cinemagoers would be screaming and crying. The man in white trousers was tied up on the floor next to a box of rattlesnakes. When the swinging knife was low enough, the cord securing the snakes would be severed, and all the snakes would get out to devour the man. There would be a close-up of the man, his eyes rolling, sweat on his forehead. Then we were shown the snakes, heads weaving and forked tongues darting.

Afterwards, we all purchased a refreshment called a Frozen Dainty. This was gray shaved ice over which the Frozen Dainty man poured a colored syrup to give a cherry flavor to the germs. The hero's chances of survival were discussed. It was during these round tables that I began to perceive the value of being a fast reader. I could never win an argument with a third-grader because he would claim that I didn't read all the

words, and that there was plenty going on that I knew nothing about. In rebuttal, I would trip opponents and jump up and down on their chests, but I was forced to concede that their arguments had a certain validity.

The dramatis personae of *The Iron Claw* were always writing notes or being forced to write them. Only rarely were the notes read by their intended receiver. Every time the man in white pants tried to deliver anything, he was ambushed by a group of Oriental or Latin types. Once a note did get through. The heroine stared at the message, clutched at her throat, then crumpled in a faint. The audience was given a close-up of the message.

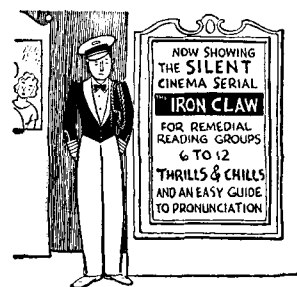
I always sat next to Spiggy Haynes, who was a year older than I and a good reader.

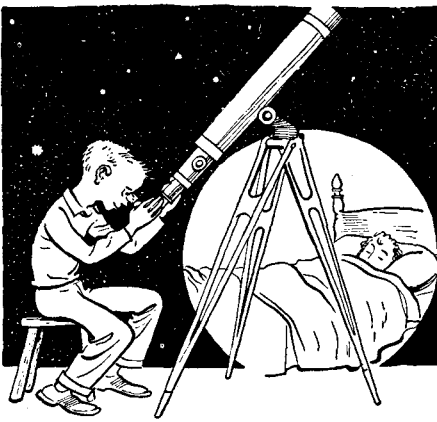
"What's it say, Spiggy?" I kept my eyes on the screen. "What's it say?"

"It don't say anything," Spiggy explained. "It's a letter."

Letters were something people fought over or tried to hide, and *The Iron Claw* had almost completed its run before I became aware that they had intrinsic value. By that time, I could read entire subtitles before they vanished. TOM — ONLY A HIRED HAND BUT LOYAL AND KIND. . . . RELEASE ME, I BEG OF YOU. HAVE YOU NO SISTER OF YOUR OWN? . . . THE RED GULCH SALOON — WHERE LIFE WAS AS CHEAP AS THE RAW WHISKEY.

What I accomplished in twenty weeks can be accomplished by any child of today. It is up to the educators to give the child the proper incentive. My suggestion is this: let the community raise the money for a good silent movie serial. For twenty Saturday afternoons let all the second-graders go to the show. With a nurse in attendance to administer sedatives to the inevitable hysterical few, the majority should emerge as capable readers — and that, after all, is what we want.





STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

by ANITRA FREEDMAN

A Smith College graduate, ANITRA FREEDMAN lives in Berkeley, California, where she is engaged in writing, editing, and literary research.

I WAS shivering in a vacant lot one evening recently while my son "swept the skies" with his four-inch reflecting telescope, when a man accosted us.

"See anything *interesting*?" he asked suggestively, pointing to the lighted windows of nearby houses.

"Just looking at some heavenly bodies," I told him.

"Mm, hm!" The stranger grinned.

My son took this moment to exclaim "Wow!" and the man turned to leer at me.

"Jupiter and four moons!" my offspring sighed ecstatically.

The man's face sagged, like that of one who has been dreaming of Marilyn Monroe and wakes to find his pet puppy snuggling against him. "Four moons!" he muttered in disbelief.

"Jupiter actually has twelve moons," I said apologetically, "though all of them aren't visible. And, of course, with a small telescope like this—" But by this time the man had sidled away.

As the mother of a young telescope nut — more familiarly, T.N. — I belong to that growing subspecies of the human family known as the astronomer (or, if you prefer, astronomartyr). This is something like a golf widow, but in reverse. Instead of being left at home — no hardship for a female with all the instincts of a sloth — I, perforce, accompany my offspring when he goes out to gaze at the skies and study constellations and galaxies.

It is in the nature of this hobby

that it must be pursued at times when one could rightfully expect to be settled comfortably before the radio or TV set, or in a nice warm bed. Full many a gloomy night finds me shivering and sleepy on balconies or in back yards while my son, oblivious of earth-bound matters, gazes skyward through his telescope.

In the course of time, we became members of a local astronomical society, an organization of "amateurs" whose erudition makes a monkey out of a contented novice like myself. Now any amateur astronomical society worth its salt has at least one "star party," usually the culmination of its activities for the year. This year our star party was held atop a 4000-foot mountain, to which members were to bring their scopes for observing as far as possible from the madding crowd. Since the viewing couldn't begin until dark and would continue until morning, the plan was to camp out overnight.

On the way up the mountain, my son began to anticipate the pleasures of the party.

"There'll be a lot of good things to see," he said. "Since Saturn's in opposition, we may be able to see Cassini's division, and probably even Encke's."

"Oh, I'm sure of it."

"Jupiter crosses the meridian tonight at about nine o'clock. Gee, we might be able to see some equatorial white spots, and even the south tropical disturbances. Naturally, we'll view the great red spot. And what do you think, Mercury's gibbous!"

Not to be outdone, I contributed the sum total of my knowledge: "Since the moon's new tonight, that'll be good for observing."

"When the moon is new," my son informed me patiently, "it is actually not visible at all. As a matter of fact, it is in first quarter and is about to occult Beta-Geminorum."

At last, equipped with our borrowed army cots, sleeping bags, and air mattresses, and carrying food for supper and breakfast, we arrived at the camp site late in the afternoon. Already a number of eager beavers had arrived. Telescopes were lined up along the edge of the road.

My son promptly disappeared, leaving me to find a water tap, locate "sanitary conveniences," put up army cots, inflate air mattresses, start a fire for supper, and follow other such mundane pursuits. From time to time he reappeared, delivering

breathless announcements: "You should see Jim's scope. It's a six-inch reflector, built at F/10. . . . Walter's is a Cassegrain and no chromatic aberration. . . . Tom has a cool equatorial mount with perfect counterbalance and setting circles!"

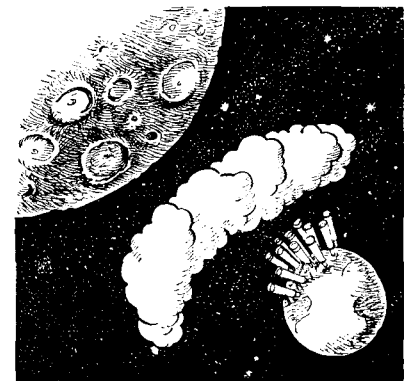
Meanwhile, weeping in the billowing smoke from the fireplace, I blindly slapped potatoes and corn into the ashes, and steak on the grill. As the wind rose and the sun set, I added layers of clothing. By the time we had eaten and I had made a pass at washing dishes in lukewarm water covered with soot, I was eying our sleeping bags with suspicion. I tried not to think of my warm bed at home, complete with electric heating pad.

As the stars began to appear, my offspring became increasingly blissful. "You should see the Crab Nebula!" he sighed. "And take a look through John's scope. It's a four-inch open tube job and it splits two seconds of an arc. Bill's telescope has an Erfle eyepiece, and it gives a field of view of 70 degrees. It's pointed at Messier 13."

I resisted a mad impulse to ask whether this was in any way related to a Messerschmitt, a *faux pas* that would certainly have cost me filial confidence and respect.

"The globular cluster in Hercules, you know. Come on, I'll show it to you."

As we went in search of this phenomenon, we were assailed by siren voices crying their wares in the dark: "It's an eclipsing binary. . . . Ah, Denebola! See the colors of the two stars! . . . Look, Saturn's rings! . . .



The Great Nebula in Orion, see the Trapezium!"

Suddenly, a hideous groan went up en masse from the entranced viewers. Rolling inexorably toward us from the west was a heavy bank of fog. In a matter of minutes it



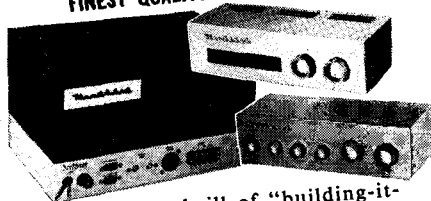
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completely obscured the sky, and there wasn't a star in sight.

We spent the rest of the evening around a blazing campfire, a condition against which I personally had no complaint. From time to time, when a gust of wind blew the fog away and a star or two could be seen, some hardy perennials went out into the cold. It was a trial by fire that sorted out the real stargazers from the mere hangers-on. Along about midnight, I made a wild dash toward my cot, knocking over two telescopes and one nut (T.N., that is) in the process. I jumped into my sleeping bag with all my clothes on. My maternal feelings having been nosed out by the instinct for self-preservation, I left my son to fend for himself.

I spent the entire night huddled down at the foot of the sleeping bag, gnashing my teeth in cold and in fury, and thinking bitter thoughts. When the sun at last burned off the fog in the late morning, I crawled out hollow-eyed and hungry, and ready to unburden myself of a few ultimatums.

As usual, my offspring got the jump on me. "I'm going to make a six-inch reflector," he announced enthusiastically over a lukewarm, gritty breakfast. "I figured it all out with the fellows last night. I'll build it at F/12. It'll be achromatic, with orthoscopic eyepieces. And it'll have an equatorial mount, an adjustable polar axis for change of latitude, aluminum tubing, setting circles, worm gears. . . ."

Ah well! I drowned my complaints in cold coffee. As long as his head is in the stars, his feet are on the ground, so to speak. At least until the arrival of the rocket age. And,



to give the boy his due, I suppose he could have picked a worse hobby. I know a woman whose young daughter is interested in natural science. *She* collects live snakes.



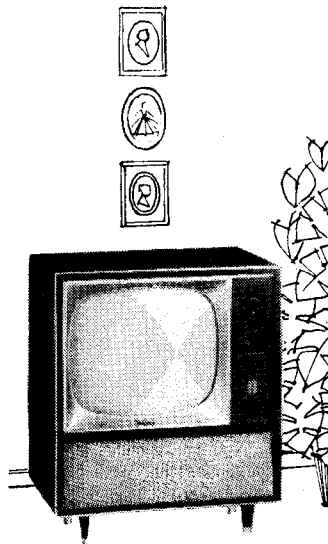
by **JOHN M. CONLY**

Beethoven: Overtures: Leonore, Nos. 1, 2, and 3; Fidelio; Coriolan (Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2015: 12"). The matchless sound of the BSO may never have been better captured. The interpretation features vigor and an unexpected dryness; the lyrical plaints with which Beethoven set off his bursts of drama emerge neither lyrical nor plaintive.

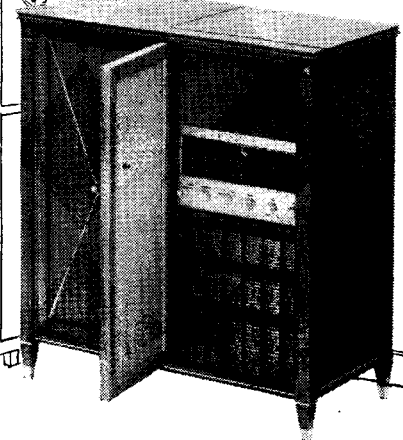
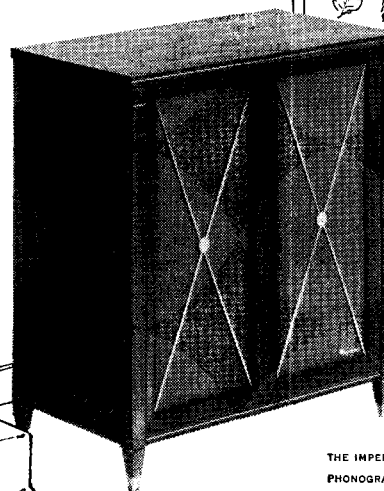
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" (Otto Klemperer conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35328: 12"). Some critic once described Klemperer's pace—in the "Eroica," if memory serves—as *klempering*, which can be translated as going mighty slow. Throughout this record, except in the scherzo, he klemperes. The funeral march gains by it, or at least doesn't suffer; the protraction of the beat allows certain subtle temporal modulations that heighten the dramatic effect, and we suddenly see what Wagner owed to this movement. The first movement survives the treatment, emerging monumental but static; the finale loses its Promethean character and sounds like Weber. The reproduction is brilliant but, to my ear, a little harsh. Acquaintances tell me the Philharmonia sounds that way, especially in the Royal Festival Hall. I do not know where the recording was made. Shoppers should hear also the Leinsdorf-Entré, the Reiner-RCA, and (if it be now available as a single) the sonically renovated Toscanini-RCA.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7; Fidelio Overture (Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1991: 12"). Now there are twenty Seventh Symphonies in the catalogues, and not one comes very close to perfection. This latest is much the richest and most lustrous sonically, and its inner movements are unexceptionable in performance: strong, temperate, vital. However, the mystical surge of the introduction and the quasi-Celtic fierceness of the finale both are weakened by an excess

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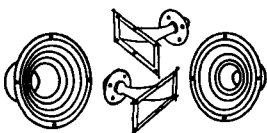


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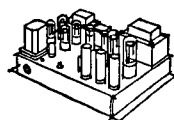
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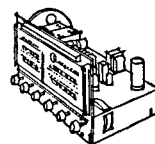
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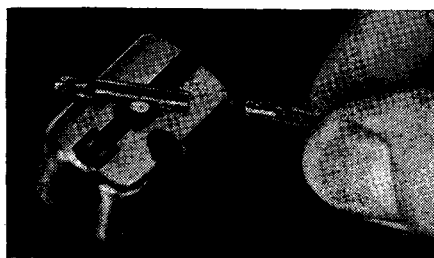


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of speed, uncharacteristic of Reiner in past performances and rather puzzling. The *Fidelio* Overture, a bonus, is well played and recorded.

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Rudolf Serkin, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5117: 12"). From Mason Jones' lofting of the introductory horn phrase, one can almost tell that this is to be a noble and eloquent performance, and so it turns out. Unfortunately, Columbia has of late adopted an oddly intimate microphone technique, the product whereof is dubbed "360 Sound," which is peculiarly unsuited to the Philadelphia Orchestra playing Brahms. At least, this is so when the reproducing system is a good one; through a small table-top phonograph the effect may be very "hi-fi." Even on legitimate high-fidelity equipment, Serkin sounds first-rate when he can be disentangled aurally from the first violins. No such effort — it may fairly be pointed out — is required when one listens to the version by Rubinstein and Munch on RCA Victor.

Brahms: Violin Concerto (Zino Francescatti, violin; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5114: 12"). Francescatti plays fondly and knowingly, and the orchestra abets his efforts grandly, all of which is negated by the undue closeness of the microphoning. Otherwise this version might well outpoint those of Milstein and Steinberg for Capitol and Heifetz and Reiner for RCA Victor. Even so, it is worth comparing with them or any other.

Cherubini: Requiem Mass in C Minor (Arturo Toscanini conducting Robert Shaw Chorale and NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2000: 12"). For some reason, the Cherubini C Minor Requiem always puts me in mind of Boito's *Mefistofele*, though I cannot isolate the similarity, if any. It seems an application of late-Beethovenian style to sixteenth-century liturgical aims, yielding an effect at once sober and intensely dramatic. I like it very much indeed, especially as conveyed by Toscanini in this recording, which I would not suspect of being a 1950 broadcast transcription unless someone told me.

Copland: Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson with Weisgall: The Stronger (Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano, with Aaron Copland, piano, in the Copland; Adelaide Bishop,

soprano; Alfredo Antonini conducting Columbia Chamber Orchestra, in the Weisgall; Columbia ML-5106: 12"). The Weisgall, a sort of monologue mini-opera, very cleverly sets to music a short story, triangular in plot, of a sort very familiar to veteran readers of the *New Yorker*. Enough said. The Copland setting of Dickinson poems is more important. It never becomes compelling, but it shouldn't. The poems would resist an infusion of color; Copland has intelligently confined his efforts to inflecting and framing them musically, which will not seem an effort at lily-gilding after you have listened a time or two.

Dvořák: Symphony No. 5, "From the New World" (three versions: Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5115. Ferenc Fricsay conducting RIAS Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DL-9845. Conductorless Symphony of the Air; Presentation Album No. 2. Each 12"). Fricsay leads his Berliners in a European reading of this Slavonic-American work. The key themes are de-emphasized; the pace is made to fit Middle European folk meters; the result is beautiful if a little unfamiliar to American ears; both orchestra and engineers were at their best. The Philadelphia sound is big, close, and sleek; the performance vigorous and conventional.

It is the third of the versions to crop up this month, however, that offers the real excitement and that seems to me to be — contrary to all expectations — among the best "New World" symphonies in the catalogues. The Symphony of the Air is the nucleus of the Toscanini-trained NBC Symphony, plus a few replacements and minus Toscanini. Here they play without any conductor at all and — it may be a fluke — to fantastically good effect. Occasionally they sound a little metronomic; once in a while there is a hint of roughness. But the astounding overall result is a "New World" musically warmer in feeling and more dramatic in execution than the one they made in 1953 with their beloved Maestro on the conductor's stand. This may be revolutionary. They sound rather as if they were playing, and sensing each other's musical judgment, much as might, say, the Budapest Quartet or a top-notch jazz ensemble. No one, so far as I know, ever has bothered to conjecture how a full symphony orchestra might perform, playing in voluntary consensus. If this is a



Mr. Slatkin's cup of tea

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reliable sample, I heartfully hope we may have more, and suggest they try us with a Beethoven Fifth next year.

Vitally significant to the merit of this recording is one special member of the orchestra — David Sarser of the second violins, sometime audio consultant to the Toscanini household, now audio director of the NBC-TV Opera Theater. He served as engineer for the recording, and he achieved a marvel, something I am hard put to believe in when I am not actually hearing it. It is one of the best orchestral recordings I ever have

listened to, and I have listened to several thousand. If *you* want to hear it, it will cost you \$12 — a fair price — which will be expended on the broad institutional aims of the Symphony Foundation of America, Room 1101, Carnegie Hall, New York 19, N.Y.

Handel: Organ Concertos Op. 4, No. 2 and No. 5; Op. 7, No. 1 and No. 5 (Lawrence Moe, organ; Klaus Liepmann conducting Unicorn Concert Orchestra; Unicorn LP-1032: 12"). This is one of several records somewhat pompously labeled "Music

at M.I.T." It was recorded in the brand-new M.I.T. chapel, which was designed for optimal audibility according to all known applicable scientific principles and which seems to be rather well thought of as a listening spot, though it has its critics. Its appurtenances include a modern organ of Baroque inspiration, on which Mr. Moe has played these concertos. He does them very well, with the tasteful assistance of Mr. Liepmann's string players, and if you want a pleasant bouquet of Handel, you can hardly do better. Peter Bartók made the recording.

Massenet: *Manon* (Pierre Monteux conducting Victoria de los Angeles, Henri Legay, Michel Dens, other soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Opéra-Comique; RCA Victor LM-6402: four 12" with libretto). The plot of the Abbé Prévost's *Story of the Chevalier des Grieux and Manon Lescaut* — two people falling in love as they sink into iniquity — was so simple and foolproof that it was bound to be incorporated in operas, and was. Two of the operas, Puccini's and this, were real successes. The appeal, in Massenet's conception, is to the bourgeois thirst for escape from propriety. We are still bourgeois enough to empathize with this, though Alec Guinness now has persuaded us that the urge is not necessarily punishable by death, as it was deemed in Massenet's day. Monteux throws himself and his cast wonderfully into the spirit of the talky little tragedy, and it becomes irresistible; no other *Manon* can compare. The recorded sound, too, is irreproachable.

Nielsen: *Symphony No. 3, "Espansiva"* (John Frandsen conducting vocal soloists and Danish National Orchestra; Epic LC-3225: 12"). Nielsen's music is not very quickly assimilable, but it sticks with you; the themes recur in your mind. All of it is positive; the techniques are bent to the service of the ideas. The main idea, easily sensed, of the "Espansiva" is vitality — big, good-humored, unhurried, at once relaxing and fortifying, good to have around. The recorded sound is fittingly spacious, and the performance devoted and understanding.

Puccini: *La Bohème* (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill, other singers; RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Columbus Boychoir; RCA Victor LM-6042: two 12" with libretto). Here is

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a disappointment: Sir Thomas has outgrown his tolerance of melodrama. One must be a little naïve thoroughly to enjoy *La Bohème* even as a listener. Sometimes it takes an effort, and presumably it takes an even greater effort for a conductor to commit himself to its pleasant absurdities. Sir Thomas eschewed the effort, apparently, and went hunting musical values. He found some — the orchestral performance is breathtaking — but they do not add up to an opera, and as a cantata *La Bohème* is a flop. Justice compels me to add that the recording is excellent.

Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini with Grieg: Piano Concerto and Liszt: Concerto No. 1 (Arthur Rubinstein, piano; Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Alfred Wallenstein conducting RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6039: two 12"). This was Rubinstein's fiftieth year of concert piano playing, and to mark it he put on an awesome display of concerto performances last winter in New York and Chicago. (In New York he played seventeen in two weeks!) RCA Victor astutely exploited this artistic spree by recording the Great Man in three concertos and the rhapsody when he was fresh from presenting them in concert. He has never been in better form; his energy — let out or channeled into quiet intensity — sometimes is almost alarming, but it never bursts the composer's intent. However, no one else plays these works exactly as he does, and one buys the package for Rubinstein (which is plenty of reason) rather than for perfect, selfless realization of the musical aim. The Chicago Symphony sounds fine in the two Rachmaninoff works, the RCA Victor ensemble rather wan, by contrast, in the Grieg and the Liszt.

Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 3 (André Cluytens conducting Paris Conservatory Orchestra and Henriette Roget, organ; Angel 35336: 12"). Saint-Saëns and d'Indy tried to stem the tide of Debussy's Impressionism by demonstrating that the old approaches still could find fresh beauty. The Third Symphony was Saint-Saëns' major effort in this campaign, and so far as I am concerned he succeeded. The second movement here, as conveyed by the Parisian orchestra, Mlle. Roget, and Angel's inspired engineers, infuses the listener with what I can only describe as a

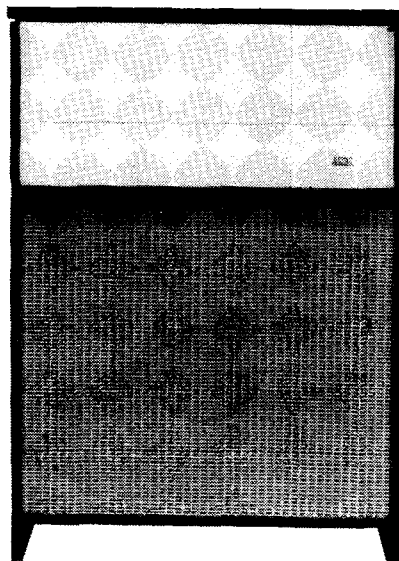
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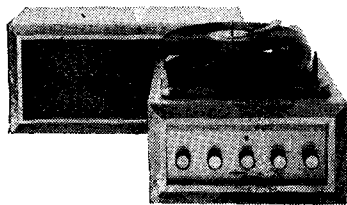
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feeling of pure, sensuous glory: it stirs nothing in the intellect, but it drowns all other wants and wishes in its own swirling gorgeousness. There will be, I am sure, versions of this work forthcoming soon from the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor) and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia), but I still think it is safe to buy now.

Schumann: Piano Concerto; Kinderszenen (Walter Gieseking, piano, with Herbert von Karajan conducting Philharmonia Orchestra in the concerto; Angel 35321: 12"). The major competition for this is the Novaes (Vox) record offering the same fare, and it is sonically comparable, too. Between the pianists I could not choose, but Karajan and the Philharmonia have a distinct edge on Hans Swarowsky and the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna, so I am propelled toward the Angel disk. Just the same, I'd want to listen once more to both if I were buying.

Verdi: La Traviata (two versions: Pierre Monteux conducting Rosanna Carteri, Cesare Valletti, Leonard Warren, other singers, Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6040: three 12" with libretto and the complete novel *Camille* by Alexandre Dumas. Tullio Serafin conducting Antonietta Stella, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Tito Gobbi, other singers, Chorus and Orchestra of Teatro alla Scala; Angel 3545 B/L: two 12" with libretto). It is very hard to choose between these two sets. Even in price there is only a dollar's difference, which buys you Victor's extra record (used chiefly to permit wider groove-spacing and bigger dynamics) and the twelve-by-twelve soft-cover *Camille*. Antonietta Stella sings Violetta a little more easily than Rosanna Carteri and, it seems to me, acts the role a little better, especially in the big scenes. The same thing can be said for Angel's Alfredo and Germont, Giuseppe Di Stefano and Tito Gobbi, though Valletti and Warren are both very good, and the latter's voice excites through sheer power. So it may be Tullio Serafin's guiding hand that gives the dramatic edge to the Angel. To counterbalance this, there is no doubt that Monteux gets more out of his orchestra and much more out of his chorus (a better chorus, too) than Serafin. Further, Victor's fidelity is a good deal higher than Angel's, which is marred by occasional microphone hoots. The styles of presentation differ, too. Victor



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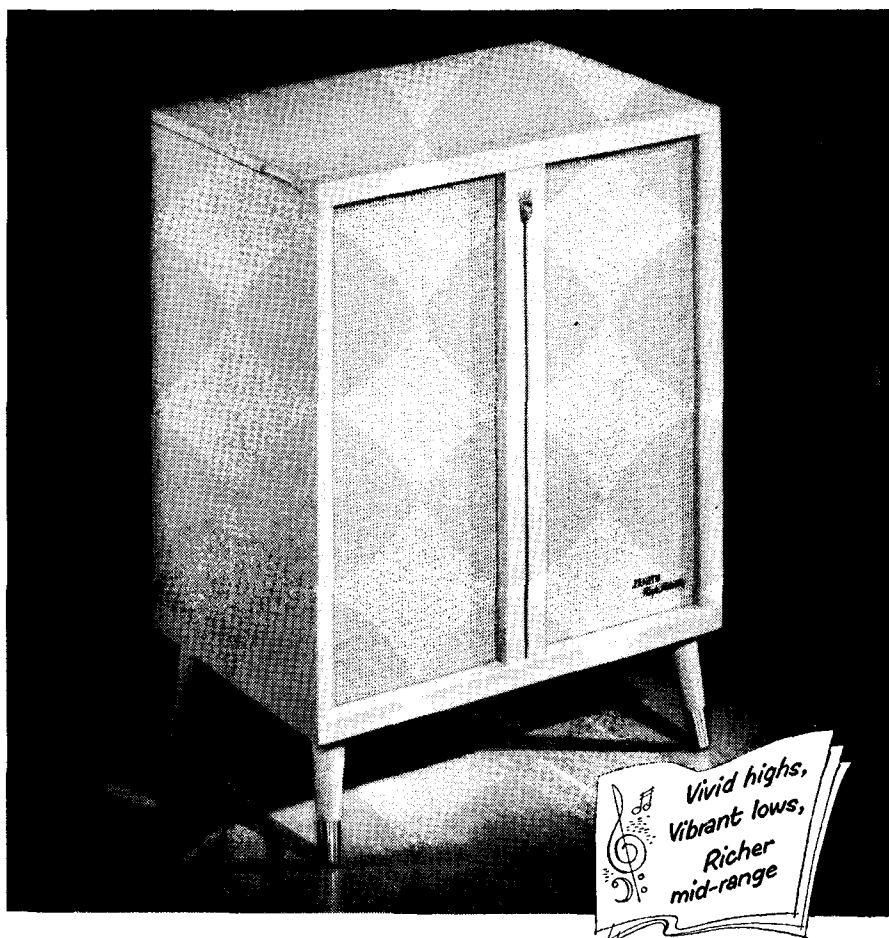
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facing page 66

gets a quite credible opera house perspective. Angel's atmosphere is much more *intime* and phonographic; the singers sing right into your living room. Neither is quite so impressive sonically as last year's London version, whose other chief asset is Renata Tebaldi's voice, but for overall operatic value, the choice is between the new ones.

The President's Favorite Music (various soloists, conductors, and orchestras; RCA Victor LM-2071: 12"). RCA Victor's George Marek and Alan Kayes, it says here, worked carefully with the Committee of Arts and Sciences for Eisenhower in the preparation of this record, which was Mr. Marek's idea and ought to make a mint of money. It would be interesting to know which of the selections the President really chose himself and which the C.A.S.E. chose for him, but we never will. The selections include Stokowski playing Bach-Stokowski; Munch-Boston playing the *Coriolan* Overture; Reiner-Chicago playing *Fingal's Cave* and the *Fledermaus* Overture; Fiedler-Boston Pops playing a *Porgy and Bess* synthesis; Leonard Warren singing *Di Provenza il mar*, Marian Anderson singing *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*, and Al Goodman playing *High Noon*, all in beautiful recording. I predict that Columbia Records, Inc., will vote the Stevenson ticket to a man.

Soundproof (Arthur Ferrante, Louis Teicher, pianos; Westminster WP-6014: 12"). The subtitle — "The Sound of Tomorrow Today" — and the jacket adornment (flying saucers) and text generate a sort of horrified suspense. Ferrante and Teicher, sometimes billed as the Hi-Fivories, use two pianos gimmicked up somewhat in the John Cage manner, but more lightheartedly. Further, they use seventeen microphones, four six-channel mixers, three amplifiers, and two tape recorders to fructify their musical efforts. The result is not monstrous, because they also apply good taste and humor. The sound is unique and sometimes gently weird, but almost always musical and appealing. The material employed in the trickery here consists of popular themes, from *Greensleeves* to *Mississippi Boogie*.



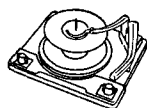
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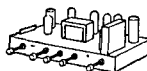
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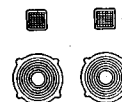


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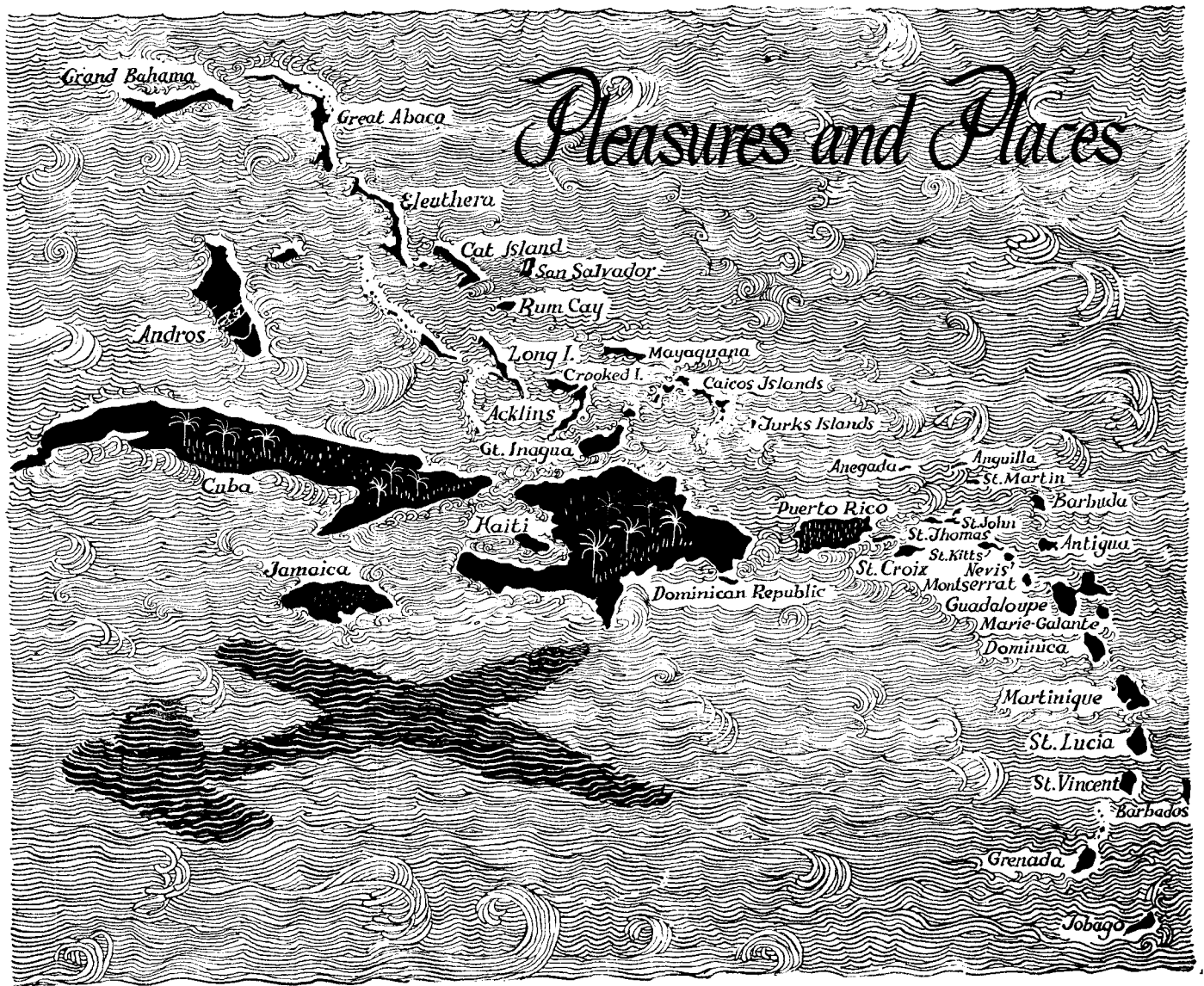
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THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

AND we saw the trees very green, Columbus wrote, and much water and fruits of diverse kind. . . . Bright green trees, the whole land so green that it is a pleasure to look on it.

From the plane one discovers the islands that rise like mountaintops from a clear sea of many colors: the mixed colors of semiprecious stones, of coral reefs, of green volcanoes, of bizarre fish; the white fringe of long beaches and of short crescent beaches on quiet bays; the white of schooner sails and of the Great Houses on old plantations; gray stone towers of old windmills and forts; red-tiled roofs of colonial harbor towns. Islands so remote and quiet, it is as if they had been discovered and then lost again.

Discovery by air

It is the airplane (and this only in the last few years) that has found the West Indies again for us. Widespread

air service in the Caribbean is still new — as new as the airfields built during and after the war. Air travel is simple; one ticket, allowing many stopovers, makes available the connecting services of four major airlines. Even the man with but two or three weeks can take his choice of islands; frequent air service connects whole strings of them that until recently knew only the trading schooner or the occasional freighter.

Pan American sends over a hundred regular flights a week through the Caribbean, its big planes offering service on tourist-class flights that one would call first-class on domestic runs. From New York all the way down to Trinidad and back (with innumerable stopovers) costs \$282. Time, one-way, about nine hours. British West Indian Airways, covering fifteen islands, opens up further possibilities. Distances between the

islands are very short, averaging a half hour's flying time from one to another. BWIA flies a large variety of circular island-hopping trips — for instance, there is one from New York to Bermuda, San Juan, St. Thomas, Antigua, Martinique, Barbados, and back to New York for \$270.

Time and money allowing, it is a simple matter to fly down through the islands to Trinidad and Curaçao and return home by way of Guatemala and Mexico. It is possible to see a half-dozen or more islands in two weeks by air.

But this can be a violation of the delicate beauty and mood of the islands; better to pick two or three and to work slowly in and around them by car, horse, schooner, chartered yacht, sailboat, or motor vessel.

Winter travel

Warning: The traveler who will go to the West Indies this winter must move fast (and he must be flexible and adaptable). All facilities are lim-

ited; not only plane and hotel space but chartered yacht, fishing cruiser, and self-drive hired car should be spoken for *now*. The airlines and the hotel managers are perhaps more knowledgeable than the average American travel agent in the less well-known islands, and can be of real help in these arrangements.

The man who wants something more than the standard diet of hotel on a beach, drive through the island, glass-bottom boat, and shopping spree (all in a crowd) must study the map (the intimate geography of the West Indies will surprise him), pick an area full of strange names, and be prepared to attempt the unusual and, possibly, to sacrifice some comfort for the sake of the most beautiful, unspoiled, unfrequented islands. But to begin with he must know the secret of the islands. It lies in two words: Go south. Anywhere south of the American Virgin Islands — and the further south the better.

Improvisation of an air itinerary from island to island is sometimes possible in this winter peak season, especially if the traveler is willing to go to the airports and take his chance as a stand-by passenger. Poor inter-island radio contact makes the unexpected seat on the supposedly full incoming plane a commonplace.

In any case, local flights are easier to find space on than long-distance ones; local flights out of Trinidad by BWIA are a better bet than those that are southbound. But at the start, make firm air reservations over the whole itinerary (or at least to major stops) and improvise from there when it becomes possible.

January and February are the peak months; up to about December 20 things are somewhat easier, both for transportation and for hotels. Christmas to New Year's is very chancy. From about January 5 to 21 there is some slacking off, especially in the Trinidad-Tobago-Barbados-Grenada area.

Hotels

In a generally tight situation the saving grace is this: there are whole islands, and facilities in other islands — out-of-the-way hotels and guesthouses (an honorable name in the islands), government guesthouses, inter-island schooners, unpublicized yacht and boat chartering outfits — that are not known to most travelers or travel agents, and are therefore more likely to be available to the

enterprising man who will dig them out.

A good example is the new hotel in Fort-de-France, Martinique, that makes for a sharp increase in available space in a fascinating island whose great handicap has been too few hotels. Another find is the little-known La Pergola, four miles out of Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe, whose *patron* disdains the impersonal arrangements of travel agents, preferring the direct approach of the traveler who will appreciate his neat bungalows, superb French cooking, and wines. It is situated on a hill overlooking its own beach and has one of the best views in the Caribbean. Two other similar possibilities are the new hotel due to open soon on St. Martin and the very livable Ave Maria on Carriacou (\$7, single, with meals) reached by local schooner in five hours from Grenada. There are seven or eight small British islands — known mainly to yachtsmen and a few adventurous Englishmen — with adequate accommodation: Anguilla, Barbuda, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Bequia, Carriacou, among others.

Except in Barbados, hotels are small

and too few. They are not — in these purer islands south of the American Virgins — de luxe, nor are they, for the most part, resorts. Usually they are reasonably comfortable, old-fashioned, informal, inexpensive; and they offer meals that are fair to good — a major requirement in the choice of a hotel, since the general lack of restaurants and the prevalence of the American Plan make the guest dependent on his hotel's cooking. One eats well in the Dutch and French islands, of course (and finds wines like Châteauneuf-du-Pape at about \$2 a bottle), and in the British islands that have a French heritage, the Windwards particularly. Trinidad and Barbados, too, offer some good food, especially if one makes a point of asking for the local specialties.

Hotels which ask one price for all rooms are usually rather intimate arrangements, often with a genial host and a house-party atmosphere. A good idea is to seek out those places which have been converted from old West Indian mansions, manor houses, plantation Great Houses; these are richly built to fit the nature of the place, and give the visitor a sense of casually absorbing the local *ambiance*.

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Some examples are Shaw Park in Jamaica, Kensington in Antigua, Bretton Hall in Trinidad, Sam Lord's Castle in Barbados, the Villa in St. Lucia, Mon Rêve in Port-au-Prince.

Their disadvantage is that usually they are not on a beach; but in most



cases the hotel provides transportation to the sea, often to its own beach. This might be taken as the best of both worlds, since the beach hotel is bound to lack the more intriguing atmosphere of the town, with its harbor, sailing ships, market, and engaging local population. (The most appealing towns, visually, are Willemstad, St. George, Basseterre, Fort-de-France, Bridgetown, Christiansted.)

Because hotels are small, one can usually count on the management for a considerable amount of guidance and organization in the hiring of cars, sailboats, horses, fishing craft, guides, and for introductions to local clubs for tennis, golf, yachting, or plain sociability. If there is nothing to be found, ask for the government guesthouse; they are prevalent and good. In the end, the airline or the local Tourist Board will almost always turn something up, often with a private family.

About \$20 a day for a good double room and meals is a fair average for these more southerly islands (rates like \$10-\$12, double, are common), as compared with something like \$30-\$40 for similar accommodations further north.

Under sail

But the best accommodation — for those who want to take the islands as they were meant to be taken — is not the hotel. It is the chartered yacht. This is not as expensive as it may sound; at about \$150-\$200 per person a week (provided a boat is selected to match the size of the party), the cost is comparable to that of a medium-priced hotel plus island-to-island transportation, with savings in cabs,

bar bills, and other items. With their close knowledge of the islands the experienced skippers and crews will find the one you are looking for, and will make all arrangements and act as guides ashore.

Most of the ships carry deep-sea fishing gear and are luxuriously fitted and equipped: radio-telephone, refrigeration, teak paneling, and so on. Organization is near perfect; one has only to board and set sail. Passengers are usually welcome to help run the ship, but if time is short the skipper will run from island to island during the night. Auxiliary yachts of from 40 to 100 feet (two to six passengers) are the most common.

Approach by water

Slipping along before the trade winds through the finest cruising grounds in the world, one makes the incomparable approach by water to each of perhaps twenty islands, including those beautiful and remote ones, like the Grenadines, where accommodation is primitive or nonexistent.

Antigua is an ideal base point; the winds here are right for a cruise down through the Leeward and Windward Islands to Trinidad and back, stopping at some of the best of the islands: Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, the Grenadines, Grenada, and Tobago.

It is easy to combine the cruise with deer and duck hunting on Barbuda, underwater exploration in the marvelous Tobago Cays and at Buccoo Reef off Tobago (the most alluring submarine gardens in the whole Caribbean), a mountain climb in St. Vincent or St. Lucia, and golf at St. Andrews in Trinidad — the best in the islands, of championship standard.

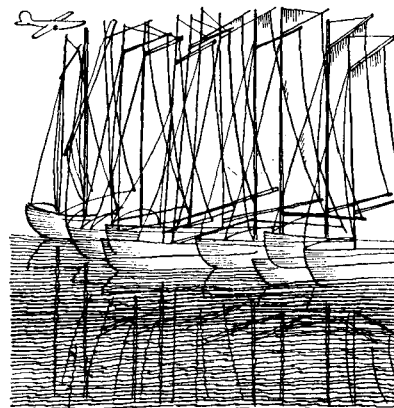
Major sources of charter yachts are Commander Nicholson, R.N. (Ret.), at Nelson's Dockyard, Antigua — six auxiliary yachts; Fran Chalifoux, Yacht Haven, St. Thomas; Bert Unwin, 39 Sandown Road, Goodwood Park, Port of Spain, Trinidad; Sir Anthony Jenkinson, Morgan's Harbor, Kingston, Jamaica; the yacht *Lame*, a racing yawl accommodating four to six, with a French skipper and cooking — very inexpensive at \$10 a day per person — c/o the Yacht Club, Fort-de-France, Martinique. Other possibilities, on a more personal basis, are the yacht clubs in Barbados and Guadeloupe.

For the inexperienced sailor, No-

vember and December (or May and June) are the best months, but there is good sailing from November through June. Demand is heavy, early reservation a necessity; yachts are easiest to come by in November, early December, May, and June.

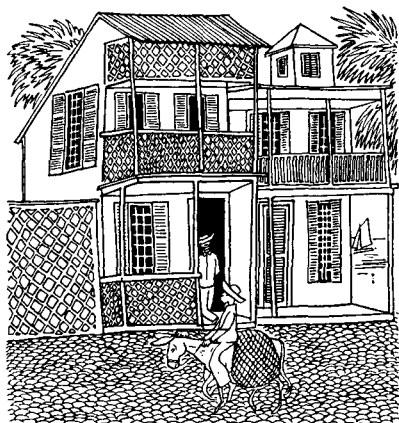
The inter-island trading schooners are not luxurious; often they are not even comfortable. Sometimes they carry only sail, and may be becalmed outside a beckoning harbor for hours. But for a real slice of the island life, in its own true rhythm, there is nothing like them. These allow a short run from, say, Antigua to Barbuda by the local mail sloop in five or six hours; or there is the longer trip by the sailing schooner that connects Curaçao, Aruba, and Bonaire (a very enjoyable Dutch complex) once a week. The sailing schooner *Blue Peter* sails twice weekly from St. Kitts to Sint Maarten, Saba, and St. Eustatius — the strangely attractive and out-of-the-way Dutch Windwards, with good government guesthouses, endless lobster dinners, fishing, and the incredible capital of Saba, called The Bottom, a delightful Dutch garden village that lies inside the top of the volcano that is Saba. This voyage can also be made once a month by the 600-ton motorship *Antilia*, operating from Curaçao to all the Dutch West Indian islands.

Then there are the regular government sailing boats (with auxiliary power) from Barbados, Trinidad, and Grenada, and, if you want to save time, the motor vessels fortnightly from Aruba, Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia. Reliable government boats serve all the British Windward and Leeward Islands.



Another good possibility is the Schooner Owners Association on Bridgetown Wharf, Barbados, where one can pick up a schooner at almost any time to St. Vincent, St. Lucia, the Grenadines, Trinidad, and British

Guiana — or make the 1½-hour sail to Speightstown down the coast and return by bus. A notable excursion can be made by motor launch or sloop



from Guadeloupe to the lovely un-touristed minor French islands: Les Saintes (10 miles), Désirade, Marie-Galante, St. Barthélemy, and St. Martin (the farthest, 112 miles).

A sailing schooner or chartered yacht from the American Virgins or British Leewards to the small, attractive British Virgins (eleven inhabited out of thirty-six, guesthouse accommodation on Tortola) will take one as far away from it all as it is possible to get.

Island-hopping

If time is very limited, try the surprisingly complete network of local air services that now extends to many islands that up to recent years knew only the trading schooner. (Some of these can be included as stopovers on the long-distance flights.) Even the big intercontinental services of PAA make regular stops throughout the islands. From Trinidad, BWIA has frequent short flights to Tobago, Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia, and Martinique. KLM connects the Dutch islands, and Air France has an interesting run from San Juan to Paramaribo, Surinam.

But the enterprising traveler will also want to look into the services of lesser-known lines. The St. Vincent Government Air Service goes to spectacularly beautiful Dominica (a French island, British-owned, with good accommodation, few tourists, and the last Carib Indian settlement in the Caribbean) and four other islands twice weekly, and will call at Carriacou on request. This service is also available on a charter basis — six passengers for \$40 to Barbados and Trinidad. The new Leeward Islands Air Transport (a subsidiary of BWIA)

is still unknown to most travelers, thus creating an interesting opportunity; it connects San Juan with Montserrat, St. Kitts, Anguilla, and Antigua, and is also available for charter service. British Guiana Airways and the reliable charter service out of St. Thomas are other helpful airlines. Small-plane services make for a travel rarity, the excitingly scenic flight — such as that between St. Thomas and Antigua.

Varying moods

Go south, then. Or if the sound of Jamaica is irresistible, begin there. (Cuba is nondescript, too much like Florida.) Jamaica is genteel-fashionable in its hybrid English and Palm Beach style, very crowded, overbuilt at Montego Bay, stuffy in Kingston. Try Discovery Bay or Port Antonio or the modest places in the fine Blue Mountains, or the 300-mile charter yacht cruise around the island from Morgan's Harbor.

Haiti is jaunty, carefree (the colored man at last truly free, here as nowhere else), with a substantial life of its own — the most welcoming place on earth.

The Dominican Republic is a kind

of Spanish-island Switzerland: clean, neat, with luxury hotels, good roads, four mountain ranges; its people hospitable but somehow lifeless. See old Santiago, the best of it (a new hotel there).

Puerto Rico, like the American Virgins, is getting to look too much like home; apple pie and ice cream sodas, of interest to the sociology-minded. For something different, try a coffee plantation resort in the mountains (or the small mountain resort town of Barranquitas). Good deep-sea fishing.

The British Leeward Islands — Antigua, St. Kitts, and their satellites — are invitingly small, very pretty in the English style, and notable for their beaches and yachting facilities. Lord Nelson's Dockyard in Antigua should be seen.

For two weeks of quiet comfort on one of the least touched and loveliest of islands, with wonderful beaches, there is nothing like Tobago, that rare blend of unpretentious comfort and serene island remoteness, though it lies only 20 miles from busy, cosmopolitan, flamboyant Trinidad. The music, the wild mixture of nationalities, the festivities, the agreeable



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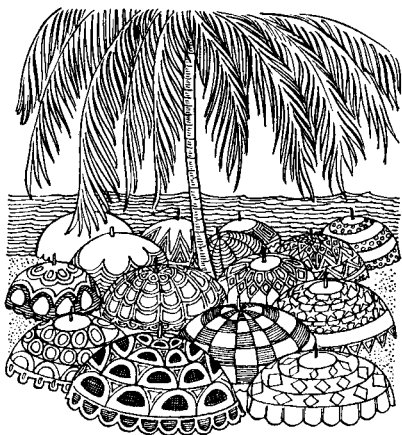
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British core of Trinidad, make it incomparable; a people of wit, fervor, and a strong creative impulse. Barbados is highly livable, unspectacular, altogether English. It has all the amenities of Jamaica, a much more attractive local life, and much lower prices.

The Windwards

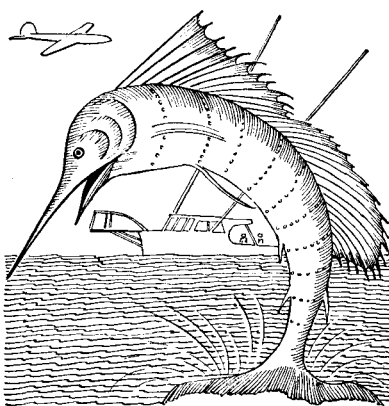
But for the man who would see and live the islands intensively, there are only the Windward Islands. Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica — it is hard to say which is the most beautiful. (The Grenadines, the scatter of isles between Grenada and St. Vincent, have been called the world's most beautiful small islands.)

The Windwards have very little tourist machinery, some very attractive small hotels and guesthouses, and are the least expensive islands in the West Indies. A four-bedroom house on Grenada can be rented for about \$20 a week, or a three-bedroom



bungalow for \$55 a month (both completely furnished). Cars rent for about \$35 a week. There are guesthouses at \$3 a day with meals.

The Hotel Santa Maria in Grenada, overlooking picturesque St. George's and its harbor, is the best-sited hotel in all the islands. Or try the view from Fort Charlotte in St. Vincent: the harbor, the strait, then Bequia and the rest of the Grenadines stretch away toward the mountains of Grenada. (You can go whale-fishing with the good-natured natives of Barrouallie in St. Vincent.) Take the government boat or a sailing schooner from St. Vincent to the superb beaches of Bequia, and then on through the Grenadines. Dominica, which now has a very presentable hotel, has good deep-sea fishing; and there are two French restaurants in Castries, St. Lucia, worth inquiring about. See the vivid Saturday morn-



ing market — sailing craft and canoes arriving from all over — in Kingstown, St. Vincent, the most carefree of the Windwards.

Shopping and cars

Island shopping has been oversold. There are a fair number of European luxury items to be had on a free-port, tax-free basis in some of the islands. There is some good basketry and woodworking — otherwise the handicrafts are not outstanding. Buy perfume in Martinique or Guadeloupe (prices lower than in Paris, and one third those in the U.S.) and let the rest wait until Curaçao, which was made for shopping.

Car hire: Roads are winding, narrow, often unmarked. Drive at 30 m.p.h., use the horn on every curve. Better still, hire a chauffeur (for \$2-\$3 a day) with the car. Car hire is very inexpensive: \$20 a week in Barbados, \$24 in Trinidad. Almost every island has self-drive cars for hire, and chauffeurs.

Information

Trinidad and Tobago, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Barbados, the Dutch and the French islands, have representatives in New York. Others: The Caribbean Tourist Association, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17; Office of the Governor of the Leeward Islands, St. John's, Antigua; Office of the Governor of the Windward Islands, St. George's, Grenada.

Books: Paul Blanshard's *Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean*, Martin's *Standard Guide to Mexico and the Caribbean*, Patrick Ellam's *Sportsman's Guide to the Caribbean*. This last is new and highly detailed, from golf to treasure hunting. Esso offers (free) an unusually good road-and-topographical map that includes all the principal islands. It shows all major airline and shipping routes and flying times. From Esso Touring

Service, 15 West 51 Street, New York City. Well worth careful study.

Festivities

Trinidad, especially, loves a fete and knows how to make one. The carnival (March 4-5) is spontaneous and original, surpassed only by that of Rio. In January the calypso tents go up and the steel bands begin to be released from official restraints (they can be very unrestrained); from then until the feverish end, nothing else matters. Pre-carnival masquerades and other festivities are numerous. Hotel space at carnival time is a real problem, but the Tourist Board works hard to assist. The carnivals in Haiti and the French islands are almost as exuberant as that of Trinidad. Also in St. Vincent and Curaçao.

Not to be missed are the race meetings held three or four times a year in Trinidad (Christmas, Easter, September), Tobago, Barbados, and other British islands. These are epic events — steel bands, calypso, and all — in the old spirit of noncommercialized horse racing. In Trinidad the important Moslem festival, Hosein, usually takes place in late February. Any large soccer match in Haiti is worth seeing for the crowd alone, as are the cockfights in Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Haiti.

Surinam

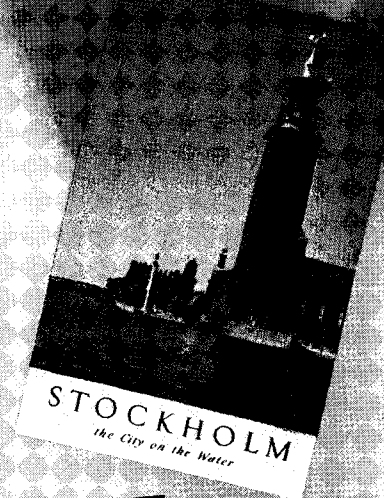
A strange and exciting addition to a Caribbean journey is the Surinam jungle cruise on dark serpentine rivers, by Alcoa's air-conditioned bauxite ships from Trinidad. This is the truly primitive world of the Bush Negro villages, and includes a call at Paramaribo, a fascinating Dutch-Negro-Japanese city. One-week re-



turn trip from Port of Spain costs about \$100. Arrangements are best made before leaving the United States.

MITCHELL GOODMAN

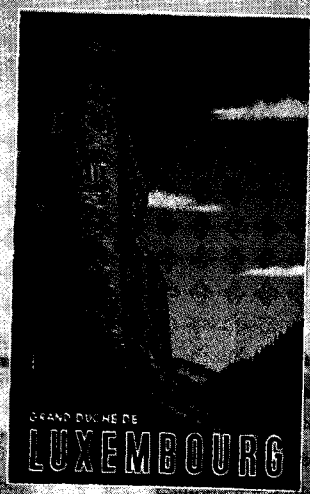
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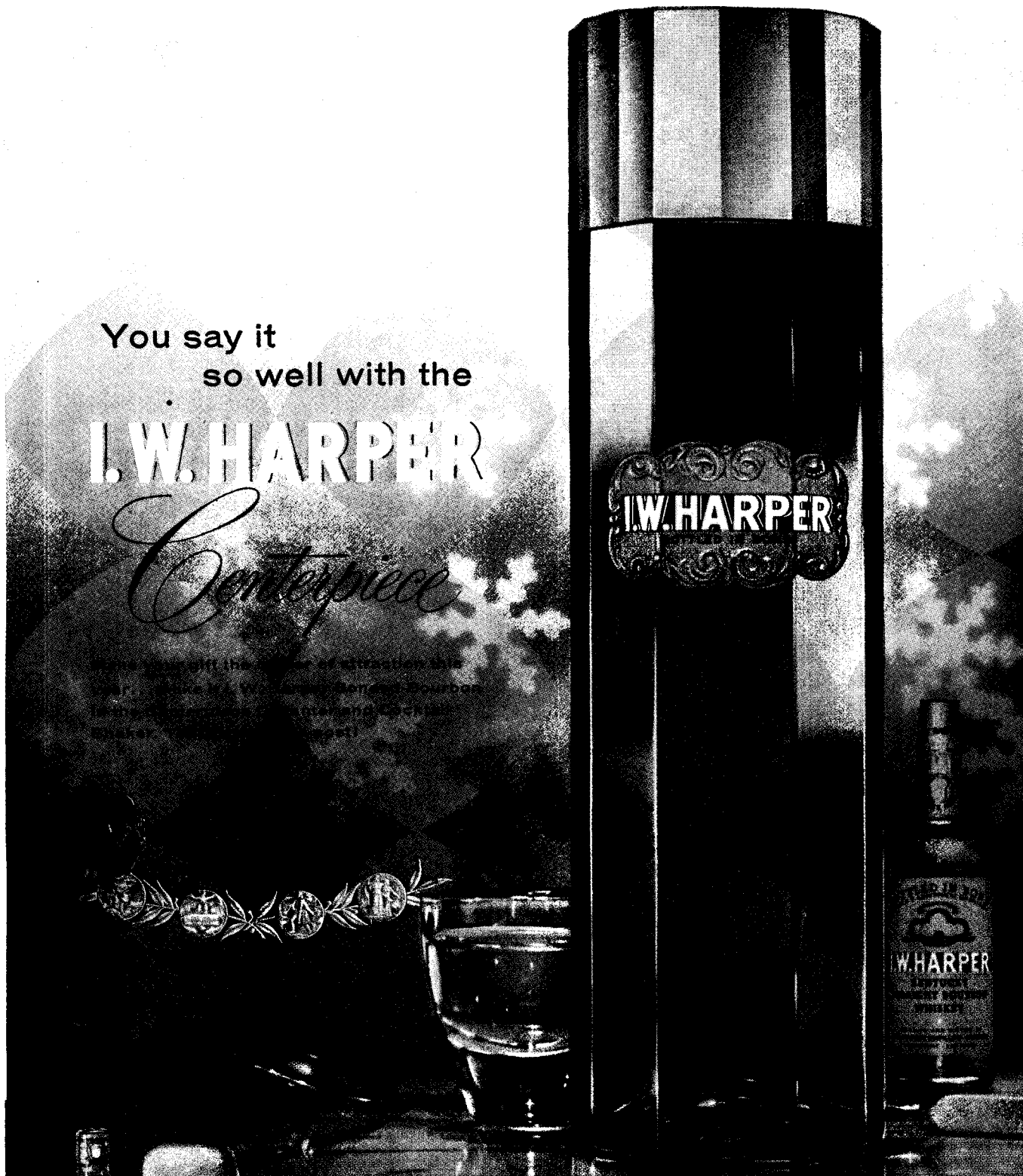
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